AN

ANTIQUARIAN RAMBLE

IN THE

STREETS OF LONDON,

WITH

ANECDOTES OF THEIR MORE CELEBRATED RESIDENTS.

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AN

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IN

THE STREETS OF LONDON.

FROM TEMPLE BAR TO BLACKFRIARS.

Temple Bar, at which we have now arrived, is the western limit of the city of London. In early times, the bounds at this place were marked by posts, rails, and a chain, and merely consisted of a bar and not a gate, whence; from its contiguity to the Temple, the name by which it has been so long known. Early in the seventeenth century, a wooden house was erected across the street, with a narrow gateway underneath, and an entrance on the south side to the house above. This was burned down in the great fire of 1666, when the present gate was erected by Sir Christopher Wren. It was begun in the year 1670, and finished in 1672. It has been several times in contemplation to have it pulled down; but

there has been a very general feeling in the city against it. People acknowledge that it is not very ornamental, and that, moreover, it is in the way of the traffic; but, nevertheless, the lovers of antiquity have proved in the majority, and the gate has been spared. The other city gates were pulled down, and the material sold in 1672. Temple Bar is built of Portland stone, and rusticated, having a large flattened arch in the centre for the carriage-way, and a smaller arch at each side for foot passengers. Over the gateway is an apartment, with a semi-circular arched window on the eastern and western sides, the whole being crowned with a sweeping pediment. On the western side, towards Westminster, are two niches, in which are placed statues of Charles I. and II. in most inappropriate Roman costume; and on the east or London side, are corresponding niches with statues of Queen Elizabeth and James I. The gate-house is held of the city by the representatives of the very ancient firm of Childs', the bankers. Upon Temple Bar were affixed the heads of many unhappy persons, who suffered execution during the rebellion of 1715 and 1745. "One of the iron poles or spikes," says Mr. Brayley, "on which the heads were affixed, was only removed at the commencement of the present century." Nicholls, in his "Literary Anecdotes," has the following passage, relating to the head of one councillor Layer, who was executed for high treason in 1723. The head, it appears, was blown off the spike many years afterwards, during a violent storm. "When the

head of Layer was blown off Temple Bar, it was picked up by a gentleman in the neighbourhood, Mr. John Pearce, an attorney, who showed it to some friends at a public house, under the floor of which, I have been assured, it was buried. Dr. Rawlinson, meanwhile, having made inquiry after the head, with a wish to purchase it, was imposed on with another instead of Layer's, which he preserved as a valuable relic, and directed it to be buried in his right hand." Whether this odd wish of the antiquary were complied with, does not appear. It seems, however, that political feeling, as well as antiquarian, was at the bottom of it; for the doctor was a Jacobite.

Various ceremonies are performed at Temple Bar, whenever the sovereign enters the city of London. The gate is shut, and permission to enter is asked of the lord mayor. Permission, of course, being granted, the gate is opened, and the lord mayor presents the keys of the city to the sovereign, who returns them with many flattering expressions, that they cannot be in better hands. The last time this ceremony was performed, was on the opening of the Royal Exchange in 1844, when Her Majesty partook of a collation with the civic authorities and the members of the Gresham Committee. The following ceremonies took place at this gate, on the proclamation of peace in 1802. The gate having been shut, to show that the jurisdiction was in the lord mayor, the king's marshal with his officers having ridden down the Strand from Westminster, stopped

before it, while the trumpets were blown thrice. The junior officer of arms then knocked at the gate with his cane, upon which the city marshal on the other side, demanded "who was there?" The herald replied, "the officers of arms, who ask entrance into the city, to publish his majesty's proclamation of peace." On this, the gates were opened, and the herald alone admitted and conducted to the lord mayor. The latter having read the royal warrant, and returned it to the bearer, ordered the city marshal to open the gate for the procession. The lord mayor and civic authorities then joined it, and proceeded to the Royal Exchange, when the proclamation was read for the last time. A similar mummery is always performed upon the proclamation either of peace or war.

Having passed through this venerable bar, we find ourselves in Fleet Street, rich in remembrance of the olden time;—of Templars, of booksellers, of wits, and poets, and lawyers, and of hosts of persons whose residences it is interesting to know;—where Wynkyn de Worde, Isaac Walton, and Bernard Lintot kept shops; where Ben Jonson drank and was merry; where Samuel Johnson meditated upon the vanity of human life; and where regiments of lawyers have for ages passed continually to and fro, musing on their deep-laid schemes of ambition and aggrandizement, or bent as determinately on increasing their pelf.

This celebrated street takes its name from the little stream called the "Fleet," once a clear and ornamental water, but now covered over in nearly all its

course, as a thing too offensive to be looked upon, and the channel conveying half the filth of London into the capacious reservoir of the Thames. The street seems to have borne this name long before the Conquest.

A few yards down the street, to the right, is the banking-house of Messrs. Hoare and Co., supposed to stand on the site of the famous Devil Tavern, the resort of all the wits from Ben Jonson to Addison. At this tavern, rare Ben reigned the arbiter of wit and judge of poetry, and drew up his well known "Leges Conviviales," for the guidance of the members of the club he founded. Swift, in a letter to Stella, says, "I dined to-day with Dr. Garth and Mr. Addison, at the Devil Tavern near Temple Bar, and Garth treated." The house continued to be the resort of literary people till the year 1750. It was pulled down in 1787 by Messrs. Childs, the bankers, and a row of houses erected on the site. Several of the latter were pulled down, after standing for little more than half a century, to make way for the elegant building where Messrs. Hoare transact their business.

Near this, and between the Temple gate, are several houses tenanted by Messrs. Cook, which are of the Elizabethan style of architecture. These houses have been renovated, but they are as old as they appear. One of them was inhabited by Bernard Lintot, the great bookseller of the last century, and close by were Nando's, Dick's, the Rainbow, and other coffee-houses, so frequently mentioned by the essayists of that age.

Bernard Lintot, as we learn from the following lines of Gay, in his "Trivia," book ii, v. 566, kept not only a shop, but a stall—

> "O Lintot, let my labours obvious lie
> Ranged on thy *stall* for every curious eye;
> So shall the poor these precepts gratis know,
> And to my verse their future safeties owe."

Lintot's is called by Pope, "the rubric post;" and it appears from the notes to the "Dunciad," that the reason for this appellation was, that he usually adorned his shop with the titles of his books in large red letters.

Within a door or two of Lintot's, was the house of another bookseller, named Benjamin Motte, to whom Swift, under the assumed name of Richard Sympson, sold the copyright of "Gulliver's Travels" for 200*l.* The negotiation between them forms a curious chapter in literary history. The correspondence was first published in May 1840, in the preface to the illustrated edition of "Gulliver's Travels," edited by Dr. W. C. Taylor, who says that the documents were preserved by Charles Bathurst, Esq., who was originally in partnership with Mr. Motte, and from whose possession they descended to that of the Rev. Charles Bathurst Woodman, his grandson, who allowed them to be published.

We have now arrived at the entrance to the Temple,—the prime seat of law; rife with reminiscences of some of the most glorious names in English history and literature. The Templars appear to have established themselves in England in

the reign of King Stephen, and their first house in London was in Holborn, on the site of the present Southampton Buildings. Increasing in power and wealth, they removed in the reign of Henry II. to the spot in Fleet Street, which is still named after them. Prince, afterwards King Edward I., during the riots occasioned by the famous revolt of the barons under Simon de Montfort, broke open the treasury of the Templars at the head of an armed force, and carried away 1000*l.* belonging to some citizens of London, which had been deposited there for security. This outrage so exasperated the Londoners, that they arose and plundered the houses of Lord Grey and other friends of the king, and afterwards marched to join the banners of Simon de Montfort against the king at Isleworth. The result was, that the charters of the city were for a considerable period in abeyance, its magistrates deposed, and a heavy fine levied upon its principal inhabitants.

The Master of the Temple, or of the New Temple as it was then called, was summoned to Parliament in the forty-ninth of Henry III., and continued to sit among the peers until the dissolution of the order. The persecution raised against them in France is well known, and the calamitous results are a blot upon the age. In England they were treated with less rigour than in France and other countries of Europe; and it would appear that this was chiefly owing to the good offices of Edward II., who wrote letters, dated the 4th of December, 1307, to the Kings of Portugal, Castile, Sicily, and Arragon,

and on the 10th of December to the Pope, entreating them not to believe the scandalous stories which were so industriously circulated over Europe, to the prejudice of the knights. The Pope, however, was not to be persuaded—the doom of the Templars was sealed, and the bull arrived from Rome, which Edward, with all his willingness, dared not resist. The bull was directed to Richard Winchelsea, archbishop of Canterbury, and his suffragans; and the Templars under that authority were summoned before Ralph de Baldock, bishop of London, to answer a variety of charges, including sorcery, heresy, and idolatry. The evidence was miserably incomplete, but they were, of course, found guilty; their estates were confiscated; the order abolished; and the brethren condemned to various degrees of punishment and penance in the monasteries among which they were distributed. No such scenes, however, were enacted in England as those which took place in France; and William de la Moore, the English Grand Master, escaped the dreadful fate of Jacques de Molay. The number of Templars on their suppression in England in 1312, was about two hundred and fifty. Their dress corresponded with that of the Red Cross Knight described in the "Fairie Queen."—

"And on his breast a bloudie cross he bore,
The deare remembrance of his dying lord;
For whose sweet sake that glorious badge he wore,
And dead, as living, ever him adored.
Upon his shield the like was also scored,
For sovereign hope which in his help he had."

The poet has touched only upon the most striking portions of their attire. They wore bands, linen coifs, and red caps close over them; shirts and stockings of twisted mail, a sopra vest, broad belts, and swords. Their outer habit was a white cloak reaching to the ground, embroidered with a red cross on the breast.

In the year 1314, the Temple and its appurtenances in Fleet Street were granted by the king to Aymer de Valence, earl of Pembroke, but the grant was revoked two years afterwards, the earl having in the meantime received other rewards. The Temple was then granted to Thomas, earl of Lancaster, who being attainted of treason, the property once more became vested in the crown. In compliance with the injunctions of the council held at Vienna in 1324, the Temple was granted to the Knights Hospitallers of St. John of Jerusalem, who held possession until the dissolution of their order in the reign of Henry VIII., with the exception of an interval in the reign of Edward III. The Knights Hospitallers granted a lease of the Temple and its appurtenances, about the year 1375, for an annual rent of £10, to a society of students of the common law, who were formerly settled at Thavies Inn, in Holborn, which has long been, as Pennant says, "an extinct volcano."

The lawyers had not been long here before a calamity befel them, partly on their own account, and partly on that of their landlord, the Prior of St. John. The rebels under Wat Tyler, six years after

the Temple had become consecrated to the study of the law, vented a portion of their mad fury upon this ancient precinct and its indwellers. After breaking into the Fleet and committing other damage, "they destroyed and burnt many houses," says Stow, "and defaced the beauty of Fleet Streete. From thence they went to the Temple to destroy it, and plucked down the houses, tooke off the tyles of the other buildings left; went to the Churche, tooke out all the bookes and remembrances that were in the hatches (desks) of the prentices of the law, carried them into the high streete and there burnt them. This house they spoyled for wrath they bare to the Pryor of Saint John's, unto whom it belonged; and after a number of them had sacked this Temple, what with labour and what with wine being overcome, they lay down under the walles and housing, and were slain like swyne, one of them killing another for old grudge and hatred, and others also made quick despatch of them. A number of them that burnt the Temple went from thence to the Savoy, destroying in their way all the houses that belonged to the Hospital of St. John."

The Temple had a narrow escape from destruction during the riots of Jack Cade in the following century. Shakspeare did not invent, when he put this language into the mouths of the rebels, in "Henry VI."—

"*Dick.*—The first thing we do—let's kill all the lawyers.

Cade.—Nay, that I mean to do. Is not this a lamentable thing, that the skin of an innocent lamb should be made parchment? That parchment being scribbled o'er should undo a man?"

But though Jack undoubtedly nourished the most bloody designs against the lawyers, he was not allowed to put them into execution, or the Temple would have shared a worse fate than it met with from his pre-rogue Tyler.

Shakspeare, apparently on the authority of a tradition current in his day, has laid the scene of the first feud between the rival houses of York and Lancaster in the Temple Gardens.

"PLANTAGENET.

Since you are tongue-ty'd, and so loth to speak,
In dumb significants proclaim your thoughts:
Let him that is a true-born gentleman,
And stands upon the honour of his birth,
If he suppose that I have pleaded truth,
From off this brier pluck a white rose with me.

SOMERSET.

Let him that is no coward nor no flatterer,
But dare maintain the party of the truth,
Pluck a red rose from off this thorn with me.

WARWICK.

I love no colours; and, without all colour
Of base insinuating flattery,
I pluck this white rose with Plantagenet.

SUFFOLK.

I pluck this red rose with young Somerset;
And say withal I think he held the right.

VERNON.

Stay, lords and gentlemen, and pluck no more
Till you conclude, that he upon whose side
The fewest roses are cropp'd from the tree,
Shall yield the other in the right opinion.

SOMERSET.

Good Master Vernon, it is well objected;
If I have fewest I subscribe in silence.

PLANTAGENET.

And I.

VERNON.

Then for the truth and plainness of the case,
I pluck this pale and maiden blossom here,
Giving my verdict on the white rose side."

Warwick's prophecy, when he, Plantagenet, and Vernon are left alone with the lawyer, that their brawl—

"Should send between the red rose and the white,
A thousand souls to death and deadly night."

was only too moderate, for not thousands alone, but tens and hundreds of thousands, perished in those long disastrous wars, as every reader of history is aware.

In the reign of Elizabeth, a grand chivalric entertainment was given in the Temple, of which the following interesting account is preserved in Dugdale's "Origines Judiciales." The favourite, Dudley, earl of Leicester, is the Palaphilos alluded to.

"OF THE GRAND CHRISTMAS KEPT HERE.

"In the fourth year of Queen Elizabeth's reign there was kept a magnificent Christmas here, at which the Lord Robert Dudley (afterwards Earl of Leicester) was the chief person, (his title Palaphilos,) being constable and marshall, whose officers were as follows:—

Mr. Onslow, Lord Chancellor.
Anthony Stapleton, Lord Treasurer.
Robert Kelway, Lord Privy Seal.
John Fuller, Chief Justice of the King's Bench.
William Pole, Chief Justice of the Common Pleas.
Roger Manwood, Chief Baron of the Exchequer.
Mr. Bashe, Steward of the Household.
Mr. Copley, Marshall of the Household.
Mr. Paten, Chief Butler.

Christopher Hatton, Master of the Game. (He was afterwards Lord Chancellor of England.)

Mr. Blaston,
Mr. Yonke,
Mr. Penston,
Mr. Jervise,
} Masters of the Revells.

Mr. Parker, Lieutenant of the Tower.
Mr. Kendall, Carver.
Mr. Martin, Ranger of the Forests.
Mr. Stradling, Sewer.

And there were fourscore of the guard, besides many others not named here."

Touching the particulars of this grand feast, Gerard Leigh, in his "Accidence of Armory," page 119, &c., having spoken of the Pegasus worn for the arms of this society, thus goes on—"After I had travelled through the east parts of the unknown world, to understand the deeds of arms, and so arriving in the fair river of Thames, I landed within half a league of the fair city of London, which was (as I conjecture) in December last. And drawing near the city, suddenly heard the shot of double canons, in so great a number and so terrible, that it darkened the whole ayr; wherewith, although I was in my native country, yet stood I amazed, not knowing what it meant. Thus, as I abode in dispair, either to return or continue my former purpose, I chanced to see coming towards me an honest citizen, clothed in a long garment, keeping the highway, seeming to walk for his recreation, which prognosticated rather peace than perile; of whom I demanded the cause of this great shot, who friendly answered. 'It is,' quoth he, 'a warning shot to the constable marshal of the Inner Temple to prepare to dinner.'

"'Why,' said I, 'what, is he of that estate that seeketh no other means to warn his officers than with so terrible shot in so peaceable a country?' 'Marry,' saith he, 'he uttereth himself the better to be that officer whose name he beareth.'

"I then demanded what province did he govern, that needeth such an officer. He answered me,—'the province was not great in quantity, but antient in true nobility. A place,' said he, 'privileged by the most excellent princess, the high governor of the whole island, wherein are store of gentlemen of the whole realm, that repair thither to learn to rule, and obey by law to yield their fleece to their prince and commonweal; as also to use all other exercises of body and mind, whereunto nature most aptly serveth to adorn by speaking, countenance, gesture, and use of apparel, the person of a gentleman, whereby amity is obtained and continued, that gentlemen of all countries, in their young years, nourished together in one place, with such comely order and daily conference are knit by continual acquaintance in such unity of minds and manners, as likely never after is severed, than which is nothing more profitable to the commonweal.'

"And after he had told me thus much of honour of the place, I commended in mine own conceit the policy of the governor, which seemed to utter in itself the foundation of a good commonweal; for that the best of their people, from tender years trained up in precepts of justice, it could not choose but yield forth a profitable people to a wise com-

monweal; wherefore I determined with myself to make proofe of that I heard by report.

"The next day, I thought, for my pastime, to walk to this temple; and entering in at the gates, I found the building nothing costly. But many comely gentlemen of face and person, and thereto very courteous, saw I to pass to and fro, so as it seemed a prince's sport to be at hand; and passing forward, entered into a church of antient building wherein were many monuments of noble personages armed in knightly habit, with their cotes depainted in antient shields, whereat I took pleasure to behold. Thus gazing as one bereft with the rare sight, there came unto me an herehaught, by name Palaphilos, a king of armes, who courteously saluted me, saying for that I was a stranger, and seeming by my demeanour a lover of honour, I was his guest of right; whose courtesy (as reason was) I obeyed, answering I was at his commandment.

"'Then,' said he, 'ye shall go to mine own lodging here within the palace, where we will have such cheer as the time and country will yield us.' Where I assure you I was so entertained, as no where met I with better cheer or company, &c.

"Thus talking, we entered the Prince his hall, where anon we heard the noise of drum and fyfe. 'What meaneth this drum?' said I. Quoth he, 'This is to warn gentlemen of the household to repair to the dresser; wherefore, come on with me, and ye shall stand where ye may best see the hall served;' and so from thence brought me into a long

gallery that stretcheth itself along the hall, near the prince's table, where I saw the prince set,—a man of tall personage, a manly countenance, somewhat brown of visage, strongly featured, and thereto comely proportioned in all leaniments of body. At the nether end of the same table were placed the embassadors of sundry princes; before him stood the carver, sewer, and cupbearer, with great number of gentlemen wayters attending his person; the ushers making place to strangers of sundry regions that came to behold the honour of this mighty captain. After the placing of these honourable guests, the lord steward, treasurer, and keeper of pallas seal, with divers honourable personages of that nobility, were placed at a side-table near adjoyning the prince on the right hand; and at another table on the left side were placed the treasurer of the household, secretary, the prince his serjeant-at-the-law, four masters of the revells, the king of arms, the dean of the chappel, and divers gentlemen pensioners to furnish the same.

"At another table on the other side, were set the master of the game and his chief ranger, masters of the household, clerks of the green cloth and check, with divers other strangers to furnish the same.

"On the other side against them began the table, the lieutenant of the tower, accompanied with divers captains of foot bands and shot. At the nether end of the hall began the table, the high butler, the pantler, clerks of the kitchen, master cook of the privy kitchen, furnished throughout with the soul-

diers and guard of the prince; all which, with number of inferior officers placed and served in the hall, besides the great resort of strangers, I spare to write.

"The prince, so served with tender meats, sweet fruits, and dainty delicates confectioned with curious cookery, as it seemed wonder a world to observe the provision; and at every course the trumpetters blew the courageous blast of deadly war, with noise of drum, and fyfe, with the sweet harmony of violins, sackbutts, recorders, and cornetts, with other instruments of music, as it seemed Apollo's harp had tuned their stroke.

"Thus the hall was served after the most antient order of the island; in commendation whereof I say I have also seen the service of great princes in solemn seasons and times of triumph, yet the order hereof was not inferior to any.

"But to proceed. This herehaught, Palaphilos, even before the second course came in, standing at the high table, said in this manner: 'The mighty Palaphilos, Prince of Sophie, High Constable, Marshall of the Knights Templars, Patron of the honourable Order of Pegasus;' and therewith cryeth a largess. The prince, praysing the herehaught, bountifully rewarded him with a chain, to the value of an hundred talents.

"I assure you I languish for want of cunning, ripely to utter that I saw so orderly handled appertaining to service, whereof I cease and return to my purpose.

"The supper ended, and tables taken away, the high constable rose, and awhile stood under the place of honour, where his atchievement was beautifully embroidered, and devised of sundry matters with the embassadors of foreign nations as he thought good, till Palaphilos, king of armes, came in, his here-haught, marshall and pursuivant before him, and after followed his messenger and caligate knight; who, putting off his coronal, made humble obeysance to the prince, by whom he was commanded to draw near and understand his pleasure; saying to him in few words to this effect: 'Palaphilos, seeing it hath pleased the high Pallas to think me to demerit the office of this place, and thereto this night past vouch-safed to descend from heavens to increase my further honour by creating me knight of her order of Pega-sus, has also commanded me to join in the same society such valiant gentlemen throughout her province whose living honour hath best deserved the same; the choice whereof most aptly belongeth to your skill, being the watchman of their doings, and register of their deserts; I will ye choose, as well throughout our whole armyes as elsewhere, such special gentlemen as the gods hath appointed, the number of XXIV, and the names of them present us: commanding also those chosen persons to appear in our presence in knightly habit, that with conve-niency we may proceed in our purpose.' This done, Palaphilos, obeying his prince's commandment, with twenty-four valiant knights all apparelled in long white vestures, with each man a scarf of Pallas'

colours, and them presented with their names to the prince, who allowed well his choice, and commanded him to do his office; who, after his duty to the prince, bowed towards these worthy personages, standing every man in his antienty as he had borne armes in the field; and began to shew his prince's pleasure with the honour of the order."

In the same work from which the foregoing is extracted, is an account of the manner in which the Templars sometimes kept the festival of Christmas, which, in these days of sobriety, may prove amusing.

"At supper the hall is to be served in all solemnity as upon Christmas-day; both the first and second course to the highest table. Supper ended, the constable marshall presenteth himself with drums afore him, mounted upon a scaffold borne by four men, and goeth three times round about the harthe, crying out aloud, 'a lord, a lord,' &c. Then he descendeth and goeth to dance, &c., &c.; after he calleth his court, every one by name, one and one, in this manner:

"'Sir Francis Flatterer, of Fowlehurst, in the county of Buckingham; Sir Randle Rackbill, of Rascall Hall, in the county of Rakewell; Sir Morgan Mumchance, of Much Monkery, in the county of Mad Mopery; Sir Bartholomew Baldbreech of Buttocksbury, in the county of Brekeneck.'

"This done, the Lord of Misrule addresseth himself to the banquet, which ended with some minstralsye, mirth, and dancing, every man departeth to rest.

"At every mess is a pot of wine allowed every St. John's day. Repast is 6*d.*"

"About seven of the o'clock in the morning the Lord of Misrule is abroad; and if he lack any officer or attendant, he repaireth to their chambers and compelleth them to attend in person upon him after service in the church, to breakfast with brawn, mustard, and malmsey. After breakfast ended, his lordship's power is in suspense, until his personal presence at night; and then his power is most potent."

Among the celebrated students or inhabitants of the Temple in early times, may be mentioned the poets Chaucer, Gower and Spenser. Chaucer, who was of the Middle Temple, makes mention of the Manciple, or steward of the Temple, in the prologue to the "Canterbury Tales;" and Spenser in a true but not strictly poetical epithet, speaks of the Temple as

> "—— those *bricky* towers
> The which on Thames' broad aged back do ride,
> Where now the studious lawyers have their bowers.
> There whilom wont the Templar Knights to bide,
> Till they decayed through pride."

Lord Mansfield, the "dear Murray" of Pope, had chambers in the Temple, and the exact house is thus identified. Pope, in his "Epistle to the future Peer," used the well-known and splendid example of the bathos,—

> "Graced as thou art with all the power of words,
> So known, so honour'd, at the House of Lords."

which excited much laughter in the town, and occasioned the following parody by a writer named Brown:—

> "Persuasion tips his tongue whene'er he talks,
> And he has chambers in the King's Bench Walks."

The number of the house in King's Bench Walk is fixed by Pope in his "Ode to Venus," imitated from Horace, book iv. Ode 1. The poet thus addresses the goddess:—

> "Mother too fierce of dear desires,
> Turn, turn to willing hearts your wanton fires,
> To *number five* direct your doves,
> There spread round Murray all your blooming loves."

The steps at the door of this house are old and worn; but to our eyes it would be little short of sin to remove them for new ones, for they are the very same on which Lord Mansfield trod, and where the foot of the classic poet must have often stepped on his visits to his friend. Dirty, and cracked, and rotten as they are, genius has hallowed them. The inner staircase cannot be so old, but it is the same house, and they are the same rooms—those on the first floor, where the lawyer and the poet met so often, and which many other lawyers and poets have since visited out of respect to their memory.

Among other great statesmen, lawyers, and poets, who have inhabited the Temple, we may enumerate the names of Sackville, earl of Dorset, author

of the "Mirror of Magistrates," Lord Clarendon, Coke, Plowden, Selden, Beaumont, (we had almost added, and Fletcher,) Congreve, Wycherley, Edmund Burke, Cowper, Samuel Johnson, Oliver Goldsmith, and in later times, Lord Eldon, Lord Erskine, &c.

Oliver Goldsmith, who was not a Templar, but merely held lodgings from a Templar, resided for some time, and died on the first floor of the house No. 2, Brick Court. We shall have further occasion to speak of poor Noll, when we reach his previous lodgings in Wine Office Court and Green Arbour Court. We may state, however, that those were his prosperous days, when he lived in the Temple; and that before taking up his residence in Brick Court, he lived in the Library Staircase and in King's Bench Walk.

Johnson's apartments, when Boswell first made his acquaintance, were on the first floor of the house No. 1, Middle Temple Lane. "I entered these chambers," says the enthusiastic laird in his well-known book, "with an impression given me by the Rev. Dr. Blair, of Edinburgh, who had been introduced to him not long before, and described his having 'found the giant in his den;' an expression which, when I came to be pretty well acquainted with Johnson, I repeated to him, and he was diverted at this picturesque account of himself.

"He received me very courteously; but it must be confessed that his apartment, and furniture, and

morning dress were sufficiently uncouth. His brown suit of clothes looked very rusty; he had on a little shrivelled unpowdered wig, which was too small for his head; his shirt-neck and knees of his breeches were loose; his black worsted stockings ill drawn up; and he had a pair of unbuckled shoes by way of slippers. But all these slovenly particularities were forgotten the moment he began to talk. Some gentlemen, whom I do not recollect, were sitting with him; and when they went away, I also rose; and he said to me, 'Nay, don't go.'—'Sir,' said I, 'I am afraid that I intrude upon you. It is benevolent to allow me to sit and hear you.' He seemed pleased with this compliment which I sincerely paid him, and answered, 'Sir, I am obliged to any man who visits me.'" Such was the doctor's costume upon another occasion, and while he still resided in these chambers. Madame de Boufflers being in England, went to see the doctor, among other lions whom it was necessary for a foreigner to see, and was introduced to the great man by Topham Beauclerck, a relation of the St. Alban's family. We are also indebted to Boswell for the story. "When Madame de Boufflers," says Mr. Beauclerck, "was first in England, she was desirous to see Johnson. I accordingly went with her to his chambers in the Temple, where she was entertained with his conversation for some time. When our visit was over, she and I left him, and were got into Inner Temple Lane, when all at once I heard a

noise like thunder. This was occasioned by Johnson, who, it seems, on a little recollection, had taken it into his head that he ought to have done the honours of his literary residence to a foreign lady of quality; and eager to show himself a man of gallantry, was hurrying down the stairs in violent agitation. He over-took us before we reached the Temple gate, and brushing in between me and Madame de Boufflers, seized her hand and conducted her to the coach. His dress was a rusty-brown morning suit, a pair of old shoes by way of slippers, a little shrivelled wig sticking on the top of his head, and the sleeves of his shirt and the knees of his breeches hanging loose. A considerable crowd of people gathered round, and were not a little struck by his singular appearance."

The well-known armorial bearings—of the Inner Temple, a Holy Lamb,—and of the Middle Temple, a Pegasus—gave rise to a witty self-glorification of some learned member, and to a no less witty, and perhaps more true reply, which are both subjoined. Thus wrote the man of law :—

"As by the Templar's holds you go,
The Horse and *Lamb* displayed,
In emblematic figures show,
The merits of their trade.

That clients may infer from thence,
How just is their profession;
The Lamb sets forth their *innocence*,
The Horse their *expedition*.

Oh, happy Britons! happy isle!
Let foreign nations say;
When you get *justice* without *guile*,
And law without *delay!*"

The following was the feeling reply:—

"Deluded men! these holds forego,
Nor trust such cunning elves,
These artful emblems tend to show
Their CLIENTS, not THEMSELVES!

'Tis all a trick; these all are shams
By which they mean to cheat you;
So have a care, for you're the LAMBS,
And they the WOLVES that eat you!

Nor let the thoughts of no delay,
To these, their courts, misguide you;
For you're the showy HORSE, and they,
The JOCKIES that will ride you!"

The Round Church in the Temple is the only remaining portion of the ancient building erected for the Knights Templars. It was founded so early as the reign of Henry II., upon the model of the church of the Holy Sepulchre at Jerusalem, and consecrated in 1185, by Heraclius, the patriarch of that see. The patriarch was at that time on a visit to England, whither he had been sent by the Pope to invite the English king to ascend the throne of Jerusalem. Stow, in his "Survey," says the church was again dedicated in 1240, and "belike also newly re-edified then." "To the architectural antiquary," says Mr. Brayley, in his "Londiniana," vol. iii., page 282, "this building is particularly interesting; for though there is such a remarkable dissimilarity be-

tween the circular vestibule and the rectangular body of the church, there is great reason to believe that they were built from one original design. All the exterior walls, which are five feet in thickness, are strengthened by projecting buttresses. In the upright the vestibule consists of two stories, the upper one being about half the diameter of the lower story, which measures fifty-eight feet across the area. The lower part of the upper story is surrounded by a series of semi-circular arches, intersecting each other, and forming a blank arcade, behind which, and over the circular aisle (if it may be so termed), there is a continued passage. The staircase leading to the latter is on the north-west side; and about half-way up, in the substance of the wall, is a small dark cell, most probably intended as a place of confinement. Over the arcade are six semi-circular headed windows. The clustered columns which support the roof are each formed by four distinct shafts, which are surrounded near the middle by a triplicated band, and have square-headed capital ornaments in the Norman style. The principal entrance is directly from the west; but there is a smaller one on the south-west side. The former opens from an arched porch, and consists of a receding semi-circular archway, having four columns on each side, supporting archivolt mouldings, which, as well as the capitals and jambs, are ornamented with sculptured foliage, busts, and lozenges. A ponderous organ screen of wainscoat, erected in George Ist's reign, separates the vestibule from the interior,

which is neatly pewed, and has a very airy appearance. The nave is divided from the aisle by four clustered, columns on each side, or rather, single columns wrought into the resemblance of four, supporting pointed arches. On each side are five windows, and at the east end are three others; all these windows, which are on a uniform plan, are composed of three high lance-headed divisions, but the central one is considerably more lofty than those at the sides. The altar part is handsomely fitted up, and exhibits the tables of the Decalogue, Belief, and Lord's Prayer."

In this interesting church the first object that strikes the stranger's attention are the remarkable ancient monuments of men in armour, generally supposed to be those of Knights Templars. Mr. Brayley is of opinion, from the crowded and peculiar manner in which the monuments are arranged, that they have been brought from other situations, most probably from tombs destroyed at some remote period. He adds, that this conjecture is supported by the fact of an excavation having been made in 1811, under the northernmost group, for the purpose of discovering whether there was any vault or coffin beneath, when it was satisfactorily ascertained that there was not either. Five of the effigies are cross-legged, a fact which is supposed by some to prove that they are the monuments of Knights Templars; but this is disputed*. Gough, in his "Sepulchral Monuments," is

* It is an opinion which universally prevails with regard to those cross-legged monuments, that they were all erected to the

of opinion that the oldest of them, the first in the southernmost group, is the effigy of Geoffrey de Magnaville, Earl of Essex in the reign of King Stephen. He received a mortal wound at the siege of the

memory of Knights Templars. Now, to me it is very evident, that not one of them belonged to that order; but, as Mr. Habingdon, in describing this at Alve church, hath justly expressed it, to Knights of the Holy Voyage. For the order of Knights Templars followed the rule of the Canons regular of St. Austin, and, as such, were under a vow of celibacy. Now, there is scarcely one of these monuments, which is certainly known for whom it is erected; but it is as certain, that the person it represented was a married man. The Knights Templars always wore a white habit, with a red cross on the left shoulder. I believe, not a single instance can be produced, of either the mantle or cross being carved on any of these monuments, which surely would not have been omitted, as by it they were distinguished from all other orders, had these been really designed to represent Knights Templars. Lastly, this order was not confined to England only, but dispersed itself all over Europe: yet it will be very difficult to find one cross-legged monument any where out of England: whereas they would have abounded in France, Italy, and elsewhere, had it been a fashion peculiar to that famous order. But though, for these reasons, I cannot allow the cross-legged monuments to have been for Knights Templars, yet they had some relation to them, being the memorials of those zealous devotees, who had either been in Palestine, personally engaged in what was called the Holy War, or had laid themselves under a vow to go thither, though perhaps they were prevented from it by death. Some few, indeed, might possibly be erected to the memory of persons who had made pilgrimages there merely out of private devotion. Among the latter, probably, was that of the lady of the family of Mepham, of Mepham in Yorkshire, to whose memory a cross-legged monument was placed in a chapel adjoining to the once collegiate church of Howden in Yorkshire, and is at this day remaining, together with that of her husband, on the same tomb. As this religious madness lasted no longer than the reign of Henry III. (the tenth and last crusade being published in the year 1268,) and the whole order of Knights Templars was dissolved by Edward II., military expeditions to the Holy Land, as well as devout pilgri-

castle of Burwell in Cambridgeshire, in October 1148. Being under sentence of excommunication at the time of his death, it was not lawful to bury his body in consecrated ground, but it was taken by the Knights-Templars, arrayed in the habits of their order, and conveyed to their inn in Old Bourne, where, after being enveloped in lead, it was deposited in the hollow of a large tree in their orchard. The sentence of excommunication being afterwards revoked by the Pope, in consideration of the penitence he had expressed in his last moments, his remains were interred in the chapel at Holborn, and on the removal of the Templars to their new abode in Fleet Street, they took the body with them, and it was interred were it now rests. The second figure is supposed to represent William de Mareschall, first Earl of Pembroke, who died in 1219; the third, Lord de Ros, surnamed Fursan, who bestowed the manor of Ribston in Yorkshire on the Knights Templars, and having taken the vows of the order himself, was buried here in 1226. The fourth figure is supposed to represent William, the second Earl of Pembroke, son of the first earl already mentioned; and the fifth has been claimed for William Plantagenet, son of Henry III., who died in his infancy, and was buried in 1256. "In the nothernmost group," says Mr.

mages there, had their period by the year 1312; consequently, none of those cross-legged monuments are of a later date than the reign of Edward II., or beginning of Edward III., nor of an earlier than that of King Stephen, when these expeditions first took place in this kingdom.—*History and Antiquities of Worcestershire*, fol. vol. i. p. 31.

Brayley, "not a single figure can be decidedly appropriated, except, perhaps, the fifth, which is cross-legged, and may be that of Gilbert, third Earl of Pembroke, whose remains were deposited near those of his father in this edifice. He had been bred to the Church, but, though unskilled in chivalric exercises, his gallant spirit led him to engage in a tournament near Ware, in June 1241, when he was thrown from his horse and mortally wounded." Camden mentions having remarked these monuments of the three Earls of Pembroke in the Temple Church, and that he read upon one of them the now effaced inscription, "Comes Penbrochiæ," and at the side, "Miles eram Martis. Mars multos vicerat armis." Antiquaries have argued a great deal upon the identity of these monuments, but it would be a bootless task to follow their prosy dissertations. All seem, however, to agree that they are of the thirteenth century, to whomsoever they were erected, and this fact may be considered indisputable.

Of the more modern monuments in this church, which we should not omit to state is dedicated to St. Mary, are many to the memory of eminent lawyers, which deserve more than a passing notice from the stranger. A long list of them is to be found in Dugdale's "Origines Judiciales," and in Strype's edition of Stow. It may suffice to signalize those of Selden, Plowden, and the Lord Chancellor Thurlow.

The Inner Temple Hall was built in the year 1678, and contains several portraits of eminent judges,

among others, those of Judges Littleton and Coke; Sir Thomas Twisden, Justice of the King's Bench in 1660; the Lord Chancellor Sir Simon Harcourt, first Earl of Nottingham; and Richard West, Lord Chancellor of Ireland. Besides these, there are portraits of King William and Queen Mary, Queen Anne, George II., and Queen Caroline.

The Middle Temple Hall is more ancient, having been begun in the year 1562, and finished in 1572. There is a story told that the famous oak screen which is still to be seen here, formed part of the spoils of the Spanish Armada; but this is an error, as we learn from Dugdale, under date of 1575, that the screen was made in that year (thirteen years before the invasion of the Spanish Armada), and that towards the expenses of it, every bencher was assessed at twenty shillings, every master of the Outer Bar Office and common attorney at ten shillings, and each person else of the Society at six shillings and eightpence. Among the portraits in this hall are those of Charles I. and II., James II., William III., Queen Anne, and George II.

The Middle Temple gate was built by Sir Christopher Wren in 1684. That of the Inner Temple is of an earlier date. It was built in 1611, at the expense of John Benet, the King's Serjeant.

Before returning to Fleet Street, let us again pass by King's Bench Walk, and by the new range of buildings which has been raised in place of the pile accidentally burnt down in 1838, and then by the eastern gate of the Temple to the renowned precincts

of the White Friars—the Alsatia so well known to all readers of romance, since the admirable description of it and its inhabitants given by Sir Walter Scott in the "Fortunes of Nigel." Its name of White Friars is derived from the church and convent of the Carmelites or White Friars, founded in this place in the year 1241, by Sir Richard Grey, ancestor of the Lords Grey of Codner. The church was built by Sir Robert Knolles, the same who built Rochester Bridge, and of whom Stow has preserved some laudatory verses—

> "O Robert Knolles, most worthy of fame,
> By thy powers France was made tame;
> Thy manhood made the Frenchmen yield,
> By dint of sword in town and field."

This celebrated knight was buried in the church in 1407. On the dissolution of the religious houses, the revenues of this convent were 63*l.* 2*s.* 4*d.* "Part of the house," says Pennant, "was granted by Henry VIII. to one Richard Moresque, and the chapter-house, and other parts to his physician, Henry Butts, immortalized by Shakspeare. Edward VI. bestowed the house inhabited by Dr. Butts, together with the church, on the Bishop of Worcester and his successors. It was afterwards demolished, with all its tombs, and several houses were built, which were inhabited in that reign by people of fashion." But the privileges of sanctuary, which the district had long possessed, remained to it, and it soon became the resort of all the most abandoned characters of London. When it first acquired the slang

name of Alsatia, does not appear; but perhaps the earliest mention of it is in a play of Shadwell's, entitled "The Squire of Alsatia." He thus, in describing his *dramatis personæ*, gives us the character of the district:—

"*Cheatley.* A rascal, who by reason of debts dares not stir out of *White-fryers,* but there inveigles young heirs in tail, and helps them to goods and money upon great disadvantages; is bound for them, and shares for them till he undoes them. A lewd, impudent, debauch'd fellow, very expert in the *cant* about the town.

"*Shamwell.* Cousin to the Belfonds; an heir, who, being ruined by Cheatley, is made a decoy-duck for others: not daring to stir out of Alsatia, where he lives: is bound with Cheatley for heirs, and lives upon 'em a dissolute, debauched life.

"*Capt. Hackman.* A block-head bully of Alsatia; a cowardly, impudent, blustering fellow, formerly a sergeant in Flanders, run from his colours, retreated to White-fryers for a very small debt, where by the Alsatians he is dubbed a Captain; marries one that lets lodgings, sells cherry-brandy, &c.

"*Scrapeall.* A hypocritical, repeating, praying, psalmsinging precise fellow, pretending to great piety; a godly knave, who joins with Cheatley, and supplies young heirs with goods and money."

Besides these vagabonds, the place was a great resort of poets and players, who have from time immemorial been classed under the same generic appellation. The players and poets were brought hither by its contiguity to the theatre in Dorset Gardens, erected upon the site of the city mansion of the Bishop of Salisbury, of which we shall have occasion to speak when we get beyond the limits of Alsatia. The place, too, was inhabited by dancing-masters and fencing-masters; and a melancholy story is related in which one of the latter profession plays a conspicuous part. His name was Turner; and

being a great proficient in his art, he had many pupils among the nobility. One of them was Lord Sanquhir, a Scotch nobleman, drawn to England with the Court in the reign of James I. Playing at foils with his master, the lord, anxious to show his skill, pressed so hard upon Turner, that the sport became somewhat too like earnest fighting, and he received a thrust in the eye from the sword of the fencing-master. Lord Sanquhir lost the sight of it in consequence; but conscious that he was himself to blame, bore his calamity with as much patience as he could command. Turner expressed great sorrow, and Lord Sanquhir to all appearance forgave him the injury. Three years afterwards, Lord Sanquhir, being at Paris, was presented at the court of Henry IV., and the monarch, thinking no evil, carelessly asked him how he had lost his eye? Lord Sanquhir blushed, and not liking to tell that the injury was inflicted by a fencing-master in a trial of skill, merely replied that it was done by a sword. Henry rejoined, "Does the man live?" and the question made Sanquire a miserable man for the remainder of his days: he retired in confusion from the presence of the monarch, with a beating heart and a burning brain, to brood over his shame, and concert schemes of revenge against the unhappy fencing-master. "Does the man live?" It appears that the question haunted his disordered fancy by night and by day, and allowed him no peace, no repose wherever he went. At last, he returned to England thirsting for revenge. His first thought was to challenge Turner to single combat;

but as the result of this might be doubtful, and he might lose his other eye or his life in an encounter with a more skilful master of the weapon, he abandoned this idea, as beneath the dignity of his rank and as insecure for his vengeance, and determined to murder him. For this purpose, he employed two bullies, countrymen and dependents of his own, named Gray and Carlisle, to waylay and dispatch the fencing-master. Gray, however, refused at the last moment to assist in the foul deed, and another man named Irving was employed in his stead. The manner of the murder is thus related by Coke, as reported in the State Trials of the reign of James I.:

"These two, about seven o'clock in the evening, came to a house in the Friars, which Turner used to frequent as he came to his school, which was near that place; and finding Turner there, they saluted one another; and Turner with one of his friends sat at the door asking them to drink; but Carliel and Irweng turning about to cock the pistol, came back immediately, and Carliel drawing it from under his coat, discharged it upon Turner, and gave him a mortal wound near the left pap; so that Turner, after having said these words, 'Lord, have mercy upon me! I am killed,' immediately fell down. Whereupon Carliel and Irweng fled, Carliel to the town, and Irweng towards the river; but mistaking his way and entering into a court where they sold wood, which was no thoroughfare, he was taken. Carliel likewise fled, and so did also the baron of Sanchar. The ordinary officers of justice did their

utmost, but could not take them; for, in fact, as appeared afterwards, Carliel fled into Scotland, and towards to the sea, thinking to go to Sweden, and Sanchar hid himself in England."

A reward for the apprehension of all the parties was offered by Government, and after a short time the three were captured, brought to trial, and found guilty of murder. Carlisle and Irving were hanged in Fleet Street opposite the entrance of Whitefriars, and Lord Sanquhir was hanged in Palace Yard. Lord Sanquhir in his confession said, that at the taking up of the foils to play with Turner, he protested to the fencing-master that he played but as a scholar, and not as one that would contend with a master in his own profession, and the order of such play he explained to his judges, was "to spare the face." "After this loss of mine eye," continued his lordship, "and with it the great hazard of the loss of life, I must confess I ever kept a grudge of my soul against him, but had no purpose to take so high a revenge. Yet in the course of my revenge I considered not my wrongs upon terms of christianity, for then I should have sought for other satisfaction; but being trained up in the courts of princes and in arms, I stood upon the terms of honour, and thence befel this act of dishonour, whereby I have offended, first, my God; second, my prince; third, my native country; fourth, this country; fifth, the party murdered; sixth, his wife; seventh, posterity; eighth, Carlisle, now executed; and lastly, my own soul. And am now to die for mine offence. *Firstly*, towards

God: I hope that my earnest prayers and supplications unto him have now at last obtained his grace and pardon for this my horrible sin, for at my return from this place, the people (of whom I expected scorn and disgrace), did by their pity and clemency move that in me which the pride of my own heart would not till then suffer me to see; then I became to have a sense and feeling of the foulness of my offence, which formerly I could not persuade myself was any more than a just revenge for so foul a wrong; and since that time, such inward comfort and consolation have I felt in my soul, that I doubt not but that my hearty contrition and true repentance is accepted before God, and that he of his mercy hath pardoned my offence. *Secondly*, for my offence unto the king's majesty: if I had more than my life to make satisfaction to him I would think myself happy, and this favour I request of your lordships, that the king may be truly informed of the sincerity of my repentance; and if it please him not of his clemency and favour to pardon me this offence, yet I humbly desire that I may die in his grace and favour. *Thirdly*, for mine own country: let me entreat you that this my single offence may not be laid as an aspersion or blemish upon my country; but that myself alone may bear the shame of it, and my body the punishment. *Fourthly*, of this country: because I do deserve no favour, I desire that of christianity, you would be pleased to pity me as a repentant and sorrowful man. *Fifthly*, for the party murdered: my blood must satisfy the law, to which I shall add much true

repentance and hearty sorrowfulness, as I hope by Christ's mercy will make satisfaction for mine offence. *Sixthly* and *Seventhly*, for his wife and posterity: some relief I have given already, and more, God willing, I will add unto it. *Eighthly*, for Carlisle: his too much affection for me made him too forward an executioner of my will and wicked purpose; but I hope by his repentance he is pardoned his offence unto God. In him I must confess my sin is doubled, and I pray God to pardon it me; for the manner of the murder, I neither commanded nor gave allowance to pistol him. But I confess that at the request of Carlisle and Gray I gave either of them a pistol to bring themselves off, after they should kill him. For him who is now suspected, I protest before God and all this company, I never knew him or spake with him, nor dealt, either directly or indirectly, with him in all my life. *Lastly*, for myself: I commit my body to the king, and my soul to God." His lordship concluded by a strong appeal for mercy. "I desire you in charity, my lords," said he, "that you will consider these few circumstances to move you to pity. First, the indignity I received from so mean a man. Second, that it was done willingly, for I have been informed he bragged of it after it was done. Third, the perpetual loss of mine eye. Fourth, the want of law to give satisfaction for such a loss. Fifth, the continual blemish I received thereby. Lastly, by my voluntary and free confession. Let me now add my last request to your lordships, that the king may be truly informed of these things. Contrition, con-

fession, and satisfaction are the means to obtain pardon from God for our sins; and these many times do move the mercy of princes, which, if his highness shall extend to me, I shall desire my life may be spent to do him service, or if not, I shall willingly submit myself to his majesty's good pleasure, and yield to die."

Sir Francis Bacon, as solicitor-general, was then heard for the prosecution, and Mr. Justice Yelverton pronounced sentence of death.

The report in the State Trials says, that he was suffered to remain hanging a very long time, "that people in this great man might take notice of the king's greater justice." The reason of this was to allay the jealousy of the people, who protested that the king showed too great favour to his own countrymen. Lord Sanquhir was a Scotchman; and his death was a proof that the king would not pardon even a Scot, if he were guilty.

The privilege of sanctuary enjoyed by the precinct of the Whitefriars, was continued until the year 1697, when it was abolished by Act of Parliament. It had originally been a sanctuary for thieves and murderers, and all offenders whatever, except traitors; but after the fifteenth century, was a refuge for debtors only. The sanctuaries abolished during this year, in addition to that of Whitefriars, were those of Mitre Court, Ram Alley, and Salisbury Court, Fleet Street; the Savoy in the Strand; Fulwood's Rents, Holborn; Baldwin's Gardens in Gray's Inn Lane; the Minories, and Deadman Place, Montague Close;

the Clink and the Mint, in Southwark. The last-mentioned, however, continued to be notorious harbours for rogues of every description, in spite of the Act of Parliament, and have not quite lost their character, even at the present day.

Salisbury Court, Whitefriars, was once the inn of the Bishops of Salisbury. "Afterwards," says Pennant, "it was the residence of the Sackvilles, held at first by a long lease from the see, and then alienated by Bishop Jewel, for a valuable consideration from that great family." It was successively called Sackville House, and Dorset House. The place was pulled down before the great fire of London, and its site laid out into streets; the latter being destroyed in the conflagration, a theatre was built under the superintendence of Sir Christopher Wren, in which Sir William Davenant's company of comedians—the Duke of York's servants, as they were called—performed for a considerable time, prior to their removal to Lincoln's Inn Fields, in our account of which, we have already taken some notice of them. The most celebrated actor who performed at this theatre was Betterton. The following advertisement in reference to some of the amusements, is from the "Postman" of Saturday, December 8th, 1679:—

"At the request of several persons of Quality, on Saturday next, being the 9th instant, at the Theatre in Dorset Gardens, the famous Kentishmen, Wm. and Rich. Joy, designs to show to the Town before they leave it, the same Tryals of Strength, both of them, that Wm. had the honour of showing before

His Majesty and their Royal Highnesses, with several other persons of Quality; for which he received a considerable Gratuity. The Lifting a Weight of Two Thousand Two Hundred and Forty Pounds. His holding an extraordinary large Cart Horse; and Breaking a Rope which will bear Three Thousand Five Hundred weight. Beginning exactly at 2, and ending at 4. The Boxes, 4*s.*; the Pit, 2*s.* 6*d.*; 1st Gallery, 2*s.*; Upper Gallery, 1*s.* Whereas, several scandalous Persons have given out that they can do as much as any of the Brothers, we do offer to such Persons 100*l.* reward, if he can perform the said matters of strength, as they do, provided the Pretender will forfeit 20*l.* if he doth not. The day it is perform'd, will be affixed a signal Flag on the Theatre. No money to be return'd after once paid."

The following in relation to the same place, is of the year 1698, from No. 325 of the "Post Boy." "DORSET GARDENS. Great preparations are making for a new Opera in the Playhouse in Dorset Garden, of which there is great expectation, the scenes being several new sets, and of a model different from all that have been used in any theatre whatever, being twice as high as any of the former scenes."

It would appear, however, that there was a theatre in this district before the one built by Sir Christopher Wren. The following is quoted by Malone in his "Prologomena" to Shakspeare, vol. iii. page 287, and shows that one was in existence in 1634. It is a memorandum from the MS. book of

Sir Henry Herbert, master of the revels to King Charles I. "I committed Cromes, a broker in Long Lane, the 16th of February, 1634, to the Marshalsey, for lending a church robe with the name of Jesus upon it, to the players in Salisbury Court, to represent a Flamen, a priest of the heathens. Upon his petition of submission and acknowledgment of his fault, I released him the 17th of February, 1634."

In a house near the centre of Salisbury Square, or Salisbury Court, as it was then called, Richardson wrote his "Pamela." He resided here for some years, and then removed to Fulham, where he built a range of warehouses and printing-offices. In Salisbury Court he was visited by some of the most eminent men of his age, including, among others, Hogarth, Dr. Johnson, Secker, archbishop of Canterbury, and Lord Grantham. The following account of his manners and mode of life, was given by a lady who knew him well, to the editress of his correspondence, the well-known Mrs. Barbauld. "My first recollection of Richardson," says the lady, "was in the house in the centre of Salisbury Square, or Salisbury Court, as it was then called; and of being admitted as a playful child into his study, where I have often seen Dr. Young and others; and where I was generally caressed, and rewarded with biscuits or *bonbons* of some kind or other, and sometimes with books, for which he, and some more of my friends, kindly encouraged a taste, even at that early age, which has adhered to me all my long life,

and continues to be the solace of many a painful hour. I recollect that he used to drop in at my father's, for we lived nearly opposite, late in the evening to supper; when, as he would say, he had worked as long as his eyes and nerves would let him, and was come to relax with a little friendly and domestic chat.

"He had many *protégées*;—a Miss Rosine, from Portugal, was consigned to his care; but of her, being then at school, I never saw much. Most of the ladies that resided much at his house acquired a certain degree of fastidiousness and delicate refinement, which, though amiable in itself, rather disqualified them from appearing in general society to the advantage that might have been expected, and rendered an intercourse with the world uneasy to themselves, giving a peculiar air of shyness and reserve to their whole address; of which habits his own daughters partook, in a degree that has been thought by some a little to obscure those really valuable qualifications and talents they undoubtedly possessed. Yet this was supposed to be owing more to Mrs. Richardson than to him; who, though a truly good woman, had high and Harlowean notions of parental authority, and kept the ladies in such order, and at such a distance, that he often lamented, as I have been told by my mother, that they were not more open and conversible with him.

"Besides those I have already named, I well remember a Mrs. Donellan, a venerable old lady, with sharp, piercing eyes; Miss Mulso (afterwards

Mrs. Chapone), &c., &c.; Secker, archbishop of Canterbury; Sir Thomas Robinson (Lord Grantham), &c., &c., who were frequent visitors at his house in town and country. The ladies I have named were often staying at North End, at the period of his highest glory and reputation; and in their company and conversation his genius was matured. His benevolence was unbounded, as his manner of diffusing it was delicate and refined."

Salisbury Court is famous as the scene of the Mug-house riots of 1716. Party feeling ran high in London at that time; and various mug-houses, or places of resort of the Whig party, where they drank beer out of small mugs, existed in various parts of London and Westminster; the three most noted being in Salisbury Court, Fleet Street; Tavistock Street, Covent Garden; and Long Acre. A traveller in England at this time, whose account is quoted in "Hone's Table Book," part i., page 378, describes a mug-house meeting. He says of the one he saw, that "A mixture of gentlemen, lawyers, and tradesmen met in a great room; a grave old gentleman in his grey hairs, and nearly ninety years of age, was their president, (one who must have remembered the execution of Charles I.,) and sat in an arm-chair some steps higher than the rest. A harp played all the while at the lower end of the room, and now and then one of the company rose and entertained the rest with a song, and, by the by, (he says,) some were good masters. Nothing was drank but ale, and every gentlemen chalked on the table as it was

brought in; and every one also, as in a coffee-house, retired when he pleased." From this description, it is clear our traveller visited the mug-house upon some quiet evening, when there was no political matter under discussion. It was just after the chief actors in the Rebellion of 1715 had paid the penalty of their offences with their blood, when the Mug-house riots broke out. The Whigs, who met in the mug-house kept by Mr. Read in Salisbury Court, were peculiarly noisy in their cups, and thus rendered themselves obnoxious to the mob, and in those days the mob was Tory. On one occasion they were even more than usually clamorous, and their violent party toasts, which they drank in the parlour, with open windows, soon collected a crowd of people. These became at last so incensed by the toasts and by some insulting remarks of some inebriated Whig inside, that they commenced a furious attack upon the house, swearing that they would level it with the ground, and make a bonfire of its materials in the middle of Fleet Street. The Whigs immediately closed their windows, barricaded the doors, and sent a messenger by a back-door to the mug-house in Tavistock Street, Covent Garden, begging that the persons there assembled would come to the rescue. The call was immediately responded to; the mug-house men proceeded in a body down the Strand and Fleet Street, armed with staves and bludgeons, and commenced an attack on the mob, which still threatened the demolition of the house. Being joined by those within, who sallied out armed with pokers

and tongs, and every kind of weapon they could lay hands upon, the mob was put to flight, and the mug-house men remained masters of the field. The popular indignation was very great when the circumstance became known; and for two days it was feared that serious riots would ensue, for crowds collected in the neighbourhood of Fleet Street, and swore that they would have revenge. The knowledge, however, that a squadron of horse was drawn up at Whitehall, ready to ride into the city on the first alarm, kept them in order, and all passed off quietly. On the third day, however, the people found a leader, in the person of one Vaughan, formerly a Bridewell boy, who instigated them to take revenge for their late affront. They followed him with shouts of "High Church and Ormond! down with the mug-house!" and Read, the landlord, dreading that they would either burn or pull down his house, made ready to defend himself. He threw up a window, and presented a loaded musket, swearing that he would discharge its contents in the body of the first man who advanced against his house. The threat only exasperated the crowd, who ran against the door with furious yells. Read was as good as his word—he fired, and the unfortunate man Vaughan fell dead upon the spot. The people, now perfectly frantic, swore to hang the landlord at his own sign-post. They assaulted the door, broke the windows, pulled down the sign, and entered the house, where Read would assuredly have been sacrificed to their fury if they had found him; he, however, managed,

with great difficulty, to escape by a back-door. Disappointed in this, they broke the furniture into pieces, destroyed everything that came in their way, and left nothing more than the bare walls of the house standing. They now threatened to burn down the whole street, and were proceeding to set fire to Read's house when the sheriffs of London, with a posse of constables, arrived. The Riot Act was read, but no attention was paid to it; and the sheriffs sent off messengers to Whitehall for a detachment of the military. A squadron of horse soon afterwards arrived and cleared the streets, taking five of the most active of the rioters into custody.

Read, the landlord, was taken into custody on the following day, and tried for the wilful murder of Vaughan. He was however acquitted of the capital charge and found guilty of manslaughter only. The five rioters were also brought to trial and met with a harder fate. They were all found guilty of riot and rebellion, and sentenced to be hanged. The sentence was carried into effect shortly afterwards at Tyburn turnpike, in presence of an immense multitude.

In a scarce work entitled "A Collection of one hundred and eighty Loyal Songs, all written since 1678, and interrhymed with several new Love Songs; the fourth Edition, with many additions. London, printed and to be sold by Richard Butt, in Prince's Street in Covent Garden, 1694," there is a song in praise of the "Mug," which shows that mug-houses

had that name previous to the Mug-house riots. It has been stated that these beer-mugs were originally fashioned into a grotesque resemblance of Lord Shaftesbury's face or "ugly mug," as it was called, and that this is the derivation of the word. The following is the ballad, which was of course written prior to 1694. It is not worth much as a composition, but is interesting from its historical connexion:—

"THE MUG-HOUSE.

If sorrow, the tyrant, invade thy breast,
Draw out the foul fiend by the lug, the lug
Let no thought of to-morrow disturb thy rest,
But dash out its brains with a mug, a mug.
If business unluckly go not well,
Let dull fools their ill-fortune hug;
To show our allegiance we'll go to the Bell,
And drown all our cares in a mug, a mug!

If thy wife be not one of the best, the best,
Admit not a respite to think, to think;
Or the weight of thy forehead weigh down thy breast,
Divert the dull demon with drink, with drink.
If thy mistress prove peevish and will not gee,
Ne'er pine, ne'er pine for the scornful pug;
But find out a prettier and kinder than she,
And banish despair with a mug, a mug.

Let zealots o'er coffee, new plots divine
And lace with fresh treasons the pagan drug,
With loyal blood flowing in our veins, that shine
Like our faces, inspired with the mug, the mug.
Let sectaries dream of alarms, alarms,
And fools still for new changes tug,
We, famous for loyalty, stand to our arms,
And drink the King's health in a mug, a mug.

Then, then to the Queen, let the next advance,
With all loyal lads of true English race;
That scorn the stunn'd notion of Spain and France,
Or to Bordeaux or Burgundy to give place.
The flask and the bottle breed ache and gout,
Whilst we, all the season, lie snug,
Nor Spaniard nor Florentine can vie with our stout,
And Monsieur submits to the mug, the mug."

Returning again through Whitefriars and the Temple, we again enter Fleet Street opposite to Chancery Lane, and take a stroll up that great legal thoroughfare,—not forgetting, as we pass, to look at the site of the house and shop of old Isaac Walton. The spot is thus fixed by a quotation from a legal document, published by Sir John Hawkins in his life of the great angler: "He dwelt on the north side of Fleet Street, in a house two doors west of the end of Chancery Lane, and abutting on a messuage known by the sign of the Harrow." Sir John, who wrote in 1760, says that until within a few years of that date, an old wooden house known by that sign was in existence at the spot mentioned. It is, therefore, beyond doubt that Walton lived at the very next door, and in this house he is, in the deed above referred to, and which bears date 1624, said to have followed the trade of a linen-draper. It further appears by that deed, that the house was in the joint occupation of Isaac Walton and John Mason, hosiers, from whence we may conclude that half a shop was sufficient for the business of Walton. In the year 1632, Walton removed from Fleet Street into Chancery Lane, a few doors up—we cannot ascertain how many—on the left hand, where

he is described as carrying on the business of a milliner-sempster, or dealer in shirts.

Chancery Lane, the name a corruption of Chancellor's Lane, was built in the reign of Henry III. It was so dirty, and so full of deep ruts and holes in the reign of Edward I., that John Briton, the *custos* of London, ordered it to be barred up to prevent a thoroughfare, "and that no harm might happen to persons passing that way." The Bishops of Chichester, who had their inn or town-house at the corner of the lane, kept up the bar for many years, but the inquest of the ward presented it as a nuisance to the Court of Aldermen, and it was removed. The ruts were then filled up and the lane rendered safe for carts and other vehicles.

On the east side of Chancery Lane, is Serjeants' Inn, where the judges transact business at chambers. It was occupied by the serjeants and judges so early as the time of Henry IV., when it was called Farringdon Inn, and so continued to be called until the year 1484. The serjeants-at-law were formerly designated, in Latin, *narratores*, and in Norman-French, *counteurs*, or *plaidoyeurs*. They may plead in any of the courts, but in the Common Pleas they only enjoyed that privilege, until this last session of parliament, when a bill was brought in to deprive them of such an exclusive and invidious legal right. Formerly, the judges were always chosen from that body; and now, when a barrister is elevated to the bench, he is first invested with the coif and robe of a serjeant, to keep up the ancient formality.

As the serjeants die off and the number becomes few, the judges select a number of those barristers whom they consider most learned in the law, and most worthy to receive the dignity, which they present to the sovereign. A royal mandate is then directed to those royal persons, calling upon them under a penalty, to take their degree within a certain period. The following is the oath they take at the Chancery Bar: "I swear well and truly to serve the King's (or Queen's) people, as one of the serjeants-at-the-law, and will truly conceal them that I be retained with, after my cunning, and I will not defer or delay their causes willingly for covet of money, or other thing that may turn me to profit, and I will give due attendance accordingly. So help me God."

Formerly, it was the custom for the newly-made serjeants to be conducted by the society to which the lord chief justice for the time being belonged, to perform the ceremony of counting, which is thus described: "Having had their coifs of white linen or silk put on, without any black ones over, and being clothed in robes of two colours, they walked to Westminster Hall, accompanied by a great number of gentlemen of the long robe of several houses of Court and Chancery, the warden and marshal of the Fleet, &c., and attended by clerks, two of each serjeants immediately following them; also by the stewards, butlers, and other servants of the houses, all bare-headed and clothed in short party-coloured vestments, (mus colour on the right, and murrey on

the left, were the usual colours in the reign of Queen Elizabeth,) where at the bar of the Court of Common Pleas they were counted, and gave rings to the several judges, and to one another. They then proceeded to the Middle Temple Hall, where they gave a splendid entertainment to the judges, the nobility, and other distinguished persons." The following is the bill of fare at one of these feasts, given at Ely Place, on the 10th of November, 1531, which will show how magnificent the serjeants were, and also show the value of money in those days:—

	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
Brought to the slaughter-house twenty-four beeves, each	1	6	8	40	0	0
One carcase of an ox from the shambles				1	4	0
One hundred fat muttons, each		2	10	14	3	4
Fifty-one great veales (calves), at		4	8	11	18	0
Thirty-four porkes, at		3	3	5	10	6
Ninety-one pigs, at			6	2	5	6
Capons of Greece (grease), ten dozen, at		1	8	10	0	0
Capons of Kent, nine dozen and six, at		1	0	5	14	0
Cocks of groase, seven dozen and nine, at			8	3	2	0
Nineteen dozen course capons, each			6	5	14	0
Fat cocks, seven dozen and nine, each			8	3	2	0
Thirty-seven dozen of pigeons, at per dozen			2		6	2
Three hundred and forty dozen of larks, at per dozen			5	7	1	8
				£110	1	2

Besides this were twelve swans, the price not named, and pullets unnumbered, which cost twopence halfpenny each; with bread, wine, fruit, &c. *à discrétion;* a very costly feast, when we consider the relative value of money.

A singular squabble arose in 1463, on the occasion

of the grand dinner of the new serjeants. The lord mayor, Sir Matthew Phillips, the sheriffs, aldermen, and others, were invited, together with the lord high treasurer, Grey de Ruthyn. When the viands were served up, and the guests were proceeding to take their places, Lord Grey sat himself down in the most honourable place. The lord mayor was very indignant, and insisted that within the city of London he was the first in dignity, and took precedence even of the king himself, and that if he took a second place in the presence of royalty, it was by courtesy alone, and not as a matter of right. Lord Grey de Ruthyn would not move, having apparently a true aristocratic contempt for linen dresses, however rich they were. The citizens and the whole of the guests were armed, and the givers of the feast were for a long time in considerable alarm that blood would be shed, for swords were drawn, and angry looks and words pretty freely interchanged. The serjeants being appealed to, decided in favour of the superior claims of the lord high treasurer; upon which the lord mayor turned upon his heel, with the aldermen and sheriffs, and declared he would no longer honour with his presence an assembly which could so far forget itself. He then retired, and had a great feast for himself and his companions the same evening, and forgot his anger in copious libations.

Another custom connected with the serjeants, which was observed until the time of Charles I., was a procession to St. Paul's cathedral, where each serjeant "chose his pillar." The origin of this is

believed to be, that in very early times the lawyers stood at the pillars of the cathedral waiting for clients, wearing an inkhorn at their breasts, and noting upon a piece of paper on their knee the particulars of each case. This must have been before they were installed in the comfortable quarters of the Knights Templars.

In a house now no more, which abutted upon Serjeants' Inn, was born Abraham Cowley. His father was a grocer in Chancery Lane, who died early, and left him to the care of his mother, who continued the business. Mrs. Cowley must have been a woman of an education superior to her class —grocers' wives did not usually in that age read the poets. She struggled hard to procure her son a literary education, and succeeded. In the window of her apartment lay a copy of Spenser's "Faery Queen," in which it was the greatest delight of young Abraham to read. He gloated over these delicious pages, until, as he himself related, "he became irrecoverably a poet." "Such," says Dr. Johnson, "are the accidents which, sometimes remembered and sometimes forgotten, produce that particular designation of a mind and propensity for some certain science or employment, which is commonly called genius. The true genius is a mind of large general powers, accidentally determined to some particular direction."

Falcon Court, Fleet Street, at a short distance from the entrance to Chancery Lane, took its name from an inn, the sign of the Falcon. This messuage

formerly belonged to a gentleman named Fisher, who, out of gratitude to the Cordwainers' Company, bequeathed it to them by will. His gratitude is commonly said to have arisen from the number of good dinners that the company gave him. However this may be, they are the present owners of the estate, and are under the obligation of having a sermon preached annually at the neighbouring church of St. Dunstan, on the 10th of July, when certain sums are given to the poor. Formerly, it was the custom to drink sack in the church, to the pious memory of Mr. Fisher, but this appears to have been discontinued for a considerable period. This Fisher was a jolly fellow, if all the stories are true which are related of him; as, besides the sack-drinking, he stipulated that the cordwainers should give a grand feast on the same day yearly to all their tenants. Wynkyn de Worde, the father of printing in England, lived in Fleet Street, at his messuage or inn, known by the sign of the Falcon. Whether it were the inn that stood on the site of Falcon Court, is not known with certainty, but most probably it was.

On the same or southern side of Fleet Street is a small square of modern erection, entered through an iron gateway, which is also called Serjeants' Inn, though not inhabited *ex officio* by either serjeants or judges, like the inn already mentioned in Chancery Lane. It was inhabited by the serjeants from, or perhaps prior to, the reign of Henry VI., until it was destroyed in the great fire of 1666. It was rebuilt in 1670, by a voluntary subscription of the serjeants, with

a handsome hall and chapel, and a spacious kitchen. The Amicable Assurance Society's offices stand on the site of the hall, and the inn or square itself was rebuilt in the early part of the present century.

On the northern side of Fleet Street is the handsome modern church of St. Dunstan's in the West, erected in the year 1831, from the design of Mr. Shaw. Over the door leading from the lobby into the corridor, is a plain circular tablet, supported by angels, on which are inscribed the following, in Tudor characters:—"The foundation-stone of this church was laid on the 27th day of July, 1831, and consecrated to the worship of Almighty God on the 31st day of January, 1833. John Shaw, Esq., architect; who died July 30th, 1832, the 12th day after its external completion, and in the 57th year of his age. To his memory this tablet is here placed by the inhabitants of this parish." Its appearance is chaste and elegant, and altogether superior to the old edifice which it replaced. A church is mentioned in this place so early as the year 1237, when it belonged to the Abbot and Convent of Westminster, and was given by them to King Henry III. The old church, which will be long remembered by the people of London, from the two figures armed with clubs that struck the hour, was supposed to have been at least four hundred and twenty years old, when it was pulled down. It escaped the great fire of 1666; and was handsomely repaired in the year 1701. In 1766, shortly after the demolition of the city gates, a statue of Queen Elizabeth was placed over the

east end of the church, with the following inscription: —"this statue of Queen Elizabeth formerly stood on the west side of Ludgate. That gate having been taken down in 1760, to open the street, it was given by the city to Sir Francis Gosling, Knight, and Alderman of this ward, who caused it to be placed here." This statue, which was removed for many years prior to the erection of the present edifice, has been cleaned and replaced in its original position. The celebrated Romaine, author of "The Life, Walk, and Triumph of Faith," was lecturer of this church. He was appointed in 1749, and here it was that he first excited that great degree of public attention which he ever after held. A division occurred between Mr. Romaine and the rector of the church; and many impediments being thrown in his way by the latter, he often preached by the light of a single candle which he held in his hand. The crowds of persons, however, who flocked to hear him, were so great, as to cause disturbances in the street; and Malcolm states that during this period, the pew-opener's place was worth 50*l.* per annum. He was the author of many theological treatises; but none are so well known as the "Life, Walk, and Triumph of Faith," on which his popularity as an author now mainly rests.

A narrow court by the side of the church leads to Clifford's Inn, so called from the ancient family of that name, who were its former possessors. It was demised in the year 1337 by the widow of Robert de Clifford, to students of the common law,

at a yearly rent of 10*l.*, and afterwards to Nicholas Sulyard, Esq., for a yearly rent of 4*l.* and a premium of 600*l.* The society of Clifford's Inn is governed by a principal and twelve rulers. It was in the hall of this inn that the judges sat after the great fire of 1666, to determine causes between claimants, arising out of that calamity.

Clifford's Inn communicates with Fetter Lane, anciently called Fewterer's Lane, of which the present name appears to be a corruption. Fewterers were a sort of idle and disorderly persons, described by Stow, and who frequented this neighbourhood: the word is probably slang of ancient date. Stow says the lane led through to gardens; but at the time he wrote, "it was built through on both sides with many fair houses."

In Fetter Lane resided that celebrated leather-seller of the times of the Revolution, known by the name of "Praise-God-Barebones," and who has bequeathed his name to one of Cromwell's parliaments. The leather-seller had a brother, who chose a still more extraordinary prefix to his,—"If Christ had not died for you, you had been damned, Barebones." This, however, was rather too long a name for ordinary people, and they made an abbreviation to suit him, and called him "Damned Barebones." This fanatic appears to have been a man of substance, in a worldly point of view. He inhabited the same house in Fetter Lane for twenty-five years; and paid a rent of 40*l.* per annum—a very considerable rental in the seventeenth century.

The house in Flower-de-luce (Fleur-de-lis) Court, at the right-hand corner, entering from Fetter Lane, was once inhabited by the infamous Mrs. Brownrigg, whose execution for the murder of Mary Clifford, her apprentice, made so much noise in London in 1767. James Brownrigg, the husband, who was a painter, and his son John, were taken into custody along with Mrs. Brownrigg, for the cruelties inflicted on the child. It was proved in evidence, however, that the wife was by far the most culpable; that she used to strip the child naked, and tie her to a staple in the wall, and, in this helpless condition, beat her with canes and horsewhips. The cellar in which the girl was confined is still shown, as well as the iron grating whence her doleful cries were heard by the neighbours.

The father was convicted of ill-using the girl, but in a minor degree, and sentenced to six months' imprisonment in Newgate. The son was found guilty of similar barbarity to another girl, named Mary Mitchell, whom he had whipped naked three successive days with a horsewhip, once for his own gratification, and twice by order of his mother. He was also sentenced to six months' imprisonment, and made to find securities for his good behaviour for seven years. Mrs. Brownrigg, who absconded after the coroner's jury returned a verdict of wilful murder against her, was apprehended at Wandsworth. Her trial was the chief topic of conversation in London for many weeks; and on the day of her execution at Tyburn (September 14th, 1767), the

crowd was greater than had been remembered since the days of Turpin and Jack Sheppard, and several persons were seriously injured by the pressure.

The chapel of the United Brethren, or Moravians, in Fetter Lane, was the meeting-house of the celebrated Thomas Bradbury. During the riots that occurred on the trial of Dr. Sacheverel, this chapel was assaulted by the mob and dismantled, the preacher himself escaping with some difficulty. The other meeting-houses that suffered on this occasion were those of Daniel Burgess, in New Court, Carey Street; Mr. Earl, in Hanover Street, Long Acre; Mr. Taylor's, Leather Lane; Mr. Wright's, Great Carter Lane; and Mr. Hamilton's, in St. John's Square, Clerkenwell. With the benches and pulpits of several of these, the mob, after conducting Dr. Sacheverel in triumph to his lodgings in the Temple, made a bonfire in the midst of Lincoln's Inn Fields, around which they danced with shouts of "High Church and Sacheverel," and swearing if they found Daniel Burgess, that they would roast him in his own pulpit in the middle of the pile.

In Fleet Street, opposite the entrance to Shoe Lane, there formerly stood one of the conduits that supplied London with water, before Sir Hugh Middleton conceived the gigantic plan to which posterity is so much indebted to him. The water was conveyed in leaden pipes from Tyburn, and the conduit or head at Shoe Lane was finished in 1471. In Stow's "Survey," it is stated that in 1478 the inhabitants of Fleet Street obtained permission to

construct two large cisterns, the one to be set up at the conduit, and the other at Fleet Bridge. The one opposite Shoe Lane was considered a handsome piece of work in those days. "Upon it," says Stow, "was a fair tower of stone, garnished with the image of St. Christopher on the top, and angels round about lower down, with sweetly sounding bells before them, whereupon, by an engine placed in the tower, they, divers hours of the day and night, with hammers chimed such an hymn as was appointed." This conduit was rebuilt with a larger cistern, at the expense of the city, in 1589. In the triumphal progress of Queen Anne Boleyn through the city of London, on her way to Westminster to be crowned, pageants, as they were called, of various kinds, were set up at all the conduits in her way, of which the principal were in Cornhill, Cheapside, and the one opposite to Shoe Lane, in Fleet Street; all of these were newly gilt and adorned for the occasion, and those at Cheapside and Cornhill were made to run with wine instead of water. At the Cornhill conduit, Stow informs us that a poet sat to recite a new ballad in her praise as she passed. The conduit in Fleet Street, we learn from the same authority, was newly painted, and all the angels had their faces washed, and were made to look decent and becoming on the august occasion. Upon the conduit was a tower with four turrets, and in each turret stood a child representing a cardinal virtue. Each of these made a speech to the fair young bride who had won the heart of the mighty monarch, but who little

thought how sad would be the end of it all, promising never to leave her as long as she lived, and to aid and comfort her always. "In the midst of the tower" (we give the words of the annalist) "was such several solemn instruments, that it seemed to be an heavenly noise, and was much regarded and praised, and besides this, the conduit ran wine, claret and white, all the afternoon; so she with all her company and the mayor, rode forth to Temple Bar, which was newly painted and repaired, where stood also divers singing men and children, till she came to Westminster Hall, which was richly hanged with cloth of arras."

Shoe Lane is a narrow and dirty avenue leading to Holborn Hill; but, dirty as it is, it abounds in reminiscences which are worth recalling, and will well repay the visit of the contemplative man. All the plot of ground to the back of Fleet Street between Shoe Lane and Chancery Lane, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, consisted of gardens, with a cottage here and there, the ground being intersected by those two lanes, and Fetter Lane, as at present. In the time of Henry V., Edmund, son of Sir Robert Ferrars de Chartley, held eight cottages in Shoe Lane. The only respectable house in the district was the town residence of the Bishop of Bangor, which existed here so early as 1378, as may be seen by an extract from the patent rolls of the forty-eighth year of Edward III., in which, in barbarous Latin, the Bishop of Bangor is described as having "*unum messuag; unam placeam terrae, ac unam gar-*

dinum cum aliis ædificiis in Shoe Lane, London." A narrow passage, called Bangor Court, at the Holborn end of the lane, and immediately behind St. Andrew's Church, marks the site of this mansion. In the year 1647, the house and grounds were purchased of the trustees for the sale of bishops' lands, by Sir John Barkstead, knight, with the intention, apparently, of pulling down the house, and building streets upon the site. Sir John did not carry this resolution into effect, but in the act of parliament passed in 1657, against the erection of new buildings,—for Oliver Cromwell appears to have shared the fears of Elizabeth and James I., that London would grow too large,—an exemption is made in his favour, in consequence of his having paid more for the ground than he would have done had he not been allowed to build. Sir John either lacked money or opportunity to do as he had proposed; and at the Restoration, three years afterwards, the estate reverted to the see of Bangor. The bishop, however, did not inhabit it; the mansion was let out in parts to various tenants, and several mean houses were erected on the grounds. Mr. Brayley, in his "Londiniana," vol. ii. page 186, says a part of the garden with lime trees and a rookery existed in 1759. Every vestige of the mansion itself was destroyed during the autumn of 1828. It had been divided into numerous tenements, which were occupied by two or three hundred persons, chiefly Irish, of the lowest class.

The present edifice, known as Bangor House, is

now occupied as the printing establishment of Messrs. Bentley, Wilson, and Fley.

At the extremity of Shoe Lane, and fronting Holborn, stands the church of St. Andrew's. It is a rectory, originally in the gift of the abbots of Bermondsey, from whom it was taken by Henry VIII., at the dissolution of the religious houses. It was bestowed upon the lord chancellor, Thomas Wriothesley, earl of Southampton, the town residence of whose family stood higher up Holborn, on the spot where is now the King's Arms public-house. From the possession of the Earls of Southampton it descended by marriage to the Duke of Montague. The present edifice was rebuilt in 1687, under the superintendence of Sir Christopher Wren. Among the persons buried here must be mentioned the Lord Chancellor Wriothesley; and, "without a stone to mark the spot," the unhappy poet Chatterton. He had lodgings in Brook Street, Holborn. Among the eminent rectors of this church have been Bishops Bancroft and Stillingfleet, and Dr. Sacheverel. A characteristic story of Dean Swift is told, relative to the notorious doctor's appointment to this valuable living. After the excitement of his trial had subsided, and when he was no longer useful to the men in power, the doctor considered that he was slighted. He thought that a man of his consequence ought to be rewarded, and the rectory of St. Andrew's falling vacant, he applied to the ministry for the living. No notice was taken of him for a time; and losing patience and almost

hope, he wrote to Swift, with whom he had a very slight acquaintance, begging him to intercede with the government on his behalf. The dean took the letter to Lord Bolingbroke, who began to abuse Sacheverel, calling him a busy intermeddling fellow and an incendiary, who had set the kingdom in a flame which could not be extinguished, and who therefore deserved censure instead of reward. To which Swift replied (we quote the story from the supplement to Swift's works), "True, my lord, but let me tell you a short story. In a sea-fight in the reign of Charles II., there was a bloody engagement between the English and Dutch fleets, in the heat of which a Scotch seaman was bit very severely by a louse in his neck, which he caught, and stooping down to crack it between his nails, many of the sailors near him had their heads taken off by a chain-shot from the enemy, which scattered their blood and brains about him. On this he had compassion on poor louse, returned him to his place, and bade him live there at discretion; for as he had saved his life, he was bound in gratitude to preserve his in return." The recital of this put Lord Bolingbroke into a fit of laughter, who, when it was over, said, "the louse shall have the living, for your story," and soon after Sacheverel was presented to it.

Pennant relates a curious anecdote of Sacheverel and the learned Whiston, translator of Josephus. "Sacheverel," says he, "had the chance of meeting in his parish a person as turbulent as himself, the noted Mr. Whiston. That singular character took it into

his head to disturb the doctor while he was in his pulpit, venting some doctrine contrary to the opinion of that heterodox man;" the doctor, if we are to believe Pennant's story, and he gives us no authority for it, descended from his pulpit in great wrath and turned Whiston out of the church.

In Gunpowder Alley, leading from Shoe Lane, lived for a short period, and died, another poet, almost as unhappy in his end as poor Chatterton. Richard Lovelace, once, as Anthony à Wood describes him, "the most amiable and beautiful person that eyes ever beheld; a person also of innate modesty, virtue, and courtly deportment," died here, in a state little removed from beggary, in the forty-eighth year of his age. He was the eldest son of Sir William Lovelace, of Woolwich, and nephew of Lord Lovelace, and inherited a considerable fortune. He ruined himself, however, in the service of Charles I., and otherwise lived beyond his means. He was the darling of the ladies, wherever he appeared, and was beloved by one Lucy Sacheverel (no relative of the doctor's family, as far as has been ascertained), who joined to the attractions of her beauty, those of a large fortune. This lady, hearing that he died of a wound he received at the siege of Dunkirk, and not taking much pains to verify the rumour, soon afterwards married another. This is the lady whom he addresses as Lucasta, in an elegant song written to her "on his going to the wars," of which the commencing and concluding stanzas are,—

"Tell me not, sweet, I am unkinde,
That from the nunnerie
Of thy chaste heart and quiet mind
To warre and armes I flie.

Yet this inconstancy is such
As thou too shalt adore,
I could not love thee, deare, so much,
Loved I not honour more."

On his return to England he was imprisoned by the parliament. "On his release," says Hasted in his "History of Kent," "having consumed all his estate, he grew very melancholy (which at length brought him to a consumption), became very poor in body and purse; was the object of charity; went in ragged cloaths (whereas, when he was in glory he wore cloth of gold and silver); and mostly lodged in obscure and dirty places, more befitting the worst of beggars and poorest of servants." His last lodging was in Gunpowder Alley, where he died in 1658, and he was buried at the west end of St. Bride's churchyard. He wrote a tragedy called the "Soldier"—his own life might have afforded him materials;—and a comedy called the "Scholar," for which also his own career might have given him a subject, for he was both a soldier and a scholar; and several tender songs, one of which, "To Althea, from Prison," will live, says Mr. Southey, "as long as the English language." A little avenue leading from this alley is called Love Court; and Dr. Hughson, in his "Survey of London," suggests that the name was probably Lovelace Court, originally so called from the unfortunate poet.

In Gunpowder Alley resided Evans the astrologer, the friend and instructor of that arch quack, Lilly, immortalised as Sydrophel in Butler's "Hudibras." Lilly, in his amusing memoirs, says it was by mere accident that he came to study astrology. He had formerly been a servant in the employ of one Gilbert Wright, upon whose death he married his widow, a young woman who had been thrice married to old men, but who resolved, as Lilly says, to be "cozened" no more into the commission of such a folly. Being in comfortable circumstances with her, and not very well knowing what to do with his leisure, he looked about for a pursuit. It happened one Sunday, in 1632, as he and a magistrate's clerk were discoursing together before divine service, the latter chanced to observe that a man of his acquaintance named Evans "was a great scholar—nay, so learned, he could make an almanack." It had always been Lilly's ambition to make an almanack; and he immediately expressed a wish to make the acquaintance of Mr. Evans. They went accordingly to Gunpowder Alley one day on the following week. Lilly shall describe his visit in his own words: "When we came to his house, he, having been drunk the night before, was upon his bed, if it be lawful to call that a bed whereon he then lay. He roused up himself, and after some compliments, he was content to instruct me in astrology. I attended his best opportunities for seven or eight weeks, in which time I could set a figure perfectly. Books he had not any, except 'Haly de Judiciis Astrorum,' and 'Orriganus's

Ephemerides;' so that, as often as I entered his house, I thought I was in the wilderness. Now something of the man.—He was by birth a Welshman, a master of arts, and in sacred orders. He had formerly had a cure of souls in Staffordshire; but now was come to try his fortunes in London, being in a manner enforced to fly for some offences very scandalous, committed by him in those parts where he had lately lived; for he gave his judgment upon things lost, the only shame of astrology. He was the most saturnine person my eyes ever beheld, either before I practised or since; of a middle stature, broad forehead, beetle-browed, thick-shouldered, flat-nosed, full lips, down-looked, black, curly, stiff hair, splay-footed. To give him his rights, he had the most piercing judgment, naturally, upon a question of theft, and many other questions, that I ever met withal; yet for money he would willingly give contrary judgments; was much addicted to debauchery, and then very abusive and quarrelsome, seldom without a black eye, or one mischief or another." We have been thus particular in our description of this fellow, as the type of a class that once swarmed in London, and is far from being extinct even at this day. During the seventeenth century, they carried on their calling without any concealment. As at that period almost every house had its sign—very requisite in the absence of numbers—so the fortune-tellers had theirs, and it was generally the "Golden Ball." The notorious Dr. Forman, concerned in the murder of Sir Thomas

Overbury, practised at the Golden Ball in Lambeth Marsh. Another sign common with the fraternity was Friar Bacon's head; and almost equally popular was the "Merlin's head." All these fellows, to use the words of Butler in his description of Lilly, were—

> "Men who foretold whats'ever was
> By consequence to come to pass;—
> As death of great men, alterations,
> Diseases, battles, inundations;
> Or searched a planet's house to know
> Who broke and robbed a house below;
> Examined Venus and the Moon,
> To find who stole a silver spoon."

In the county towns of England, especially in Yorkshire and Lancashire, a similar class of persons exist; and every now and then the exposure in the newspapers of some case of gross roguery on one side, and credulity on the other, astonishes people of superior education, and makes them ask themselves if they live in the nineteenth century. The back dirty districts of Lambeth and Southwark are not without their practitioners of both sexes; and at a coroner's inquest held on the body of a woman who died suddenly at her lodgings in Arlington Street, Lambeth, it was given in evidence that she gained her living in this manner, and that her customers were not confined to the lower classes of society amongst whom she resided, but that she was often visited by ladies of wealth and station. It is not easy, however, to discover these practitioners, for they have the fear of the treadmill before their eyes, and are obliged to be cautious.

On the eastern side of Shoe Lane, is the New Fleet Market, which was formerly held in the middle of the now clear and open thoroughfare of Farringdon Street, but which, being found a great inconvenience to the traffic, was removed here in 1829. As its contemplation offers few attractions to stay the steps of a rambler, we continue our course down Shoe Lane, and are once more on the north side of Fleet Street. There are a great number of small courts or alleys branching from this side, of which it will be necessary to speak, and we will therefore take them altogether. This district was the principal part of the ancient Saxon city of London. It was nearly all burnt down in the year 982. Stow, in his "Annals," recording the event, says, "Great part of London was burnt, which city had at this time most buildings from Ludgate towards Westminster, and little or none where the heart of the city now is, except in divers places was housing that stood without order." The district has been always densely peopled; and some of the courts seem so close and narrow as scarcely to afford breathing room to a healthy person. The most famous of these courts is Bolt Court, so long inhabited by Samuel Johnson. We have already spoken of him so frequently, that it is needless to mention more than the mere fact of his residence here. The house itself which he inhabited exists no more. The accomplished author of the "Pleasures of Memory," who has enriched the English language with so many fine effusions of his genius, relates that, when he was a boy of fourteen,

he had a violent desire to see the great lexicographer, who was then the acknowledged head of English literature. He did not know him, nor was he acquainted with any one who had that advantage; and in this emergency he determined to introduce himself, with the hope that the visit of so young an admirer would prove its own excuse. He went accordingly to Bolt Court; but when he had got his hand upon the knocker, his heart failed him, and he came away, and never renewed the attempt. They never met; and, as lovers of literary history, we may be permitted to regret that they did not. Pope had a similar desire to see and know Dryden, but with a happier result. Johnson, in narrating the visit of Pope—then twelve years of age—to Dryden, in the coffee-house, says, "Who does not wish that Dryden could have known the value of the homage that was paid him, and foreseen the future greatness of his young admirer?" And the reader of this anecdote will be tempted to indulge in the same exclamation.

Bolt Court is also well known as being the place of residence of the celebrated William Cobbett, and where he wrote, printed, and published his "Register," and dealt in flower-seeds and Indian corn. His well-known "Register," which died with its author, was the last work of its kind,—a sort of hybrid between the pamphlet and the newspaper, which, whatever may have been its success, is not likely to be imitated or revived.

Among the other courts branching off Fleet Street is Crane Court, at the extremity of which stands the

Scottish Hospital, incorporated in the reign of Charles II., for the relief of poor Scotch people resident in London. It affords weekly, monthly, or quarterly allowances, and medical relief when necessary, to the objects of its bounty; and also sends them home to Scotland when desired. The institution dates its first incorporation from the year 1665, and its re-incorporation from 1775. It is now under the presidency of the Duke of Sutherland.

The only other courts in Fleet Street worthy of record are Johnson's Court and Wine Office Court. In the former, Dr. Johnson resided for many years, and Goldsmith had lodgings in the latter for a short time.

Fleet Street was the scene of the annual grand procession and burning of the pope in the reign of Charles II. After the discovery of the Meal-tub Plot, as it was called, this annual mummery was performed with additional pomp and ceremony. The day was the 17th of November, the anniversary of the accession of Queen Elizabeth—then observed as a Protestant festival. Black friars, black, white, and grey bishops, cardinals, and, finally, the pope himself, formed the procession, which was headed by a man on horseback personating the dead body of Sir Edmonbury Godfrey, whose mysterious death at that time exercised the imaginations and inflamed the passions of the people of England. The pope was tricked out in grotesque habiliments, and a representative of the devil, as his prime minister, sat on his shoulders, and hopped from ear to ear, as if

whispering evil counsels. The procession began at Bishopsgate and ended in Fleet Street, where the final ceremony of the burning took place. It is described by an eye-witness, who saw it from the windows of a tavern. Roger North thus writes in his "Examen:"—

"When the day of execution was come, all the shrew fools of the town had made sure of places, and towards the evening there was a great clatter in the streets with taking down of glass windows, and faces began to show themselves thereat, and the hubbub was great with the shoals of people come there to take or seek accommodation. For the greater amusement of the people, somebody got up to the statue of Queen Elizabeth in the niche of Temple Bar, and set her face out like a heathen idol. A bright shield was hung upon her arm, and a spear put in or leaned upon the other hand, and lamps and candles were put about on the wall of the niche to enlighten her person, that the people might have a full view of the deity that, like the goddess Pallas, stood there as the object of the solemn sacrifice about to be made. There seemed to be an inscription upon the shield, but I could not get near enough to discern what it was, and divers other decorations. I could fix in no nearer part than the Green Dragon Tavern, below in Fleet Street; but before I settled in my quarter, I rounded the crowd, to observe as well as I could what was doing, and saw much, but afterwards heard more, of the hard battles and skirmishes that were maintained from the windows and

balconies, of several parties with one another, and the floor, as the fancy of the whig and tory incited—all which were managed with the artillery of squibs, whereof thousands of volleys went off, to the great expense of powder and paper, and profit of the poor manufacturers, for the price of ammunition rose continually, and the whole trade could not supply the consumption of an hour or two.

"When we had posted ourselves at windows, expecting the play to begin, it was very dark; but we could perceive the street to fill, and the hum of the crowd grew louder and louder; and at length, with help of some lights below, we could discern, not only upwards towards the bar, where the squib-war was maintained, but downwards towards Fleet Bridge, the whole street was crowded with people, which made that which followed seem very strange; for, about eight at night, we heard a din from below, which came up the street, continually increasing, till we could perceive a motion, and that was a row of stout fellows, that came, shouldered together, cross the street, from wall to wall on each side. How the people melted away I cannot tell; but it was plain that those fellows made clear board, as if they had swept the street for what was to come after. They went along like a wave; and it was wonderful to see how the crowd made way. I suppose the good people were willing to give obedience to lawful authority. Behind this wave (which, as all the rest, had many lights attending), there was a vacancy, but it filled apace, till another like wave came up; and so four or five of these waves passed, one after

another; and then we discerned more numerous lights, and throats were opened with hoarse and tremendous noise; and with that advanced a pageant, borne along above the heads of the crowd, and upon it sat an huge pope, in *pontificalibus*, in his chair, with a seasonable attendance for state; but his premier minister, that shared most of his ear, was Il Signor Diavolo, a nimble little fellow, in a proper dress, that had a strange dexterity in climbing and winding about the chair, from one of the pope's ears to the other.

"The next pageant was a parcel of jesuits; and after that (for there was always a decent space between them) came another, with some ordinary persons with halters, as I took it, about their necks; and one, with a stenterophonic tube, sounded, 'Abhorrers! Abhorrers!' most infernally; and, lastly, came one, with a single person upon it, which, some said, was the pamphleteer, Sir Roger L'Estrange, some the King of France, some the Duke of York; but, certainly it was a very complaisant, civil gentleman, like the former, that was doing what everybody pleased to have him, and taking all in good part, went on his way to the fire."

A more detailed account of the most famous of these pope-burnings is quoted by Mr. Brayley in his "Londiniana," vol. iv. p. 74. It is too long for insertion here, but an abridgment of it may be found interesting. It is from a rare pamphlet, entitled "The Burning of the Pope at Temple Bar in London." "Upon the 17th of November (1679) the bells began to ring about three o'clock in the

morning, in the city of London, and several honourable and worthy gentlemen belonging to the Temple, as well as to the city, (remembering the burning both of London and the Temple, which was apparently executed by popish villainy,) were pleased to be at the charge of an extraordinary triumph, in commemoration of that blessed Protestant queen (Elizabeth), which was as follows. In the evening of the said day, all things being prepared, the solemn procession began from Moorgate, and so to Bishopsgate Street, and down Houndsditch to Aldgate, through Leadenhall Street, Cornhill, by the Royal Exchange, through Cheapside, to Fleet Street, in order following :—

1st. Marched six *whifflers*, to clear the way, in pioneer caps and red waistcoats.

2nd. A bellman, ringing his bell, and, with a doleful voice, crying all the way, 'Remember Justice Godfrey.'

3rd. A dead body, representing Justice Godfrey in the habit he usually wore (a decent black habit), and the cravat wherewith he was murdered, about his neck, with spots of blood on his wrists, breast, and shirt, and white gloves on his hands, his face pale and wan; riding upon a white horse, and one of his murderers behind him to keep him from falling, in the same manner as he was carried to Primrose Hill.

4th. A priest came next in a surplice and a cope embroidered with dead men's bones, and skulls, and skeletons, who gave out pardons very plentifully to all that would murder Protestants, and proclaiming it meritorious.

5th. Then a priest alone with a great silver cross.

6th. Four carmelite friars in white and black habits.

7th. Four grey friars in the proper habits of their order.

8th. Six jesuits carrying bloody daggers.

9th. Four wind musicians, called the waits, playing all the way.

10th. Four bishops in purple, with lawn sleeves, with golden crosses on their breasts, and crosiers in their hands.

11th. Four other bishops in pontificalibus, with surplices and rich embroidered copes, and golden mitres on their heads.

12th. Six cardinals in scarlet robes and caps.

13th. Then followed the pope's chief physician, with jesuit's powder in one hand and an urinal in the other.

14th. Two priests in surplices, with two golden crosses.

Lastly, the pope himself, in a lofty glorious pageant, representing a chair of state, covered with scarlet richly embroidered and fringed, and bedecked with golden balls and crosses. At his feet a cushion of state and two boys in surplices, with white silk banners painted with red crosses and bloody consecrated daggers for murdering Protestant kings and princes, with an incense pot before them censing his holiness, who was arrayed in a splendid scarlet gown lined throughout with ermine and richly daubed with gold and silver lace. On his head a triple crown of gold, and a glorious collar of gold and precious stones, St. Peter's keys, a number of beads, agnus deis, and other Catholic trumpery. At his back, his holiness's privy councillor, the degraded seraph (*anglicè*, the devil), frequently caressing, hugging, and whispering to him, and oftentimes instructing him aloud to destroy his majesty, to forge a Protestant plot, and to fire the city again, to which purpose he held an infernal torch in his hand.

"The whole procession was attended with one hundred and fifty flambeaux and lights by order, but as many more came in volunteers as made up some thousands. Never were the balconies, windows, and houses more numerously lined, or the streets closer thronged with multitudes of people, all expressing their abhorrence of popery, with continual shouts and acclamations; so that it is modestly computed, that in the whole progress there could not be fewer than two hundred thousand spectators.

"Thus with a slow and solemn state they proceeded to Temple Bar, where with innumerable swarms the houses seemed to be converted into heaps of men and women and children, for whose diversion there were provided great quantities of excellent fire-works.

"Temple Bar being, since its rebuilding, adorned with four stately statues, namely, those of Queen Elizabeth and King James, on the inward or eastern side fronting the city, and those of King Charles Ist, of blessed memory, and our present gracious sovereign (whom God in mercy to these nations long preserve!), on the outside, facing towards Westminster; the statue of Queen Elizabeth was, in regard to the day, provided with a crown of gilded laurel, and in her hand a golden shield, with the motto 'The Protestant Religion and Magna Charta,' and flambeaux placed before it. The pope being brought up near thereunto, the following song, alluding to the posture of these statues, was sung in parts, between one representing the English cardinal (Philip Howard, brother of the Duke of Norfolk, made a cardinal in 1675,) and others representing the people:—

'CARDINAL NORFOLK.

From York to London town we come
To talk of popish ire,
To reconcile you all to Rome,
And prevent Smithfield fire.

PLEBEIANS.

Cease, cease, thou Norfolk cardinal!
See, yonder stands Queen Bess,
Who saved our souls from popish thrall,
O Queen Bess! Queen Bess! Queen Bess!

Your popish plot and Smithfield threat
We do not fear at all,
For lo! beneath Queen Bess's feet,
You fall! you fall! you fall!

'Tis true, our king's on 'tother side,
A looking t'wards Whitehall,
But, could we bring him roundabout,
He'd counterplot you all.

Then down with James, and up with Charles,
On good Queen Bess's side,
That all true commons, lords, and earls,
May wish him a fruitful bride.

Now God preserve great Charles our king,
And eke all honest men,
And traitors all to justice bring,
Amen! amen! amen!'

"Then the thronging spectators were entertained for some time with ingenious fire-works; and a vast fire being prepared just over against the Inner Temple Gate, his holiness, after some compliments and reluctances, was decently toppled from all his grandeur into the impartial (infernal) flames, the crafty devil leaving his infallibilitiship in the lurch, and laughing as heartily at his ignominious end as subtle jesuits do at the ruin of bigoted lay catholics, whom themselves have drawn in. This act of justice was attended with a prodigious shout, that might be heard far beyond Somerset House (the residence of the queen and her catholic household); and 'twas believed the echo of its continued reverberations, before it ceased, reached Scotland (where the Duke of York then was), France, and even Rome itself, damping them all with a dreadful astonishment."

Roger North states that from these processions the now common word of *mob* was first introduced into the English language. In his "Examen," already

quoted, page 574, he says, speaking of the Green Ribbon Club, the members of which were at the pains and cost of organizing this annual mummery, "The rabble first changed their title, and were called the *mob*—the assemblies of this club. It was their beast of burthen, and called first *mobile vulgus*, but fell naturally into the contraction of one syllable, and is ever since become proper English."

These mock processions, renewed every year, were greatly to the distaste of the court of Charles II.; and in November, 1682, the lord mayor and sheriffs were ordered to attend the king in council, when they were strictly commanded to prevent all such riotous disorders, and warned that, if they permitted them, the offence would be considered as that of the whole body corporate, and punished accordingly. The lord mayor, however, represented that such was the "ardour of the people against popery," that it would be dangerous to interfere; and the king being sensible from the sad experience of every day, that upon this subject his people were in a state of high excitement, resolved not to interfere, but to station troops of horse at convenient distances, to be ready in case of any sudden and alarming outbreak of popular fury. The annual saturnalia was kept up until the expulsion of James II., when it died away; leaving the national hatred of popery to vent itself upon the 5th of November, instead of the 17th, and upon the effigies of Guy Fawkes, instead of those of his holiness of Rome.

One of the most prominent objects to the gaze of

the pedestrian who looks upon the memorabilia of Fleet Street, is the fine spire of St. Bride's steeple, the work of Sir Christopher Wren, that great church builder of the seventeenth century. The edifice is dedicated to St. Bridget, of which St. Bride's is the popular corruption. St. Bridget is said to have been an Irish saint, and has given name not only to this church, but to the spring adjoining, and the once royal hospital of Bridewell, now the city house of correction, of which we shall speak hereafter. The church that formerly stood here was very small, as we learn from the authority of Stow. It was burned down in the great fire of 1666, and rebuilt from the plan of Sir Christopher Wren, in 1680. It has been several times repaired and beautified; and in 1796 was thoroughly renovated by authority of an act of parliament. The steeple was greatly injured by a thunder storm on the 18th of June, 1764, and large stones were displaced by the electric fluid and hurled into Fleet Street, to the great danger of the passengers and the adjoining houses. The illuminated clock was one of the first of those conveniences which have, since the year 1830, become so common in London.

The present handsome avenue or opening from Fleet Street, which allows a full view of this fine spire, owes its origin to accident. On the 14th of November, 1824, a fire broke out in the house of Mr. Bond, a linendraper, which communicated to the house of Mr. Hill, a chemist, and six others, which were completely destroyed. It was this fire

that cleared away the houses obstructing the view; and the opening was considered so advantageous, that it was determined to take advantage of it in the re-building.

In the churchyard are buried Richard Lovelace, whose fate we have already dwelt upon; Richardson, the author of "Pamela," and John Nichols, author of the "History of Leicestershire." The Earl of Dorset, upon condition that the parishioners would not bury in the south churchyard opposite his mansion, granted a parcel of ground on the side of Fleet Ditch, for a new burial-place. A sad event happened in this churchyard in April 1840. From the immense number of burials that take place in this small piece of ground, to the great danger of the living that swarm around, it is found necessary to dig very deep graves, in which the coffins are placed one above the other in layers of twenty or thirty. There is not an inch of room to be wasted, in consequence of this disgraceful custom of interring the dead in cities; and the assistant grave-digger, being engaged at this labour, and making a deep grave parallel with another, that had been filled up to the very brim, the weight of the coffins in the adjoining grave caused the ground to give way, and the unfortunate man was buried alive under their weight. It took several men four hours to extricate him, when he was of course quite dead. The subject excited the attention of the legislature, and some sensible remarks were made on the offensiveness of the practice, so prevalent in London,

of burying all the dead in the very heart of crowded districts.

In St. Bride's churchyard, Milton took lodgings on his return from London. His apartments were in the house of one Russell, a tailor; and Milton here commenced the education of John nd Edward Philips, his sister's sons. Finding the rooms too small, he removed to Aldersgate Street, and took more scholars.

Underneath the church wall is a pump, homely in appearance, but nevertheless covering the site of, and supplying the inhabitants around with water from, the ancient St. Bride's well. From this very spring we may suppose Milton to have drunk, and the pump becomes entitled to our reverence.

Bridewell, named originally from the same spring, —now the house of correction for the city of London —was formerly a royal palace. "It was built," says Pennant, "prior to the reign of King John, and formed partly out of the remains of an ancient castle, the western Arx Palatina of the city, which stood near the little river Fleet, near to the Thames." From this time, until it was inhabited by Cardinal Wolsey, we hear very little of the palace of Bridewell. That prelate made it his occasional residence, with the permission of the sovereign. Henry convened all the abbots and other heads of religious houses, English and foreign, and, Pennant says, "squeezed" out of them a hundred thousand pounds. With part of this sum the palace was rebuilt, and was set apart for the residence of the Emperor Charles V., on his visit to

England. The emperor, on his entry into London, was met at every step with pageants and rejoicings, and so conducted to the neighbouring palace of Blackfriars, his suite being disposed of in Bridewell, which, it would appear, the care of Henry had not been able to prepare for his reception in a suitable manner. A gallery of communication, crossing the Fleet Ditch, was made between the two palaces, and a passage cut through the city wall into the emperor's apartment. King Henry afterwards lodged in Bridewell; and Stow mentions several creations of peers that took place with great ceremony within its walls. When the question of the divorce between Henry and his first queen began to be agitated, the king resided here, and here he received the pope's legate, Cardinal Campeius. "The cardinal," says Stow, "came by long journeys into England, and much preparation was made to receive him triumphantly into London; but he was so sore vexed with the gout, that he refused all such solemnities, and desired that he might, without pomp, be conveyed to his lodgings, for his more quiet and rest: and so, on the 9th of October he came from St. Mary Overies by water, to the Bishop of Bath's palace without Temple Bar, where he was visited by the Cardinal of York (Wolsey) and divers other estates and prelates; and after he had rested him a season, he was brought to the king's presence at Bridewell by the Cardinal of York, and was carried in a chair between four persons, for he was not able to stand." Here Henry, after an address from one Francisco,

secretary to the legate, and another from Doctor Foxe, the provost of Cambridge, made an oration, which the reader will find at length in Stow's "Annals." It concluded with an appeal which the king meant to be touching: "He loved the queen still above all other women," he said; he had no thought of the lovelier Ann Boleyn—oh no! "it was all the effect of conscience." "If it be judged by the law of God," said he, "that she is my lawful wife, then was there never thing more acceptable to me in my life, both for the discharge of my conscience, and also for the good qualities which I know to be in her; for I assure you all, that besides her noble parentage, of the which she is descended, as you all know, she is a woman of most gentleness, of most humility, of most buxomness,—yea, and of all good qualities appertaining to nobility, she is without comparison, as I these twenty years almost have had the true experiment: so that if I were to marry again, if the marriage might be good, I would surely choose her above all other women. But, if it be determined by judgment that our marriage was against God's law, and clearly void, then I shall not only sorrow the departing from so good a lady and loving companion, but much more lament and bewail my unfortunate chance, that I have so long lived in adultery, to God's great displeasure, and have no true heir of my body to inherit this realm. These be the sores that vex my mind; these be the pangs that trouble my conscience; and for these griefs I seek a remedy. Therefore, I request

of you all, as our trust and confidence is in you, to declare to our subjects our intent, according to our true meaning, and desire them to pray with us that the truth may be known, for the discharge of our conscience and saving of our soul; and for declaration hereof, I have assembled you together; and now you may depart." After this hypocritical speech, "it was a strange sight," says the annalist, "to see what countenance was made among the hearers: some sighed and said nothing; others were sorry to hear the king so troubled in his conscience; others, favouring the queen, much sorrowed that this matter was now opened." Those who sighed and said nothing, were probably those who knew all about the king's courtship with the pretty Anne; and those who were sorry to hear of his troubled conscience, were poor ignorant, simple souls, who knew little of what was going on in the world.

The "poet of all time" appears to have closely studied King Henry's speech on this occasion, though he represents it as delivered at Blackfriars, and not at Bridewell. In the fine play of Henry VIII., act 2, scene 4, the king says:

> "For no dislike i' the world against the person
> Of the good queen, but the sharp thorny points
> Of my alleged reasons, drive this forward:
> Prove but our marriage lawful, by my life
> And kingly dignity, we are contented
> To wear our mortal state to come, with her,
> Katharine, our queen, before the primest creature
> That's paragon'd o' the world!"

The first scene of the third act, where the cha-

racter of the queen is so touchingly portrayed, passes in the queen's apartment at Bridewell. Addressing the two cardinals, Wolsey and Campeius, she says:

"Have I lived thus long (let me speak myself
Since virtue finds no friends) a wife, a true one?
A woman (I dare say without vain glory)
Never yet branded with suspicion?
Have I with all my full affections
Still met the king? lov'd him next heaven? obey'd him?
Been, out of fondness, superstitious to him?
Almost forgot my prayers to content him?
And am I thus rewarded?—'tis not well, my lords.
Bring me a woman constant to her husband,
One that ne'er dreamed a joy beyond his pleasure,
And to that woman, when she has done most,
Yet will I add an honour—a great patience."

The final proceedings of this memorable trial took place in the opposite palace of Blackfriars, as we shall have occasion to mention more fully hereafter, when we treat of this precinct. Henry does not appear to have ever lived in Bridewell after his marriage with Anne Boleyn; and the palace was suffered to fall into decay. Edward VI., the founder of so many charitable institutions in London, gave the palace of Bridewell, in the seventh year of his reign, to the city of London, for a house of refuge for the poor, and correction for the idle. It was chiefly through the efforts of the pious prelate Ridley, that the grant was made. He had long seen with concern, that London swarmed with idle and dissolute characters; and had taken every means in his power to provide a remedy. Hearing that the decayed palace of Bridewell had excited the notice

of some grasping courtier, who had made an offer to purchase it for a comparatively trifling sum, the bishop wrote an urgent letter to Sir William Cecil (afterwards Lord Burleigh), the king's secretary, which, as it is characteristic of the prelate, we transcribe:—

"Good Mr. Cecil,—I must be a suitor to you in our good master Christ's cause: I beseech you to be good to him. The matter is, Sir, alas! he hath lain too long abroad (as you do know) without lodging in the streets of London, both hungry, naked, and cold. Now, thanks be to Almighty God, the citizens are willing to refresh him, and to give him meat, drink, clothing, and firing; but, alas, Sir, they lack lodging for him. For, in some one house, I dare say, they are fain to lodge three families under one roof. Sir, there is a large wide empty house of the king's majesty's, called 'Bridewell,' that would wonderfully well serve to lodge Christ in, if he might find such good friends in the court, to procure in his cause. Surely I have such a good opinion of the king's majesty, that if Christ had such faithful and hearty friends, who would heartily speak for him, he should undoubtedly speed at the king's majesty's hands. Sir, I have promised my brethren, the citizens, to move you, because I do take you for one that feareth God, and would that Christ should lie no more in the streets."

Cecil, thus urged, exerted his influence, and on the 10th April following (1553), the lord mayor and officers of the corporation were ordered to attend the king at Whitehall, when a formal grant of the

palace was made, to be a workhouse for the poor, and idle persons of the city of London, and seven hundred marks of the Savoy rents, with all the beds, bedding, and other furniture of the hospital of Savoy, were given towards its maintenance, in conjunction with the hospital of St. Thomas, at Southwark. King Edward died before the city could take possession, and the grant was not confirmed by Queen Mary until two years afterwards. There was still a want of funds to establish the house upon a proper scale, to answer the purpose of its institution; and by an act of the Court of Common Council, passed on the last day of February, in the 2nd and 3rd of Philip and Mary, the necessary sums were ordered "to be gotten up amongst the rich people of the companies of London." Bridewell became a place of punishment and reformation for street-walkers, disobedient apprentices, and other idle characters. The deserted children who were taken in here and taught useful trades, were known by the name of Bridewell boys: they were formerly distinguished by blue jackets and trousers, and white hats, and a figure of Edward VI. upon their buttons; but this peculiar dress has been discontinued. Prior to the year 1790, the Bridewell boys used to attend all fires that broke out in London, with the engine of the hospital. Their disorderly conduct on these occasions was often complained of; and in that year, at a fire in Aldersgate Street, a fireman was killed in a dispute with them, and their services at fires were ever afterwards dispensed

with. After the Restoration, the Bridewell boys had a custom of being particularly riotous on the 29th of May, when they were permitted to go abroad into the fields and gather oak-branches in honour of King Charles.

In the reign of Queen Elizabeth, granaries and store-houses for coals were erected within the walls of Bridewell, at the expense of the city, and the poor were employed in grinding corn with hand-mills. This was found very laborious work, till a citizen invented a mill by which two men might grind as much corn in a day, as could be ground by ten men with the ordinary mill. It could be worked either with the hands or feet; "and so," says Dr. Hughson, "if the poor were lame in their arms, they earned their living with their feet; and if they were lame in their legs, they earned their living with their arms."

The old building, erected by Henry VIII., was destroyed by the fire of 1666, together with all the dwelling-houses in the precinct, from whence arose two-thirds of its revenue. The hospital was rebuilt two years afterwards, as it now stands. The entrance to it is from Bride Street, Blackfriars, through a passage leading under the houses, by which it is excluded from the public view of that great thoroughfare. Pennant says, that much of the original building remained in his time; and if so, the parts he mentions remain still. He describes them as "a great part of one court with a front, several arches, octagon towers, and many of the walls, and the magnificent flight of stairs leading to the court of justice, which

is a handsome apartment." There are many portraits in the court room, of which a list is given by Pennant; one of them is supposed to be by Holbein, and is a portrait of Edward VI., representing that monarch bestowing the charter of Bridewell on Sir George Barnes, the then lord mayor.

The Fleet Ditch, now covered over in nearly all its course, runs into the Thames a little below Bridewell. This stream, which gives name to the street we have already traversed, was, in the earlier ages of London, deemed of great importance and utility. A creek of the river extended from Blackfriars up the present Bridge Street and Farringdon Market, as far as the spot still known as Holborn Bridge, into which creek ran not only the river Fleet, but another small stream called the Old Bourne, giving name to Holborn. "Over the creek," says Pennant, "were four stone bridges, and on the sides extensive quays and warehouses. It was of such utility, that it was scoured and kept open at great expense; and not later than 1606, nearly 28,000*l*, were expended for that purpose." The tide ran up as far as the obelisk at the end of the bridge, and bore up small vessels and barges of considerable burthen. In a parliament held at Carlisle, in the 35th year of Edward I. (A.D. 1307), the Earl of Lincoln complained that, in former times, the course of water running under Holborn Bridge and Fleet Bridge into the Thames, had been of such breadth and depth, that ten or twelve ships at once, "navies with merchandise," were wont to come to Fleet Bridge, and some of them to Holborn

Bridge; yet that by the filth of the tanners and others, and by raising of wharfs, and especially by a diversion of the water in the 1st year of King John, 1200, by them of the New Temple, for their mills without Baynard's Castle, and by other impediments, the course was decayed, and ships could not enter as they were used." On the motion of the earl, a sort of commission of inquiry was appointed. The constable of the Tower, the lord mayor and sheriffs of London, were directed to take with them certain "honest and discreet men, to inquire into the former state of the river, to leave nothing that might hurt or stop it," and restore it to its former condition. The creek was accordingly cleansed; but still, as if by nature intended for a comon sewer of London, it was soon choked up with filth again. Constant mention is made in the old annals of the city, of the sums paid every thirty or forty years, for purifying it and freeing it from obstruction. In the time of Stow, as we learn from his "Survey," "after much money spent, and by means of continual encroachments on the banks, and the throwing of soil into the stream, it became worse clogged than ever." After the fire of London, says an article in the "Table Book," part i, page 78, "the channel was again made navigable for barges to come up by the assistance of the tide from the Thames as far as Holborn Bridge, where the Fleet, otherwise called Turnmill Brook, fell into this the wider channel, which had sides built of stone and brick, with warehouses on each side, running under the street, and used for the laying in of coals and

other commodities. This channel had five feet water at the lowest tide at Holborn Bridge; the wharves on each side the channel were thirty feet broad, and rails of oak were placed along the sides of the ditch, to prevent people from falling into it at night. There were four bridges of Portland stone over it; namely, at Bridewell, Fleet Street, Fleet Lane, and Holborn."

Up to the year 1733, Fleet Ditch, notwithstanding all the sums wasted upon it, remained a disgrace to the city. Pope, who makes it the scene of the sports of the votaries of Dulness in the "Dunciad," celebrates it in the following lines:—

> "Fleet Ditch with disemboguing streams,
> Rolls the large tribute of dead dogs to Thames;
> The king of dykes, than whom no sluice of mud
> With deeper sable blots the silver flood."

In 1733, it having been determined to erect a mansion for the official residence of the lord mayor of London, the spot called Stocks Market, where the Mansion House now stands, was chosen for the site. This rendered it necessary that another place should be provided for a market, and it was then determined that the Fleet Ditch, from Fleet Street to Holborn Bridge, should be arched over, and a market-place built upon it. The corporation brought a bill into parliament, in which they represented "that, although after the fire of London, the channel of the Fleet had been made navigable from the Thames to Holborn Bridge, yet the profits from the navigation had not answered the charge; that the part from Fleet Bridge

to Holborn Bridge, instead of being useful to trade, had become choked with mud, and was therefore a nuisance; and that several persons had lost their lives by falling into it." An act was ultimately passed, vesting the fee-simple of the site referred to in the corporation for ever, on condition that drains should be made underneath, and that no buildings erected on the superstructure should exceed fifteen feet in height. The works shortly afterwards commenced, and the market was opened for the sale of butchers' meat and vegetables, on the 30th of September, 1737.

The remaining portion of the Fleet, from the corner of Bridge Street to the Thames downwards, remained open for many years after. Pennant recollected the present noble approach to Blackfriars Bridge at Chatham Place, "a muddy and genuine ditch." It was finally covered over when the approaches to Blackfriars Bridge were completed, between the years 1760 and 1768.

We may learn how nourishing the mud and filth of the Fleet were, by the following anecdote preserved in the "Gentleman's Magazine:"—"On the 24th of August, 1736, a remarkably fat boar was taken up in coming out of Fleet Ditch into the Thames. It proved to belong to a butcher near Smithfield Bars, who had missed him five months, all which time, it seems, he had been in the common sewer, and was improved in price from ten shillings to two guineas."

Many antiquities have been found at various times during the progress of works connected with the

cleansing, bridging, or covering of this stream. In 1676, between the Fleet Prison and Holborn Bridge, and at the depth of fifteen feet, several Roman utensils were discovered, and a little lower a great quantity of Roman coins, of silver, copper, and brass, but none of gold. At Holborn Bridge two brass *lares*, or household gods of the Romans, about four inches in length, were dug out;—one a Ceres, the other a Bacchus. "It is a probable conjecture," says Pennant, "that these were thrown in by the affrighted Romans at the approach of the enraged Boadicea, who soon took ample revenge on her insulting conquerors. Here also were discovered numbers of Saxon antiquities, spears, weapons, keys, seals, &c.; also medals, crosses, and crucifixes, which might likewise have been thrown in on an occasion of some alarm."

The Fleet, it should be mentioned, takes its rise on the London side of the Hampstead ponds, from whence it passes to Camden and Kentish Towns, through a portion of Somers Town, by Battle Bridge into the Bagnigge Wells Road, where it is about twelve feet broad, and thence underground to the Thames. It may still be seen winding its dirty course between high banks at the entrance of the Kentish Town Road, opposite to St. Pancras workhouse. On the bank stands a public-house called the Elephant and Castle, which derives its name from a relic of antiquity discovered in the ditch at this spot. The circumstance is related in a letter from Bagford to Hearne the antiquary, and quoted in the "Table Book," part i. p. 80. "Some time

before the year 1714, Mr. John Conièrs, an apothecary in Fleet Street, who made it his chief amusement to collect antiquities, was one day digging near this spot, where he conjectured, from something he had read, that antiquities might be found, when he was gratified by finding part of the skeleton of an elephant. How it came there is hard to conjecture. Not far from the spot was afterwards discovered an ancient British spear."

The Fleet Prison, recently taken down, was a building presenting a long, gloomy, windowless wall, to the east of Fleet Street. It was founded, says Pennant, at least as early as the first of Richard I. It was a general court for debtors, and such as were in contempt of the Courts of Chancery and Common Pleas. Any prisoner for debt might be removed by writ of *habeas corpus* to the Fleet from any prison in England. The prison was governed by a warder, and had a coroner of its own. The rules of the Fleet, which might be enjoyed by any prisoner who could give proper security to the warder, comprehended all Ludgate Hill; from Fleet Ditch to the Old Bailey on the north, and to Cork Alley on the south; both sides of the Old Bailey from Ludgate Hill eastward to Fleet Lane, and all Fleet Lane and the east side of the Ditch, or middle of Farringdon Street, to Ludgate Hill. The Fleet Prison used to be famous for its racket-ground, where the prisoners amused themselves. Some curious anecdotes are related in Hone's "Every-Day Book," of a noted

player, named Cavanagh, who was likewise celebrated by Hazlitt.

The treatment of the prisoners, owing to the improved state of civilization, aided in no slight degree by the vigilance of the press, had, for many years past, been as humane and liberal as was consistent with their safe custody. But in the early part of the last century, the case was very different, and scenes were disclosed, which makes the heart shudder to think of. The Gaol Committee, of which General Oglethorpe was the most active member, appointed in 1729, brought these horrors to light, and took the whole nation by surprise. Thomson thus alluded to them in his poem of "Winter:"

"And here can I forget the generous band
Who, touched with human woe, redressive searched
Into the horrors of the gloomy gaol,
Unpitied and unheard where misery moans,
Where sickness pines, where thirst and hunger burn,
And poor misfortune feels the lash of vice;
While in the land of liberty—the land
Whose every street and public meeting glow
With open freedom, little tyrants raged;
Snatched the lean morsel from the starving mouth,
Tore from cold wintry limbs the tattered weed,
E'en robb'd them of the last of comforts, sleep.
The free-born Briton to the dungeon chained,
Or, as the lust of cruelty prevailed,
At pleasure mark'd him with inglorious stripes,
And crush'd out lives by secret barbarous ways,
That for their country would have toil'd or bled.
O great design, if executed well,
With patient care and wisdom-tempered zeal.
Ye sons of mercy! yet resume the search;

Drag forth the legal monsters into light;
Wrench from their hands oppression's iron rod,
And bid the cruel feel the pains they give."

The poet's description is not exaggerated—so far from that, it scarcely conveys a vivid enough idea of the atrocities committed by Huggins the warder, and his satellites. General, then Mr. Oglethorpe, was the friend of one of the prisoners named Castell, an architect, and in one of his visits to him, accidentally discovered the system that was pursued. He accordingly moved in his place in parliament, that a committee might be appointed to inquire into the state of the gaols of the kingdom. A committee being appointed, of which Mr. Oglethorpe was chairman, they visited the Fleet Prison on the 27th of February, 1729, and examined several of the prisoners. Among the rest they found Sir William Rich, bart., in a dungeon, heavily loaded with irons. They immediately ordered his irons to be struck off; but the acting warder Bambridge, a sort of deputy to Huggins, who held the office, ordered Sir William to be put in chains again, immediately the backs of the committee were turned. On the following day, an unexpected visit was again paid by the committee, and Sir William found in this condition. Mr. Oglethorpe reported the proceedings to the House; and Bambridge was ordered into the custody of the serjeant-at-arms.

It was stated in the report of the committee, presented to the House of Commons, 20th of March, that

the warder and his assistants, for the purpose of extorting large fees from the unhappy prisoners for better accommodation, used to load them with irons, and lock them up in damp dungeons. One gentleman named Castell, the friend of Oglethorpe, was forcibly conveyed from the more airy and spacious part of the prison, because he would not pay an enormous fee, to another part, where the small-pox was raging; and although he prayed and besought them with tears in his eyes not to send him there, as he knew he should catch the malady and die, they refused to listen to anything he had to say, unless he paid the sum demanded. This he was unable to do—he was locked up, caught the contagion, and died. The following passage from the report of the committee, details another instance of their atrocities:—

"Jacob Mendez Solas was, as far as it appeared to the committee, one of the first prisoners for debt that ever was loaded with irons in the Fleet. The said Bambridge one day called him into the gatehouse of the prison, called the 'Lodge,' where he caused him to be seized, fettered, and carried to Corbett's, the spunging-house, and there kept for upwards of a week; and when brought back into the prison, Bambridge caused him to be turned into the dungeon, called the 'Strong Room' of the master's side. This place is a vault like those in which the dead are interred, and wherein the bodies of persons dying in the same prison are usually deposited,

till the coroner's inquest hath passed upon them. It has no chimney or fireplace, nor any light but what comes over the door, or through a hole of about eight inches square. It is neither paved nor boarded, and the rough bricks appear both on the sides and top, being neither wainscotted nor plastered. What adds to the dampness and stench of the place is, its being built over the common sewer, and adjoining to the sink and dunghill, where all the filth of the prison is cast. In this miserable place the poor wretch was kept by Bambridge, manacled and shackled, for near two months."

Another prisoner, a Captain John Mc Phedris, endured even worse treatment. For refusal or inability to pay the extortionate demands of the warder, he was subjected to every species of indignity and annoyance. Having taken refuge in the room of another prisoner, to escape the fury of Bambridge, the latter, on the next morning entered the room with a detachment of soldiers, "and," to use the words of the report of the Gaol Committee, "ordered him to be dragged to the hoop and ironed with great irons. The prisoner desired he might be carried before a magistrate, that he might know his crime before he was punished; but Bambridge refused, and put irons on his legs, which were too little, so that, in forcing them on, his legs were like to have been broken, and the torture was impossible to be endured. Upon which, the prisoner complaining of the grievous pain and straitness of the irons, Bam-

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'bridge answered 'that he did it on purpose to torture him;' on which the prisoner replied, 'that by the law of England no man ought to be tortured.' Bambridge declared 'that he would do it first, and answer for it afterwards,' and caused him to be dragged away to the dungeon, where he lay without a bed, loaded with irons so closely rivetted, that they kept him in continual torture and mortified his legs. After long application his irons were changed, and a surgeon was directed to dress his legs, but his lameness is not, nor ever can, be cured. He was kept in this miserable confinement for three weeks, by which his sight is greatly prejudiced and in danger of being lost."

In consequence of this report, the House unanimously came to the following resolutions: "That Thomas Bambridge, acting warder of the Fleet Prison, had wilfully permitted several of the debtors to the crown in great sums of money, as well as debtors to divers of his majesty's subjects, to escape; that he had been guilty of the most notorious breaches of his trust; great extortions and the highest crimes and misdemeanors; and had arbitrarily and unlawfully loaded with irons, and put into dungeons, and destroyed, prisoners for debt, and treated them in the most barbarous and cruel manner, in high violation and contempt of the laws of this kingdom." A similar resolution was passed against Huggins, the late warder; and against Barnes, Pindar, Everett and King, the turnkeys, for

aiding and abetting in the commission of the cruelties. The attorney-general was directed to prosecute the offenders, who were all committed close prisoners to Newgate; and two bills were brought in, one to disable Huggins or Bambridge to exercise the office of warder, and the other for the better regulation of the Fleet; and the more effectually preventing and punishing the arbitrary and illegal practices of all future warders. Bambridge was shortly afterwards brought to trial on three distinct charges, of murder, felony, and barbarity, in the execution of his office. Huggins was tried for the murder of Edward Arne, and found guilty of aiding and abetting, but that it was not premeditated in him; that he had been privy to the cause of the man's death, and might have prevented it. Bambridge was tried for the murder of Mr. Castell, but acquitted on appeal.

The Fleet Prison was also celebrated in the last century for its disgraceful marriages. Pennant, who spoke from personal knowledge, says: "in walking along the street in my youth, on the side next this prison, I have often been tempted by the question, '*Sir, will you be pleased to walk in and be married?*' Along this most lawless space was frequently hung up the sign of a male and female hand conjoined, with '*Marriages performed within,*' written beneath. A dirty fellow invited you in. The parson was seen walking before his shop; a squalid, profligate figure, clad in a tattered plaid night-gown, with a fiery face, and ready to couple you for a dram of gin or roll of tobacco. Our great chancellor, Lord Hardwicke, put

these demons to flight, and saved thousands from the misery and disgrace which would be entailed by these extemporary thoughtless unions."

Malcolm, writing upon the same subject, says: "to such an extent were the proceedings carried, that twenty and thirty couples were joined in one day, at from ten to twenty shillings each;" and "between the 19th October, 1704, and the 12th February, 1705, 2,954 marriages were celebrated (by evidence), besides others known to have been omitted. To these neither licence nor certificate of banns were required, and they concealed by private marks the names of those who choose to pay them for it." These proceedings became at last so shameless, or rather shameful, that the whole neighbourhood was scandalized. Formal complaint was made—the matter was taken up as it ought to be—the Marriage Act was passed, and the "couplers," as they were sometimes called, were swept away.

In a straight line with this street is Blackfriars Bridge, repaired in an elegant and substantial manner in 1840 by the corporation of London. The first stone of this bridge was laid on the 30th of October, 1760, and it was completed in about eight years, from the designs of Mr. Robert Mylne, the architect, at an expense of 152,840*l*. 3*s*. 10*d*. It consists of nine arches, the centre of which is 100 feet wide. The view of London from this bridge is exceedingly beautiful: at no other spot can the magnificent cathedral of St. Paul's be seen to so much advantage, with the innumerable spires rising in every direction

around it. The cathedral, stout and plethoric-looking — the spires, taper and half-famished in appearance—

> "Lo, like a bishop upon dainties fed,
> St. Paul's lifts up his sacerdotal head;
> While his lean curates, slim and lank to view,
> Around him point their steeples to the blue."

Blackfriars Bridge was partly built and long supported out of the proceeds of a toll, as Waterloo Bridge and Southwark Bridge are at the present time; the only peculiarity in the mode of collection was, that passengers were made to pay double toll on Sunday. This bridge, it should be known, is inscribed to the memory of William Pitt, earl of Chatham. The following is a translation of the inscription upon two plates of tin, that are placed under the foundation stone with the coins:—"On the last day of October, in the year 1760, and in the beginning of the most auspicious reign of George III., Sir Thomas Chitty, knight, lord mayor, laid the first stone of this bridge, undertaken by the common council of London amidst the rage of an extensive war (*late tum flagrante bello*), for the public accommodation and ornament of the city, Robert Mylne being the architect. And that there might remain to posterity a monument of this city's affection to the man who, by the strength of his genius, the steadiness of his mind, and a certain kind of happy contagion of his probity and spirit, (under the divine favour and fortunate auspices of George II.,) recovered, augmented, and secured the British em-

pire in Asia, Africa, and America, and restored the ancient reputation and influence of his country amongst the nations of Europe, the citizens of London have unanimously voted this bridge to be inscribed with the name of WILLIAM PITT." The toll gates at Blackfriars were among the edifices that suffered in the awful No-Popery riot of Lord George Gordon's followers. They were burned down for the sake of the plunder, as it was supposed there were considerable sums of ready money there, the produce of the tolls. Some lives were lost there; and one man who was shot, ran howling for thirty or forty yards, and then dropped down dead.

The bridge, which it was the original intention of the corporation of London to name Pitt's Bridge, takes its present appellation from the ancient priory and palace of the Blackfriars, which stood a little to the eastward of Chatham Place, and nearly opposite the palace of Bridewell, to which, as we have already mentioned in our account of the latter, a gallery of communication was made for the convenience of the emperor, on his visit to Henry VIII.

The Black Friars, or Dominicans, who gave their name to this part of London, made their first appearance in England about the year 1221. They had their priory in 1250, near Holborn, on the site of the present Lincoln's Inn, whence they removed, in the reign of Edward I. to the banks of the Thames, where it is stated they built "a stately new priory." The order continued to inhabit this edifice until the reign of Henry VIII., when it was

converted into a palace. A parliament was held in the priory of the Black Friars in the time of Henry VI., and again on the 15th of April, 1524, when the famous subsidy of 800,000*l.* was demanded by Henry VIII. to be raised on goods and lands, at four shillings in the pound. The amount of this property tax somewhat startled the nation, and the demand was reduced. The tax, as finally agreed upon, was "two shillings in the pound upon the goods and lands of those who were worth 20*l.*, or might dispend 20*l.* in the year, with a progressive increase of the rate upon all incomes above that average." This parliament was called the Black Parliament.

Here also, as has been cursorily stated in our account of the opposite palace of Bridewell, took place the celebrated proceedings between Henry VIII. and his queen, Katharine, which our immortal dramatist has so beautifully portrayed in act 2, scene 4, of his "Henry VIII." The first speech which he puts into the mouth of the queen, is a paraphrase of the speech she actually made, as reported in Hall's "Chronicle," where the bard found it, and which has been transcribed in Stow's "Annals." Everybody reads Shakspeare, but everybody does not read the old black-letter chronicles; and it may not be immaterial to quote the speech, that the lovers of Shakspeare may compare the two.

"The judges," says Hall, and after him Stow, "commanded the crier to proclaim silence while their commission was read, both to the court and the people assembled. That done, the scribes com-

manded the crier to call the king by the name of 'King Henry of England, come into court, &c.' With that the king answered, and said, 'here.' Then he called the queen, by the name of 'Katharine, queen of England, come into court, &c.' Who made no answer, but rose incontinent out of her chair, and because she could not come to the king directly, for the distance secured between them, she went about by the court and came to the king, kneeling down at his feet, in the sight of all the court and people, to whom she said in effect these words as followeth: 'Sir,' quoth she, 'I desire you to do me justice and right, and take some pity upon me, for I am a poor woman and a stranger, born out of your dominion, having here so indifferent counsel, and less assurance of friendship. Alas! Sir, in what have I offended you? or what occasion of displeasure have I showed you, intending thus to put me from you after this sort? I take God to my judge, I have been to you a true and humble wife,—ever comformable to your will and pleasure; that never contraryed or gainsaid any thing thereof, and being always contented with all things wherein you had any delight or dalliance, whether little or much, without grudge or countenance of discontent or displeasure. I loved for your sake all them you loved, whether I had cause or no cause; whether they were my friends or my enemies. I have been your wife these twenty years or more, and you have had by me divers children; and when ye had me at the first, I take God to be judge, that I was a very maid, and

whether it be true or not, I put it to your conscience. If there be any just cause that you can allege against me, either of dishonesty or matter lawful, to put me from you, I am content to depart to my shame and rebuke; and if there be none, then I pray you to let me have justice at your hand. The king, your father, was in his time of such excellent wit, that he was accounted among all men for wisdom to be a second Solomon; and the King of Spain my father, Ferdinand, was reckoned one of the wisest princes that reigned in Spain many years before. It is not therefore to be doubted but that they had gathered as wise counsellors unto them of every realm, as to their wisdoms they thought meet; and as to me seemeth, there were in those days, as wise and well-learned in both the realms, as now at this day, who thought the marriage between you and me good and lawful. Therefore it is a wonder to me to hear what new inventions are now invented against me, that never intended but honesty, and now to cause me to stand to the order and judgment of this court. Ye should (as seemeth me) do me much wrong, for ye may condemn me for lack of answer, having no counsel but such as ye have assigned me: ye must consider that they cannot but be indifferent on my part, when they be your own subjects, and such as ye have taken and chosen out of your council, whereunto they be privy, and dare not disclose your will and intent. Therefore, I humbly desire you in the way of charity, to spare me, until I may know what counsel and advice my friends in Spain will advertise me to take; and

if you will not, then your pleasure be fulfilled.' With that she rose up, making a low curtsey to the king, and departed from thence; people supposing that she would have resorted again to her former place, but she took her way straight out of the court, leaning upon the arm of one of her servants, who was her receiver-general, called Master Griffith. The king, being advertised that she was ready to go out of the house where the court was kept, commanded the crier to call her again by these words, 'Katharine, queen of England,' &c. With that, quoth Master Griffith, 'Madam, ye be called again.' 'On! on!' quoth she, 'it maketh no matter, it is no indifferent (impartial) court for me, therefore I will not tarry,—go on your ways.' And thus she departed without any further answer at that time, or any other, and never would appear after in any court."

Early in the following century a dreadful event happened within the precincts of the dissolved monastery of the Black Friars. The circumstances are related in a pamphlet reprinted by Mr. Brayley in his "Londiniana," vol. iii. page 118—126, by the Rev. Samuel Clark, pastor of Benet Fink, intituled "The Fatal Vespers, a true and full narrative of that signal judgment of God upon the Papists, by the fall of the house in Blackfriars, London, upon the 5th of November, 1623." The event happened on the 26th of October, old style, or the 5th of November, new style, and in the popular prejudice against the catholics in England, it was thought to be a judgment upon the professors of that faith, for

their participation in the guilt of Guy Fawkes and the other conspirators of the famous Gunpowder Plot. The French ambassador, the Count de Tillier, who resided within the precincts of Blackfriars, allowed a building attached to the gate of his house, to be used as a chapel for the celebration of the catholic ritual. On the evening of the 26th of October, upwards of 300 persons assembled in an upper room of this building, to hear a sermon preached by Father Drury, a jesuit. In the midst of his discourse, the flooring of the room gave way, and the whole of the unhappy persons were precipitated to the floor beneath, which also gave way beneath the weight, and carried them headlong to the lower story, which, being built on strong stone arches, remained firm. Assistance was immediately rendered; the dead, and the dying, and the maimed were taken from the ruins; and it was found that no less than ninety-one persons—some accounts say ninety-four—men, women, and children, had been killed, including the preacher himself, and two other jesuits. Many others, the number of whom was never correctly ascertained, were maimed for life, and very few escaped without hurt altogether. One Dr. Gouge, an eye-witness, quoted by the Rev. Samuel Clark in his bigoted and uncharitable pamphlet, says: "On the Lord's day at night, when they fell, there were numbered ninety-one dead bodies; but many of them were secretly conveyed away in the night, there being a pair of water-stairs, leading from the garden appertaining unto the house

to the Thames. Of those that were carried away, some were buried in a burying-place within the Spanish ambassador's house in Holborn, amongst whom the Lady Webb was one, the Lady Blackstone's daughter another, and one Mistress Udal a third." Various others were taken by their friends, and buried in different parts of London. "For the corpses remaining," continues Dr. Gouge, "two great pits were digged, one in the fore court of the said French ambassador's house, eighteen feet long and twelve feet broad; the other in the garden behind the house, twelve feet long and eight feet broad. In the former pit were laid forty-four corpses, whereof the bodies of Father Drury and Father Redyate were two. These two, wound up in sheets, were first laid into the pit, with a partition of loose earth to separate them from the rest. Then were others brought, some in somewhat a decent manner, wound up in sheets; but the greater portion in a most lamentable plight; the shirts only of the men tyed about them, and some linen tyed about the middle of the women, the rest of their bodies being naked; and one poor man or woman, taking a corpse by the head, another by the feet, tumbled them in, and so piled them up almost to the top of the pit. The rest were put into the other pit in the garden. Their manner of burial seemed almost as dismal as the heap of them, when they lay upon the floor where they last fell. No obsequies of funeral rites were used at their burial. Only the day after, a black cross of wood was set upon each

grave, but was soon by authority commanded to be taken down.

On examination of the broken timbers being made, it was found that one beam had snapped at a knot in the wood, in consequence of the overwhelming pressure of so many people on a flooring that was never very strong.

In Blackfriars was a theatre, the memory of which, with the one or the other shore of the river at Bankside, enjoys the honour of having been used for the first representations of many of Shakspeare's plays, and where the bard himself performed in them. The whole district becomes classic, from the remembrance. The following interesting description of the theatres in London at that time, and which applies to the Blackfriars' theatre as well as the rest, is taken from a short memoir of Shakspeare, by the Rev. Alexander Dyce, prefixed to the Aldine edition of Shakspeare's poems: "Nearly all these buildings, it is probable, were constructed of wood. Those which, for some undiscovered reason, were termed private theatres, were entirely roofed in from the weather, while the public theatres were open to the sky, except over the stage and galleries. On the outside of each was exhibited a sign indicative of its name; and on the roof, during the time of performance, was hoisted a flag. The interior arrangements resembled those of the present day. There were tiers of galleries or *scaffolds*; beneath these the boxes or *rooms*, intended for persons of the higher class, and which at the private theatres were secured with locks, the

keys being given to the individuals who engaged them; and there was the centre area (separated, it seems, from the stage by pales), at the private theatres, termed the *pit*, and furnished with seats; but at the public theatres, called the *yard*, and affording no such accommodation. Cressets, or large open lanterns, served to illuminate the body of the house; and two ample branches, of a form similar to those now hung in churches, gave light to the stage. The band of musicians, which was far from numerous, sat, it is supposed, in an upper balcony, over what is now called the stage-box: the instruments chiefly used were trumpets, cornets, hautboys, lutes, recorders, viols, and organs. The amusements of the audience previous to the commencement of the play, were reading, playing at cards, smoking tobacco, drinking ale, and eating nuts and apples. Even during the performance it was customary for wits, critics, and young gallants, who were desirous of attracting attention, to station themselves on the stage, either lying on the rushes or seated on hired stools, while their pages furnished them with pipes and tobacco. At the third sounding or flourish of trumpets the exhibition began. The curtain, which concealed the stage from the audience, was then drawn, opening in the middle and running upon iron rods. Other curtains, called *traverses*, were used as a substitute for scenes. At the back of the stage was a balcony, the platform of which was raised about eight or nine feet from the ground; it served as a window, gallery, or upper chamber. From it a

portion of the dialogue was sometimes spoken, and in front of it curtains were suspended to conceal, if necessary, those who occupied it, from the audience. The internal roof of the stage, either painted blue or adorned with drapery of that colour, was termed the *heavens*. The stage was generally strewed with rushes, but on extraordinary occasions was matted. There is reason to believe that, when tragedies were performed, it was hung with black. Moveable painted scenery there was assuredly none. A board, containing the name of the place of action in large letters, was displayed in some conspicuous situation. Occasionally, when a change of scene was necessary, the audience was required to suppose that the performers, who had not quitted the boards, had retired to a different spot. A bed thrust forth showed that the stage was a bedchamber; and a table, with pen and ink, indicated that it was a counting-house. Rude contrivances were employed to imitate towers, walls of towns, hell-mouths, tombs, trees, dragons, &c. Trap-doors had been early in use; but to make a celestial personage ascend to the roof of the stage was more than the machinists of the theatre could always accomplish. The price of admission appears to have varied according to the rank and estimation of the theatres. A shilling was charged for a place in the best boxes; the entrance-money to the pit and galleries was the same—sixpence, twopence, and a penny. The performance commenced a three in the afternoon."

FROM BLACKFRIARS TO CHEAPSIDE.

We now approach a district of London, rich in memories at every step: we are entering the gates and approaching the heart of the old city, in which, on every inch of ground, the events of more than ten centuries of true, and of as many more of fabulous history, are impressed, and may be deciphered by him who has knowledge. All around the great church of St. Paul's is classic ground, upon which we must linger with a fond delay, or be rightly accused of being no true pilgrims. We will sketch out our walk for the reader, that he may see we perambulate upon a system; for in a neighbourhood like this, where we are induced to turn at every corner, lest we should miss something that is worthy of being remembered, it is quite impossible to take a direct course. We shall therefore proceed first up Ludgate Hill, and then turn to the left, down the Old Bailey, visit Newgate, Giltspur Street, and Smithfield;—we shall then proceed up Newgate Street, passing Christ's Hospital, to the General Post Office; then down Paternoster Row and its adjoining streets and courts; from thence into St. Paul's Churchyard, and into the glorious cathedral itself. We shall then strike down southwards into the gloomy districts of Doctors' Commons, lying between the cathedral and the Thames, of which, having made the tour, we shall return into St. Paul's Churchyard, and continue our course with more

directness down Cheapside to the Mansion House and the Bank of England.

Ludgate Hill, formerly called Bowyer's Row, derives its present name from one of the ancient gates of the city, which stood about the middle of the street. King Lud, a British king who lived, it is supposed, about seventy years before the Christian era, gave name to this gate, and some conjecture to the city of London itself. Geoffrey of Monmouth, and the other annalists who have copied from him, state that this king built a gate here. However this may be, we find no further mention of one in this place until the reign of John. Fitzstephen, who wrote in the time of Henry II., gives no list of the gates, in his description of London; but this must have existed in his time, as we find that it was repaired and fortified by the barons who were leagued against King John in 1217. The materials used were the ruins of the stone houses of the opulent Jews, which had been pulled down in some of the intolerant and cruel proceedings against that nation, which signalized the reign of the two sons of Henry II. In 1260, it was again repaired and ornamented with statues of King Lud and other sovereigns. These statues, as they fell to decay, were from time to time renewed, and remained upon the gate until it was pulled down in 1760. Stow says, that in the reign of Edward VI., the people in their rage against idols, knocked off the heads of these images and otherwise defaced them, but that in the reign of Queen Mary, "new heads were placed on their old bodies." Queen Eliza-

beth's statue was placed here among that of other sovereigns—it is the same statue which now adorns the wall of St. Dunstan's Church, of which we have already spoken. When the gate was repaired in 1586, a stone was found which must have belonged to one of the Jews' houses plundered by the barons of King John. It bore this inscription in hebrew, "This is the ward of Rabbi Moses, the son of the honourable Rabbi Isaac."

This gate was made a debtors' prison in the reign of Richard II., and so continued until within a short time before its demolition. Pennant says that he remembered it "as a wretched prison for debtors." A romantic story is told of it in this character, which is the foundation of Rowley's comedy of "A Woman never vext, or the Widow of Cornhill." The tradition is, that Sir Stephen Forster, lord mayor of London in 1454, being confined in this prison in his youth, and sitting behind the little barred window, in front of which was the begging-box, where the charitable dropped their contributions, was fortunate enough to attract the notice of a rich widow who was accidentally passing by. Smitten by his good looks, and touched by his melancholy, she stopped and entered into conversation with him. The result was, that she paid the debt for which he was confined, and afterwards married him. Sir Stephen, in his prosperous days, remembered the sufferings he had undergone in this unwholesome prison, and expended considerable sums in improving it. The following inscription, on a copper plate, in com-

memoration of the event, was placed against the wall, after the death of Sir Stephen:—

"Devout soules that pass this way,
For Stephen Forster, late mayor, heartily pray;
And Dame Agnes, his spouse, to God consecrate,
That of pitie this house made for Londoners in Ludgate.
So that for lodging and water, prisoners here nought pay,
As their keepers shall answere at dreadful doomes day."

The gate suffered great injury from the fire of 1666, but it was repaired immediately. A book was written within its walls in 1682, entitled "Prison Thoughts," which no doubt suggested the title of Dr. Dodd's well-known work on the same subject, composed, however, under far more melancholy circumstances than its early prototype. The author was Thomas Browning, who describes himself as a "citizen and cook of London, and a prisoner in Ludgate, where poore citizens are confined, and starve amid copies of their freedom." The following is a specimen of the verses interspersed amid the prose of poor Thomas Browning:—

"ON PATIENCE.

Patience is the Poor Man's Walk,
Patience is the Dumb Man's Talk.
Patience is the Lame Man's Thighs,
Patience is the Blind Man's Eyes.
Patience is the Poor Man's Ditty,
Patience is the exil'd Man's City.
Patience is the Sick Man's Bed of Down,
Patience is the Wise Man's Crown.

Patience is the Live Man's Story,
Patience is the Dead Man's Glory.
When your troubles do controul,
In Patience then possess your soul."

Within a few yards of the site of Ludgate, now stands the well-known inn and coach-office formerly called the Bell Savage, but now "La Belle Sauvage." There used to be a large painting of a bell and wild man; but this was exposed to so much ridicule from the etymologists, that it was taken down. Stow gave the derivation of the sign from Isabella Savage, who, he alleges, gave the house to the Company of Cutlers. Addison, in the "Spectator," gave another derivation, which is the favourite—of the present landlord at all events—and which is quite as probable as Stow's. "As for the Bell Savage," says the essayist, "which is the sign of a savage man standing by a bell, I was formerly much puzzled upon the conceit of it, till I accidentally fell into the reading of an old romance translated out of the French, which gives an account of a very beautiful woman who was found in a wilderness, and is called in the French 'La Belle Sauvage,' and is everywhere translated by our countrymen the Bell Savage." It was on a bench opposite to this inn, that the luckless Sir Thomas Wyatt, who made so bold an attempt against Queen Mary, was taken prisoner. Fuller, in his "Church History," says that after his adherents had forsaken him, he flung himself on a bench opposite to the inn called the Bell Savage, and began to repent the rashness of

his enterprise, and lament his folly. He was summoned by an herald to submit, which he agreed to do, but would yield only to a gentleman. He afterwards surrendered to Sir Maurice Berkeley, and was led captive to the Tower, where the block was in the course of a few weeks prepared for him.

Turning from Ludgate Hill to the left, we find ourselves in the Old Bailey, and within sight of the strong gloomy prison of Newgate. In this street, says Pennant, stood Sydney House, once the residence of the Sydneys, till they removed to Leicester Fields. The house, which was very large, lost its high character when its illustrious family quitted it, and it gradually went from gradation to degradation, and became the abode of the notorious Jonathan Wild, the thief-catcher and receiver of stolen goods. In Pennant's time the house was inhabited by a coachmaker.

The metropolitan prison of Newgate stands on the site of one of the gates of the ancient city, known by the same name. "Originally," says Mr. Brayley in his "Londiniana," vol. iv. page 152, "there was no other passage through the walls of London on the western side, but Ludgate; but in consequence of the inclosure and great enlargement of the cemetery of St. Paul's cathedral by Maurice, the first Norman Bishop of London, the avenue from Cheapside to Ludgate was rendered so inconvenient, that it was deemed requisite to open another passage through the wall, near the north end of the Old Bailey (to connect with Oldburn and Smithfield), where previ-

ously there had been an outwork or fort to defend the ramparts. At this new outlet, which was made either in the reign of Henry I. or in that of King Stephen, a *new* gate was built, in the castellated style, and every successive structure erected upon the same site has been distinguished by a similar appellation." Pennant is of opinion that the gate was of a much earlier period, and states that, as a Roman way has been traced under it, there was no doubt a gate here in the time of the Romans. Mr. Brayley, however, denies that any Roman way has been traced under the gate. Howell, in his "Londinopolis," inclines to the same opinion as Pennant, or, more correctly speaking, Pennant is of the same opinion as Howell, for the latter was the first to broach it, and stated that the original name of the gate was Chamberlain Gate, and that it was used as a prison previous to the year 1218, and for persons of rank long before the Tower was set apart for that purpose. Newgate was rebuilt by the executors of the famous Sir Richard Whittington; and his statue, with the traditional cat, to which it is said he owed his fortune, long remained in a niche upon the wall. When the gate was rebuilt, after its destruction in the fire of 1666, a new Whittington was placed upon it, which remained until its final demolition, to make room for the present prison.

The prisons of London had long been very lazar-houses of filth and disease, and the scenes of every kind of cruelty and oppression. We have already seen the enormities carried on in the Fleet, a prison

for debtors; but those which took place in Newgate, the abode of criminals, were far more horrible, until nearly the close of the eighteenth century, when, thanks to the exertions of the philanthropic Howard, whose name has been immortalized in consequence, a more humane and christian system was introduced. The prisoners, as we learn from Maitland's "History of London," were so crowded together in dark dungeons, that the air, becoming corrupted by their stench, occasioned a disease called the "gaol distemper," of which they died by dozens in a day. Cart-loads of dead bodies, he says, used to be carried out and thrown into a pit in the churchyard of Christ Church without ceremony. The effluvia, in the year 1750, was so horrible, that it made a pestilence in the whole district. It was communicated to the adjoining Sessions-house, where the judges sat for the trials of prisoners. Sir Samuel Pennant, the lord mayor, alderman Sir Daniel Lambert, Sir Thomas Abney, judge of the Common Pleas, Mr. Baron Clarke, a judge of the Court of Exchequer, and Mr. Cox, the under sheriff of Middlesex, were attacked with the disease, which proved fatal to the whole of them. Many of the lawyers who attended the sessions, and several jurors, as well as spectators who came to hear the trials, also caught the contagion and died. Altogether, about sixty persons died of the contagion. This terrible calamity naturally excited great indignation against the authorities of the city, who had the superintendence of the prison; and representations being made to the

Court of Aldermen by Lord Chief Justice Lee, some reform was introduced. The prison was cleansed; the prisoners separated from each other as far as was practicable; and a large ventilator, a machine having sails like a windmill, was placed on the top, to cause a circulation of fresh air in the interior.

In the year 1770, notwithstanding these attempts at improvements, the gaol was a disgrace to a civilized country. The corporation of London, unable to provide a complete remedy without building a new structure, applied to parliament in that year for a grant of money. Evidence was given before a committee of the House, which the heart shudders to remember, and £50,000 was granted to erect a new building. The first stone was laid by the celebrated lord mayor, Sir William Beckford. The architect was Mr. George Dance, under whose superintendence it was begun and completed. While yet unfinished—in 1780, it was attacked by Lord George Gordon's rioters, who broke open the massive doors of those portions of the building which had been completed for the reception of prisoners, and set nearly three hundred of them at liberty. They then set fire to the building—everything in it was consumed; and on the following morning nothing of it was left, but those ponderous stone walls still standing, which had defied the power of the fierce element. The House of Commons afterwards voted money to repair the devastation committed, and the prison was completed in 1782, having cost a sum of £40,000, more than the original estimate.

The internal economy of this famous prison, although far from perfect in the estimation of those who have devoted their attention to the important subject of prison discipline, is now, thanks to the progress of civilization, and the benevolent exertions of Howard and his successors in philanthropy, infinitely superior to what it was half a century ago. "The various wards are models of neatness and cleanliness, and there is as little danger of infection in Newgate, as in any private house in London. It is one of the first places visited by strangers, and is generally allowed by foreigners to be much better planned and conducted than the prisons of the continent. Admission is procured on presentation of a written order from one of the aldermen or visiting magistrates, and every attention is shown to the visitor by the keeper and his officials. There are, on an average, between two and three hundred prisoners always confined within its walls; and twelve sessions are held in the course of the year at the adjoining Sessions-house for their trial. The judges of this court, which by a recent act of parliament has been newly constituted, under the appellation of the "Central Criminal Court," are the lord mayor, aldermen, recorder, and common serjeant of London, and the judges of the courts at Westminster Hall, who sit here by rotation, to assist with their superior legal knowledge and acquirements, the deliberations of the local magistrates.

The prison is divided into a male and female side—but beyond this there is little attempt at classifica-

tion:—the pickpocket, the swindler, the embezzler, the murderer, are all confined together; while the hardened offender, and the one who is merely suspected of crime, but too often share the same cell, and feed at the same board. There are separate cells, so that every one averse to society may dwell alone if he pleases; but on conversation with the gaoler on our visit, we learned that this privilege was rarely claimed—not one in five hundred but dreaded the idea of solitary confinement, and would bear the society of the most brutalized and degraded criminals, rather than be shut out altogether from converse with his kind. Some few, now and then, who had moved in a superior rank of life, would on their first entrance, implore as a favour to be locked up alone, shrinking from contact with the miserable beings whom they saw around them: but this resolution, said the gaoler, seldom lasted more than two or three days—their pride, however great, generally gave way by that time, and they longed for the sight of the human countenance. When prisoners become refractory, solitary confinement for a few days is the punishment, and it never fails to tame the most unruly. The beds of the prisoners are in tiers, one above the other, like the berths on board ship, and consist of a hard mattrass and coarse coverings, sufficient in all seasons to make them comfortably warm. A plain deal table and forms constitute the only other furniture of the place, and these, with the floor, are daily scrubbed into a state of scrupulous cleanliness. There are paved court-

yards, in which the prisoners may perambulate, and breathe the small quantity of pure air that can circulate between those high and gloomy walls, surmounted by formidable spikes, to repel the adventurous climber. When we were there, we saw one of the few prisoners who preferred utter solitude—he was a respectable-looking young man with a most melancholy but very intelligent countenance. He had been a clerk in a mercantile house, and the offence with which he was charged was embezzlement. He looked wretchedly ill, but did not ask to be sent to the infirmary. The gaoler, however, who accompanied us round, mentioned to us aside, that he should be conveyed thither and attended to immediately. It was a beautiful summer-day; a thrush, from some mechanic's window on the other side of the free street, was pouring out a flood of music, which could be distinctly heard in the prison, even above the roar of the carriages and waggons in Newgate Street, and we fancied that the young man was listening to the voice of that other captive, and wondering how it could sing in a cage. The high gloomy walls permitted but little sunshine to reach the pavement of the yard, but in one corner, for one hour of the day, a beam came slanting down. It was this hour when we looked into the yard; the sick prisoner had moved his bench into this corner to take advantage of it, and there he sat—his feet and lower part of his person in the shade, but his head in the scanty sunshine. We did not know, and never ascertained, whether this man was innocent

or guilty; but as we saw him we could not help wishing that he might be acquitted; even if he was guilty, we were sure that he was not irreclaimable, and that a little kindness would have made him again a useful and honest member of society.

The use of chains has long been abolished in Newgate; even the condemned murderer is spared this degrading infliction. The condemned cells, too, are not the utterly dark, desolate, gloomy places that they used to be, when Justice degraded herself by becoming revengeful. As we stood in one of them, we could not avoid recalling to mind all the notorious criminals whose names are famous in the annals of Newgate, from Claude Duval, Turpin, and Jack Sheppard, down to Patch, Greenacre, and Courvoisier. We traversed, too, with the gaoler, the very same route by which these and hundreds of others were led to execution; for even in the days when execution took place at Tyburn turnpike, we are told that the criminals were led out of Newgate by the same door, opposite to which they now suffer. We paraded the dark passages and tortuous alleys of the prison, thinking of the crime and the sorrow—the resignation and the despair—aye, and the innocence—which had been led through them to suffer. We thought of the times when half-a-dozen victims were offered up at once to satisfy a sanguinary code of jurisprudence,—when even the pickpocket was hanged without mercy; and we rejoiced, as we thought those times had gone by for ever—that Justice now was stern, but not malignant: and

severe, but not spiteful—and when law itself, entrenched as it was in its forms and its precedents, and its reverence for antiquity, had shared in the improvement that was taking place all around it. The last apartment to which these passages lead, is the kitchen of the prison, from which there is a door opening on to the street where the fatal scaffold is erected, whenever a criminal is to suffer. There was a time when that scaffolding was stationary—there was a poor wretch or two, or perhaps three or four, every day to be hanged; and it would have been too much trouble to have pulled it down and built it up again daily. Now, if a scaffold appear once a-year in front of Newgate, it is an extraordinary thing; and so far, were it for nothing else, the nineteenth century deserves honourable mention.

Among the many afflicting scenes that have taken place opposite to Newgate, the most afflicting is that which occurred on the 23d of February, 1807, when two men, named Haggarty and Holloway, were hanged for the murder of Mr. Steele on Hounslow Heath. The greatest interest had been excited by the trial of these prisoners, and an immense crowd assembled to witness their execution. By five in the morning every avenue was blocked up; every window that commanded a view of the place was crowded; and waggons, arranged in rows, groaned under the weight of the eager multitude. Happy were those that day who could afford to pay for accommodation of any kind. The pressure of the multitude was tremendous; and when the criminals

were turned off—when they had given the last death-struggle—the mass of people began to move. But there was not room for them to move in. Immediately arose the shrieks of affrighted women in the crowd, which but increased the alarm, and made each struggle to move to get out of the multitude. Hundreds were trodden under foot, and the crowd passed over them. At last the confusion ceased a little, and the ground became comparatively clear. Some who had been thrown down arose with little damage, and went home; but forty-two were found insensible. Of these, twenty-seven were quite dead, of whom three were women. Of the other fifteen, many had their arms and legs broken, and some of them afterwards died. Since that unhappy occasion, more careful measures have been adopted to keep off the crowd, and accidents have been of rare occurrence.

Leaving Newgate, we cross to the other side of the Old Bailey, and proceed at imminent hazard of filth of every kind, down a very narrow, disgusting avenue, inhabited by the lowest of the low,—where the foulest smells are poised in the air, and swim sluggishly upon it, whenever by some rare chance there is a current. The reader may ask, what takes us there? We might answer the question by another, and inquire of him, whether he had ever been charmed by the wit, the nature, and the simplicity of the "Vicar of Wakefield," or had pored, delighted, over the exquisite poetry of the "Deserted Village?" If he answered the question in the affirmative, as any Englishman or woman who can read at all most

assuredly would, we would say, "This dirty place is hallowed ground—this is Green Arbour Court, Old Bailey, where Oliver Goldsmith resided in the outset of his career—ere his fame dawned upon the world, and where he completed his 'Enquiry into the present state of Polite Literature in Europe,' and wrote those amusing papers which were afterwards collected under the title of a 'Citizen of the World.'" "The doctor was writing his Enquiry," says the author of a life of Goldsmith, prefixed to his works, "in a wretched dirty room in which there was but one chair, and when he from civility offered it to his visitors, himself was obliged to sit in the window. While they were conversing, some one gently tapped at the door, and being desired to come in, a poor ragged little girl, of very decent behaviour, entered, who, dropping a curtsey, said, 'My mamma sends her compliments, and begs the favour of you to lend her a chamber-pot full of coals.'" The very house is still standing, the last in the alley, looking on to a dangerous descent, into some back region which we will not penetrate, known by the name of Break-neck Stairs.

Issuing from this dreary region, we find ourselves near the top of Skinner Street, Snow Hill, and within sight of St. Sepulchre's church. "At the time that Skinner Street was made," says Mr. Smith, in a memorandum left among his papers, "the masses of human bones which were piled up to the height of twenty-five feet in St. Sepulchre's churchyard, were carried out by night and thrown into holes, and spread over the middle of the street, and then

covered over with rubbish to raise the level of the thoroughfare." Mr. Smith does not mention his authority for this statement. St. Sepulchre's church is known to fame as the church whose bell tolls the death-knell of condemned criminals. This church is supposed to have been founded about the year 1100, and appears to have been four or five times rebuilt since that period. It escaped total destruction in the fire of 1666, and, although considerably damaged, was soon renovated by the parishioners. Among the persons who are buried within its walls, may be mentioned one of the countless family of the Smiths. Yes, reader, John Smith is buried here. "John Smith?—which," exclaims the reader, "of the myriads of Englishmen who have borne that illustrious name?" John Smith, Governor of Virginia, and Admiral of New England, who died in 1631. A detail of his exploits, written by himself, may be found in the "History of Virginia." Of him Grainger says, "Captain John Smith deserves to be ranked with the greatest travellers and adventurers of his age. He was some time in the service of the Emperor Sigismund, and the Prince of Transylvania, against the Grand Seignior, where he distinguished himself by challenging the Turks of quality to single combat, and cutting off their heads; for which heroic exploit he bore a chevron between three Turks' heads in his coat of arms. He afterwards went to America, where he was taken prisoner by the savage Indians, from whom he found means to escape. He often hazarded his life in naval engage-

ments with pirates, Spanish men-of-war, and in other adventures; and had a considerable hand in reducing New England to the obedience of Great Britain, and in reclaiming the inhabitants from barbarism." The gallant captain, a popular man in his day, was probably the hero of a ballad, of which a black letter copy is preserved in the British Museum, and which was published in a collection of ballads in 1727, and lately for the Percy Society. It is intituled "The Honour of a London Prentice, being an account of his matchless manhood, and brave Adventures done in Turkey, and by what means he married the King's Daughter," &c. The ballad-maker however, with a licence invariably allowed to ballad-makers above all poets and rhymers whatsoever, makes the number of the slain Turks twenty instead of three; and adds, that he killed one by a box on the ear; and subsequently tore out the tongue from the jaws of a roaring lion that was turned upon him to devour him.

As Newgate literature has become the fashion, it may not be amiss to mention some circumstances connected with this church, and the condemned malefactors of the neighbouring gaol. Mr. Robert Dow, merchant tailor and parishioner, left by will in the year 1612, the sum of 1*l.* 6*s.* 8*d.* annually, as a fee to the sexton of St. Sepulchre's, for pronouncing two solemn exhortations to condemned criminals on the night preceding, and the morning of, their execution, as they passed the church door in

their cart on the way to Tyburn. Accordingly, at midnight, before the fatal morning, the sexton, with a large bell in his hand, followed by other persons with torches, entered the cell of the doomed man, and having rung his bell, pronounced in melancholy voice the following exhortation :—

" You prisoners that are within,
Who for wickedness and sin.

"After many mercies shown to you, you are now appointed to die to-morrow in the forenoon. Give ear, and understand, that to-morrow morning the greatest bell of St. Sepulchre's shall toll for you, in form and manner of a passing bell, as used to be tolled for those that are at the point of death, to the end that all godly people hearing that bell, and knowing it is for you going to your deaths, may be stirred up heartily to pray to God to bestow his grace and mercy upon you whilst you live. I beseech you, for Jesus Christ his sake, to keep this night in watching and prayer for the salvation of your own souls, while is yet time and place for mercy, as knowing to-morrow you must appear at the judgment seat of your Creator, there to give an account of all things done in this life, and to suffer eternal torments for your sins committed against Him, unless, upon hearty and unfeigned repentance, you find mercy through the merits, death, and passion of your only mediator and advocate, Jesus Christ, who now sits at the right hand of God to make interces-

sion for as many of you as penitently return to Him." Having pronounced this, the sexton withdrew, and early on the following morning was in attendance at the gate of the church, to pronounce exhortation the second, which was in form as follows—the first part to the spectators, the latter to the criminals: "All good people, pray heartily unto God for these poor sinners, who are now going to their deaths, and for whom this great bell doth toll. You that are condemned to die, repent with lamentable tears; ask mercy of the Lord for the salvation of your own souls, through the merits, death, and passion of Jesus Christ, who now sits at the right hand of God to make intercession for as many of you as penitently return unto him.

"Lord have mercy upon you!
Christ have mercy upon you!
Lord have mercy upon you!
Christ have mercy upon you!"

Giltspur Compter, forming the side of Giltspur Street opposite to the east end of St. Sepulchre's, is another prison in the jurisdiction of the city of London, which is principally occupied by persons committed by the sheriff, for non-payment of fines, and by debtors, for whom there is said to be much better accommodation than in the Queen's Bench. The prison is divided into nine yards or wards, appropriated to prisoners of different descriptions, belonging both to the Poultry Compter and the Giltspur Street Compter debtors, male and female;

felons; persons fined; those committed for misdemeanors; and lastly, vagrants.

Proceeding through Giltspur Street*, we arrive at Smithfield,—a spot of great but unhappy fame for many dreary years,—the scene of more awful suffering and wrong than any in England; and of later years, a scene of uproarious mirth, jollity, and dissipation, and of the greatest of all the saturnalia of the English people. Of this opposite character are the reminiscences attached to its name; and mingling with them are others of a warlike cast—tilt, and duel, and tournament, and all the pomp of knighthood. The origin of its name of Smithfield is unknown; some have derived it from smooth field. It is more probable, that Smiths' field was so called, from the smiths who had their forges round about it, when it first became, as it has long continued, the great market for horses and other cattle. In the reign of Henry II., as we learn from Fitzstephen's account of London, Smithfield was the place of sale for hackneys and charging steeds; and there was a sort of race-course where the intended purchasers might make trial of their speed. Dr. Pegge thus translates from Fitzstephen's Latin, the account of these early races: "When a race is to be run by this sort of horses, and perhaps by others, which also

* This way towards Smithfield was anciently called Gilt Spurre or Knight Rider's Street, because of the knights, who in quality of their honour wore gilt spurs, and who, with others, rode that way to the tournaments and other feats of arms used in Smithfield.—*Stow's* "Survey of London."

in their kind are strong and fleet, a shout is immediately raised, and the common horses are ordered to withdraw out of the way. Three jockies, or sometimes only two, as the match is made, prepare themselves for the contest, such as—being used to ride—know how to manage their horses with judgment: the grand point is, to prevent a competitor from getting before them. The horses, on their part, are not without emulation; they tremble, and are impatient, and are continually in motion: at last, the signal once given, they strike—devour the course, hurrying along with unremitting velocity. The riders, inspired with the thoughts of applause and the hope of victory, clap spurs to their willing horses, brandish their whips, and cheer them with their cries."

A part of Smithfield was known at this time by the name of the Elms, from a number of those trees that grew on the spot. This was the closing scene in the life of that brave but unhappy patriot, William Fitzosbert, better known as the Longbeard,—a man, upon whose name and memory, ignorant and prejudiced writers have lavished every epithet and abuse without the slightest foundation. Smithfield has to be considered in a fourfold aspect:—as a place of execution;—as a market;—as a scene of chivalry;—and as a fair. In beginning with the first, the sad story of William Longbeard will be a fitting introduction to many others as unhappy. In a work of fiction, the compiler of these pages has endeavoured to do justice to his slandered name; in this work, that professes to deal with facts only, he

renews the attempt with more brevity. William Fitzosbert, the first reformer on the popular side in England, flourished during the reign of Richard I. He was deformed in person, but his face was comely and intelligent, and he was universally allowed to be the most eloquent man of his age. He had served in the Holy Land, under the banner of King Richard, and returning to his country on the captivity of that monarch, devoted himself to the study of the law, that he might plead the cause of the poor whenever they needed assistance against the oppression of the rich. The country was at that time sorely distressed by the taxation unmercifully levied upon it for the expenses of the Crusades, and for the ransom money of the king; and besides this grievance, of which the whole nation complained, the Saxon portion of it groaned under the ruthless tyranny of the Norman chiefs, by whom they were treated as a conquered and degraded people. In the courts of law, a Saxon could rarely obtain justice against a Norman; oppression of every kind was rampant; the country was distracted by the ambitious feuds and jealousies of contending rulers, ready to grasp the sceptre of the captive monarch; and universal discontent prevailed. At this time, Fitzosbert stood forth, the assertor of the rights of his countrymen. It was the Norman fashion at this time, to wear the hair closely cropped, and to shave the beard. Fitzosbert encouraged the Saxons to wear their hair and beard long, and himself set the example, by which he acquired in a short time the name by which he is best known to posterity. His influence over the

people soon became unbounded;—he was the Masaniello of the day, with more real power and more clear-sightedness, eloquence and energy, than that leader; or, if he might be compared to another, he was the Rienzi of the English Saxons; as eloquent as he, and cherishing similar ambitious plans for the renovation of an oppressed people. Whenever a Saxon was wronged, he came to the Longbeard, and found a zealous advocate, who, with a determination of character, and an eloquence that was irresistible, wrested justice from those who should have been its willing administrators, but were in those times its perverters or withholders. The fame of his oratory was such, that whenever it was known he was to plead for a Saxon in any of the courts, or before the Mayor of London,—then a judge of no small power and authority,—immense crowds congregated to hang upon his words and applaud every sentence that fell from his lips, till the magistrates were offended at the popular applause, and hated the man who was the subject of it. Daily his power increased, until he could not walk the streets without a popular triumph: his progress from the Guildhall or from Westminster to his own house was a triumphal procession, like that of a great captain returning from a successful war: flowers were strewed in his way; banners carried before and behind: windows and balconies filled with enthusiastic people to cheer him as he passed, and admiring thousands in the rear, rending the air with their shouts. Changing the name of Pompey to Longbeard, and Rome to London, the

admirable lines of Shakspeare well express the scene that took place almost daily in London, when Fitzosbert was in the zenith of his fame:—

"Oh, you had hearts, you cruel men of Rome!
Knew you not Pompey? Many a time and oft
Have you climb'd up to walls and battlements,
To towers and windows, yea, to chimney pots,
Your infants in your arms, and there have sat
The live-long day with patient expectation
To see great Pompey pass the streets of Rome;
And when you saw his chariot but appear,
Have you not made an universal shout,
That Tyber trembled underneath her banks,
To hear the replication of your sounds
Made in her concave shores?"

These triumphs were most unpalatable to the rulers of England, and to Fitzalwyn, the Mayor of London, especially, who saw his own influence in the city gradually falling to nothing, and who was, moreover, constantly called upon by the co-regents of the kingdom to preserve the peace of London, and rid it of this dangerous new potentate that had so suddenly sprung up among the people. In consequence of the remonstrances of Hubert, archbishop of Canterbury, one of the regents and lord high justiciary of the kingdom, who trembled for the total overthrow of the Norman rule, and perhaps the massacre of many of the rapacious nobles, who had ground the poor people to the very dust, several attempts were made to free the country of Longbeard, by the summary process of assassination. Longbeard in self-defence, when this was ascertained,

never went abroad unless in armour, and carrying a hugh battle axe, followed by a hundred men, chiefly artisans, all well armed to defend him from sudden attack. And this strange spectacle was constantly seen in London for months: the lawyer with battle-axe and coat of mail, and a little army at his heels, going to plead, without a fee, for his poor countrymen; overawing the judges upon the bench, and snatching justice from those who would have otherwise denied it. At last a new poll-tax, to provide for the expenses of the Holy War, the ransom of the king, and the other necessities of the state, was levied by the mere proclamation of those in power, and vigorously enforced. Already the great political right, that a country should not be taxed without the consent of the people, as expressed by their representatives, was beginning to be felt; and a great meeting of the people was summoned at Paul's Cross, to discuss the question. Upwards of fifty thousand persons assembled to hear the opinions of the eloquent leader; and it was resolved, amid shouts of triumph, that the obnoxious tax or tallage should not be paid. The mayor and authorities of London were ill-advised enough to attempt to disperse this immense assemblage by force of arms: a riot ensued, and several persons were killed on both sides, the assailants being finally repulsed, and Longbeard remaining absolute master of London. His adherents, much excited, would have taken bloody vengeance: torches appeared in the crowd; a cry was raised of burning

down the city; and it required all the extraordinary influence and eloquence of Longbeard to restrain the angry passions of his followers. They were not to be restrained altogether, notwithstanding his entreaties and prayers that they would be peaceable, and a party of them proceeded to the mayor's house, in Lombard Street, which they set on fire, amid shouts of exultation.

Complaint of this outrage having been made, Longbeard was summoned to Westminster, to answer for his conduct before the Archbishop of Canterbury. His friends advised him not to obey, as rumours were rife that an attempt would be made to seize his person and execute him instantly, without form of trial. Longbeard, however, determined to go, and accordingly went to Westminster on the day appointed. But he went at the head of an immense multitude: contemporary historians relate that no less than fifty thousand people from London and all surrounding districts, followed in his train. The government was alarmed; one false move might have caused a convulsion, which would have been felt in the country for years; and a hasty council was formed in Westminster Hall to deliberate, while the tramp of the advancing multitude was yet sounding in their ears. The result was, the triumph of Longbeard—a triumph which made him more powerful than ever, and which virtually placed the government of the country at his feet. He was received with all honour and respect, and dismissed with a courteous reproof, or rather advice, that he

should avoid, as much as possible, too great assemblages of the people, which were dangerous to the public peace. At that moment, had he so willed it, he might have seized the supreme power in England; but he took no advantage of his position, and bowing to the archbishop, returned, as he came, amid the shouts of the populace.

"The government tried another plan: they were afraid to use violence towards him, and they tried what slander would do to lessen his popularity. Emissaries were paid to go about in public places and whisper away his character,—not too boldly at first, but slowly and slily. He was accused of every crime forbidden in the Decalogue;—he was said to be a murderer, a heretic, a liar, a robber, and an adulterer, and a plotter against the very people whose liberty he was ostensibly pleading for. In the course of time these whisperings had their effect, and Longbeard's friends began to fall off. Some of the more ardent, that might despise these slanders, were nevertheless cooled, by diversity of opinion on the course to be pursued with regard to public events; some condemned him as too bold, and others found fault with him as not bold enough. In the meantime, he became too confident of his own power and the fear of his enemies; he neglected to go abroad with his usual escort of armed men; he built his house upon the sand; he leaned for support against a reed; he trusted in the love and constancy of the people, and he paid the penalty. The Mayor of London, persevering in his enmity, watched his

opportunity, and suddenly set upon him in Cheapside, with a large party of soldiers and citizens, when he was only attended by eight men. It was opposite the church of St. Mary-le-Bow. The numbers of his foes were overwhelming; and as his sole chance of escape, he rushed into the sacred edifice with his companions, and barred the massive doors upon his pursuers. It appears that there was a woman in the church, but how she got in is not explained by the annalist of the time; they merely say that he defiled the church with his concubine. It was first resolved to starve him in his sanctuary; but this plan was deemed inexpedient, as, if there was any delay, the people might rise in a mass and rescue their leader. To force a sanctuary was a thing that could not be attempted without the authority of the church; and the church itself was slow to grant the power, and thus bring contempt, perhaps, on one of the dearest privileges which itself had established. The matter was serious, and long in deliberation; and in the meantime the Longbeard and his devoted adherents in the sanctuary, were suffering the pangs of thirst and hunger. The people were moved to pity; his friends attempted to stir them up in his behalf, and great crowds assembled in various parts of London, and especially in Cheapside, in Smithfield, and at Paul's Cross. There was no time to be lost; the archbishop gave his reluctant consent to force the sanctuary, and the church of St. Mary-le-Bow was set on fire immediately. The Longbeard and his unhappy companions fought their way

through the flames with the courage of despair, but were captured in the street, and conveyed to the Tower, almost before the people had time to know what had taken place. They were brought to trial immediately, and sentenced to be hanged and beheaded on the following morning, at the Elms in Smithfield.

"The sentence was carried into execution with scarcely the loss of an hour. The trial was not concluded until late in the evening, and before daylight, Fitzosbert and his unfortunate companions had ceased to exist. The sad sight awakened the slumbering love of the people: they reproached themselves with ingratitude towards the leader they had once idolized; and angry groups collected about the fatal scaffold. A priest, who had been much attached to Longbeard, harangued the people on their ingratitude; and his oratory had such an effect on them that they took down the body from the ignominious tree, amid shouts of execration against his judges, and buried it with the most tumultuous demonstrations of popular regard. The clothes were torn into shreds, and carried away as holy relics of a saint; even the ground on which he had last trodden was dug up from the foot of the gallows, by crowds of Saxon women, who flocked into London from all parts of the country. Miracles were supposed to be worked by it; the halt, the dumb, and the blind were carried to the spot, amid still increasing enthusiasm, until the authorities again

became alarmed for the peace of London. A strong guard was stationed at the Elms, by command of the lord mayor and the high justiciary; and emissaries were again employed to distribute themselves among the crowd, and defame the character of the deceased, by representing him as a heretic and a murderer, and one totally unworthy of the sympathy of the people. The crowd collected about the spot for several days, but at last the excitement wore itself out. The cause that Longbeard had so much at heart slumbered for a while, until new leaders arose. But it was long ere that cause found so enlightened an advocate: popular freedom, in the minds of an ignorant but oppressed race, became popular licences; and the Wat Tylers and Jack Cades of succeeding ages, unable to distinguish between the two, led the people to vengeance only, and in struggling against injustice, became unjust themselves. But the cause of popular freedom, retarded though it was by the folly, or stained by the crimes, of its advocates, made progress nevertheless—sometimes violently, sometimes imperceptibly—until printing, noblest of all human arts, came to its aid, and smoothed the way before it.

The place where Longbeard was executed was in Cow Lane, close to the end of St. John's Court. Here grew the Elms, which gave name to this part of the inclosure. The Elms ceased to be the place of public execution about the middle of the thirteenth century, when it was removed to Tyburn. But

another part of Smithfield was desecrated to executions of another kind, until its name became of unhappy notoriety in the annals of this kingdom. To give a list of the victims of religious persecution, who died at the stake, in this spot, during the reigns of Henry VIII. and his three children, is perfectly needless; their names are familiar as household words to the English people; and the true Englishman, as he passes the spot, if he does not shudder at the remembrance of the crimes committed there, blesses God that his lot has been cast in happier times, and that the stake blazes no more in England. It has been calculated, that during the short reign of Mary, 277 persons were burned to death in England for heresy, and of these the great majority suffered in Smithfield. A monument ought to be erected on the spot, to point out the infamous place to all eyes, and teach us and our children when we pass it, a lesson of toleration and charity, and that it is most unchristian and fiendish—

"to hope to merit Heaven by making Earth a Hell."

The place where the stake stood was twice, and only twice, the scene of a most barbarous and cruel species of punishment, anciently decreed against those who were guilty of poisoning, viz., that of boiling to death. The first took place in 1531, and is recorded in Stow's "Annals." "The 5th of April, one Richard Rose, a cook, was boiled in Smithfield, for poisoning of divers persons, to the number of sixteen or more,

at the Bishop of Rochester's palace; among the which Benet Curwine, gentleman, was one, and he intended to have poisoned the bishop himself, but he ate no pottage that day, whereby he escaped; but of the poor people that ate thereof, many died." The pottage alluded to was, it appears, gruel intended for the bishop (Fisher) and his household; a portion of it, after they had finished their repast, being given to the poor of Lambeth. Two persons only died of its effects; but of the remainder many never afterwards recovered their health. The second instance of this punishment took place ten years afterwards, when one Margaret Davis, a servant girl, was boiled to death for poisoning her mistress and several other persons.

Smithfield also was the scene of another remarkable execution, which is worth recording for the strange picture it gives us of the manners of the feudal ages, and the mode in which the people were governed in those unhappy times. Were it a mere case of murder or atrocity of any kind, we might pass it over, for we do not profess to record all the executions that have taken place here, but it is peculiarly characteristic of our early government, and as such is recorded.

Soon after the accession of Henry III., and within a few weeks after the ill-advised Prince Louis had withdrawn to France, a great match at quintain was played in the St. Giles's Fields, between the men of London and the men of Westminster. This favourite

game of the Londoners was generally played in Smithfield, but St. Giles's Fields was on this occasion chosen, as a midway ground for the convenience of both parties. In this friendly trial of skill the men of London gained the victory, but the men of Westminster being dissatisfied, another match was appointed to take place in the fields near Charing Cross. Constantine Fitzarnulph, a wealthy citizen, was the captain of the Londoners, and the high bailiff was the leader of the men of Westminster. The prize was a fat ram, and the game commenced with apparent good humour on both sides. A dispute, however, arose about some knotty point of the game, and the Westminster men having the worst of the argument, lost their tempers. Weapons were drawn, and they set upon the Londoners and wounded several of them in a dangerous manner. The Londoners, overpowered by the superior numbers of the people of Westminster, who came flocking from all parts to the scene of strife, took to flight, and arriving in the city, they rang the great alarm bell of St. Paul's, to collect the people together. Great crowds assembled in Smithfield and at Paul's Cross. On being informed of the outrage committed by the men of Westminster and the high bailiff, who was said to have encouraged, if he did not share in the affray, they swore to be revenged, and forming themselves into companies marched forth towards Westminster. Serle, the Mayor of London, hastened to the spot and endeavoured to calm the tumult, offering to apply to the Abbot of Westminster for redress and the punishment

of the offenders. But Constantine Fitzarnulph, who had been severely ill-treated in the affray, would listen to no such advice, and exhorted the crowd to be revenged. They wanted but little persuasion, and Fitzarnulph taking the lead, they followed him with shouts and imprecations to Westminster, where they pulled down the house of the high bailiff and made a bonfire of his goods. Constantine Fitzarnulph had been one of the adherents of the would-be King Louis, and some of the populace, mistaking the nature of the commotion, raised the treasonable cry of "King Louis for ever!" "Fitzarnulph for ever!" "Down with the Abbot of Westminster!" The last cry was responded to: the destruction being complete at the house of the high bailiff, the mob proceeded to the house of the abbot, which adjoined the Abbey, and in a very short space of time razed it to the ground. The abbot escaped by a back door and succeeded in getting a boat at the water-side, whence he seems to have rowed himself to the Tower. Other accounts say that he went out with a train of horsemen to make his complaint to the Mayor of London and procure assistance, but that he was pursued by the crowd, who surrounded and beat his servants and retainers in a ferocious manner, and took away their horses, and that the abbot himself had great difficulty in escaping from their hands.

The famous Hubert de Burgh, earl of Kent, who then governed the country in the name of the young king, on being apprized of the uproar, marched into London at the head of a numerous force, and took up

his residence in the Tower, where he found the Abbot of Westminster had arrived before him. He immediately sent for the mayor, sheriffs, and aldermen, to inquire into the cause of the tumult, and demanded that the ringleaders should be delivered up. Constantine Fitzarnulph, who never seems to have imagined that he had done anything very extraordinary, attended, without the slightest hesitation, to justify his conduct, and was accompanied by his nephew and another friend of his, named Geoffrey, who had also been very active in exciting the people of London against those of Westminster. They found, to their dismay, that Hubert de Burgh treated the matter more seriously than they did. His questions to them were put in the most insulting and brutal tone; but Constantine, recovering his courage, boldly replied that he was not ashamed of what he had done; that the men of London were first attacked; and that, under similar circumstances, he would act in the same manner again. His two friends expressed a similar determination. The result was, that they were ordered without further ceremony from the presence of the justiciary, thrown into the deepest dungeon of the Tower, and told to prepare themselves for death on the following morning. There was no other form of trial; their doom was sealed; and from the decision of this haughty earl there was no appeal. Fitzarnulph offered the enormous sum of 15,000 marks for the ransom of himself and friends; but the justiciary told him that his goods were already forfeit to the crown, and

refused to hold any further communication with him. He appears to have thought the revolt a political one, in the interest of Prince Louis, and so determined to nip it in the bud. Early on the following morning, the rich merchant and his friends were taken to the Elms in Smithfield, and there ignominiously hanged. On the same day, Hubert de Burgh, at the head of a large company of horsemen, scoured the city in all directions in search of those who had been implicated in the riots. Several were discovered, who, being brought before him at Guildhall, were sentenced, without form of trial, to have their hands and feet chopped off. Even this cruel barbarity did not satisfy him. The mayor and magistrates of London, who had failed to prevent the tumult, were degraded from their offices. A *custos*, or military governor, was appointed to rule the city in their stead; and thirty of the richest merchants were bound over in heavy penalties to answer for the future tranquillity of London. Such, with all its pomp of knighthood, was the feudal age in England. Such are the blots on the banners of chivalry.

Smithfield was the scene of a still more remarkable event in English history—the downfall of Wat Tyler. Here the daring rebel was struck to the ground by the weapon of Sir William Walworth, and here ended an insurrection much more formidable than that of Constantine Fitzarnulph, and which had well-nigh overturned the monarchy of England. The dagger in the escutcheon of the city of London was introduced in commemoration of this

event. Jack Straw, the second in command of the rioters, who was apprehended a few days after the death of Wat Tyler, was hanged in Smithfield, and confessed, before his execution, that it had been resolved by the leaders of the insurrection, to sack and burn the city of London.

Smithfield, one of the places appointed for the tilts, tournaments, and ordeal combats of chivalry, of which we shall speak hereafter, was long noted as the abode of fighting men, hangers-ōn of the great, fellows expert in the use of the sword, and hired bravos.

Strutt, in his "Sports and Pastimes of the People of England," under the article of "Sword-play," says that schools were instituted in various parts of the kingdom for teaching the art of self-defence, and especially in the city of London, where the conduct of the masters and their scholars became so outrageous, that it was necessary for the legislature to interfere; and in the year 1286 an edict was published by royal authority, prohibiting the keeping of such schools, and interdicting the public exercise of swords and bucklers. It is said that many robberies and murders were committed by these gladiators; and West Smithfield, where they congregated, was long known by the name of Ruffian Hall. Ben Jonson, in the introduction to his play of "Bartholomew Fair," speaks of "the sword and buckler age in Smithfield," as having only recently passed away; and in the comedy of the "Two Angry Women of Abington," printed in 1599 (and recently republished

by the Percy Society), one of the characters complains that the "sword and buckler fight begins to grow out of use."

But to return to the point of chivalry. One of the most magnificent tournaments held in Smithfield was instituted by Edward III. in 1374, in honour of his mistress, the beautiful but cold-hearted Alice Pierce, who knew so well how to govern the doting old monarch, and through him, to misgovern England. The sports lasted for seven days, Alice appearing each day at the king's side, being greeted with the title of the Lady of the Sun. Their car was escorted by a train of knights, each leading a white palfrey, on which was seated a young damsel, personifying a nymph of the sun.

Richard II. held several tournaments in Smithfield. An account of one is quoted by Pennant from Froissart's Chronicle, and two others are mentioned by Stow. "On the 10th, 11th, and 12th of October, 1390," says the annalist, "the king held a great court at London, in the bishop's palace, and a great justing in Smithfield, to the which came many strangers forth of France, Almain, Zealand, and many other parts, bringing with them horses and armour; in which pastimes there was given first the badge of the White Hart, with golden chains and crowns." "In the year 1393," says the same annalist, "certain lords of Scotland came into England to get worship by force of arms in Smithfield. The Earl of Marre challenged the Earl of Nottingham to just with him; and so they rode together certain courses,

but not the full challenge, for the Earl of Marre was cast, both horse and man, and two of his ribs broken with the fall; so that he was borne out of Smithfield, and conveyed towards Scotland, but died by the way at York. Sir William Darrel, knight, the king's banner-bearer of Scotland, challenged Sir Peter Courtney, knight, the king's banner-bearer of England; and when they had run certain courses, they gave over without conclusion of victorie. Then Cockburne, esquier, of Scotland, challenged Sir Nicholas Hawberke, knight, and rode five courses, but Cockburne was borne over, horse and man." Various other tournaments were held in this reign, one of which was on London Bridge.

Of the duels—ordeal combats—that took place in Smithfield, only one is mentioned by Pennant. It was fought between one William Catur, an armourer, and his apprentice, in the reign of Henry VI. The apprentice had accused his master of treason, and the duel was fought to decide his guilt or innocence. The unfortunate armourer drank too much wine, with which his friends plied him to keep his courage up; and he was easily conquered by his apprentice, and his guilt established to the satisfaction of everybody. The reader of Shakspeare will remember the scene, and the use the great bard has made of it in the second part of "Henry VI." Shakspeare makes the name of the armourer Horne, and of his apprentice, Peter Thump; but Stow gives the name of the apprentice as John David, and of his master, William Catur. Stow adds, that the false servant—for he falsely

accused his master—did not live long unpunished, for he was afterwards hanged for felony at Tyburn*. Stow relates another ordeal combat fought in the same place some years previously. In the ninth year of Henry VI., Richard, duke of York, he says, "was constituted Constable of England, in absence of John, duke of Bedford, Regent of France. He was made constable for and because of a battle to be fought between John Upton and John Downe. On the 23rd of January the battle was down in Smithfield, before the king, between these two men of Feversham in Kent, John Upton, notaire, appellant, and John Downe, gentleman, defendant. John Upton put upon John Downe, that he and his compeers should imagine the king's death, the day of his coronation. When they had long fought, the king took up the matter and forgave both parties." This was very creditable to the young monarch, then only in the ninth year of his age, and a symptom of the amiability of disposition which he afterwards showed —an amiability that led him into weakness, and unfitted him for the stormy functions of government in the unsettled age in which he lived.

In his twenty-fifth year, he acted in the same manner on a similar duel in Smithfield. Thomas Fitz-Thomas, prior of Kilmaine, accused the Earl of

* The annalist adds a passage of his own life, in narrating this circumstance. "Let such false accusers," says he, "note this example, and look for no better end without speedy repentance. Myself have had the like servant, that likewise accused me of many articles. He liveth yet, but hath hardly escaped hanging since! God make him penitent!"

Ormond of high treason. On the appointed day for the combat, the lists were made in Smithfield, and the field prepared; "but when it came to the point," says Stow, "the king commanded that they should not fight, and took the quarrel into his own hands."

It would occupy too much space, however, nor would the record be interesting, to go through the whole of the tournaments and duels of this spot. We have yet to consider Smithfield under another aspect,—that of a market and fair. The scenes of riot and debauchery that have of late years offended the sober citizens of London, led to an inquiry, in the year 1840, by order of the corporation, into the origin of the famous Bartholomew Fair. The result was, the presentation of the following interesting report from the city solicitor; with which we cannot do better than commence our account of this celebrated saturnalia of the Londoners:—

"To the Worshipful the Committee for the Management and Control of the several Markets of the City of London.

"Gentlemen,—I have, in obedience to your order, the honour to report to your worshipful committee, my opinion as to the right of the corporation of London to suppress Bartholomew Fair, or otherwise to remove the nuisances and obstructions to trade, to which it gives rise.

"Finding from the documents in my office, that conflicting opinions had at various times been given upon the subject, I felt it my duty to examine the

repertories in the Town Clerk's Office, as well as the books in the City Library, and in the British Museum, for the purpose of tracing from the earliest period, the history, not only of Bartholomew Fair, but of other fairs which formerly existed in the metropolis, the right to hold which was likewise founded upon charter or prescription, and which have been abolished, or fallen into disuse.

"Applying the received rules of law to the facts and circumstances with which those sources of information furnished me, I should be disposed (were I unfettered by authority) to report that the corporation might suppress the fair without danger to the other chartered rights of the city; but inasmuch as gentlemen of great eminence in their profession, have expressed doubts upon this point, and upon a case submitted to them by the then city solicitor they recommended an application to parliament to effect the object, I feel myself so far governed by their authority, as to refrain from recommending the immediate and entire abolition of the fair.

"If, however, the committee deem it a matter of paramount importance to proceed at once to suppress it, I should like to receive instructions to hold a conference with those gentlemen, as I think there might be introduced in the case certain facts and arguments (not before brought under their consideration), which would be calculated to induce them materially to qualify their opinion.

"I am, however, clearly of opinion, that the corporation may lawfully circumscribe the limits and

duration of the fair, and may make rules and regulations for its government, which will remove the nuisances and obstructions to trade, without attempting suddenly and entirely to suppress it, a proceeding which would doubtless be ascribed to an attempt on the part of the corporation, improperly to interfere with the recreations of the humbler classes of the community.

"At the earliest periods in which history makes mention of this subject, I find there were two fairs or markets held on the spot where Bartholomew Fair is now held, or in its immediate vicinity. These two fairs were originally held for two entire days only, the fairs being proclaimed on the eve of Saint Bartholomew, and continued during the day of St. Bartholomew, and the next morrow; both these fairs or markets were instituted for the purposes of trade: one of them was granted to the prior of the convent of St. Bartholomew, 'and was kept for the Clothiers of England, and Drapers of London, who had their booths and standings within the churchyard of the priory, closed in with walls and gates, and locked every night, and watched for the safety of their goods and wares.'

"The other was granted to the city of London, and consisted of the 'standing of cattle, and stands and booths for goods, with pickage and stallage, and tolls and profits appertaining to fairs and markets in the field of West Smithfield.' At the dissolution of the monasteries in the reign of Henry VIII., the right in the first-mentioned fair was sold to Sir John

Rich, the then attorney-general, and was enjoyed by his descendants until the year 1830, when it was purchased of Lord Kensington by the corporation, and it is now held by the chamberlain of London and town clerk as trustees, so that in fact all the rights and interests in both fairs may now be said to be vested in the corporation.

"The right to hold both these fairs having been granted for the purpose of promoting the interests of trade, it is quite clear that no prescriptive right can be set up to commit any nuisance incompatible with the purposes for which they were established; if, therefore, the corporation should be satisfied that the interest of the public can be not otherwise protected than by confining the fair to its original object and purposes, they may undoubtedly do so, and this would in fact be equivalent to its entire suppression.

"Perhaps the committee will not think it requisite, in the first instance, to proceed to such extremities; the corporation, however, by abridging the duration to two clear days, and by refusing to let standings for show-booths, &c., may materially diminish the inconvenience at present created, and thus prepare the way for its natural death, of the approach of which it has, I understand, exhibited certain marked symptoms.

"The committee are probably aware that the licence for many years granted by the corporation for mountebanks, conjurors, &c., to exercise their amusing vagabondism at the fair extended for four-

teen days, during which period it was for several years allowed to be held. In those times the fair was frequently presented by grand juries as a nuisance, and the complaints of the sober-minded citizens were loud and long-continued against the riotings and debaucheries to which it gave rise. The depressed state of the corporation revenues at that time compelled them, however, to supply their wants by tolerating the continuance of those irregularities, and the sword-bearer and other city officers were partly paid out of emoluments derived from that discreditable source.

"In consequence of these complaints, various orders were at different times made by the corporation for the purpose of limiting and regulating the fair; and in the year 1735, in particular, the Court of Aldermen resolved, 'That Bartholomew Fair shall not exceed Bartholomew Eve, Bartholomew Day, and the next morrow, and shall be restricted to the sale of goods, wares, merchandizes, usually sold in fairs, and no acting shall be permitted therein.'

"It is at all times difficult by law to put down the ancient customs and practices of the multitude, hence we find that great resistance was offered to the enforcement of these regulations. In 1760, Mr. Birch, the deputy city marshal, lost his life in the attempt, and the practices which those regulations were intended to prevent, have prevailed, more or less, to the present time.

"I feel it due to the working classes of the present day to say, that a perusal of the histories of London

at the period I have adverted to, as well as 'Malcolm's Anecdotes,' 'Sir Robert Southwell's Letters to his Son,' and other pamphlets and ephemeral publications of those times, conclusively proves that a vast progressive improvement has taken place in the exhibitions of the fair, as well as in the conduct of the multitude that resorted to it. Gambling-houses of every class were formerly freely licensed; disgusting scenes of all descriptions were publicly exhibited; and the most profligate vices of every kind were openly practised; while the violence of Lady Holland's mob, as it is termed, often broke out in frightful excesses, and spread consternation and terror around.

"It may be usefully observed here, that May Fair, formerly held near Hyde Park, under the authority of a grant to the Abbot of Westminster, and the Lady Fair, Southwark, held by a grant to the corporation of London (both of which had been the scenes of practices as disgraceful as those that prevailed in Smithfield), were suppressed without the aid of parliament; and when we consider the improved condition and conduct of the working classes in the metropolis, and reflect upon the irrefragable proofs continually before us, that the humbler orders are fast changing their habits, and substituting country excursions by railroads and steam-boats, and other innocent recreations, for vicious amusements of the description which prevailed in Bartholomew Fair, it is perhaps not too much to conclude that it is unnecessary for the corporation to apply to parliament to

abate the nuisance; but that if they proceed to lay down and enforce the observance of judicious regulations in the fair, and to limit its duration and extent, it may be permitted to continue, in the confident belief that many years will not elapse ere the corporation may omit to proclaim the fair, and thus suppress it altogether, without exciting any of those feelings of discontent and disapprobation with which its compulsory abolition would probably be now attended.

"I have the honour to be,
"Gentlemen,
"Your most obedient servant,
CHARLES PEARSON."

"*Guildhall,*
"*June* 19, 1840.

To this report we may add, what it has omitted to state, that the foundation of the fair must be ascribed to the famous Rahere, the minstrel, and founder of St. Bartholomew's Hospital, of whom many interesting particulars are given in Stow's "Survey of London." Rahere was the first prior of St. Bartholomew; "and to this priory," says Stow, "King Henry II. granted the privilege of a fair to be kept yearly at Bartholomew tide for three days, to wit, the eve, the day, and the next morn, to the which the clothiers of England and the drapers of London repaired, and had their booths," as it is set forth in Mr. Charles Pearson's report, from which we have just quoted. A full account of all the humours of the fair has been published in the first volume of Mr. Hone's "Every Day Book," to

which work the reader, who is curious upon the subject, is referred for further information. The fair had been long an eye-sore to the corporation, and may now be said to be virtually suppressed. It was at one time feared that any attempt to suppress it would be attended with dangerous consequences; but this fear has long died away, and this annual scene of debauchery and riot, will no doubt show no signs of existence next year. The character of the age has improved: the increase of information among the people, the extension of the principles of temperance, have already elevated the character of the working classes, who now more than ever, manifest a pleasure in spending their holidays in rural excursions, for which steam-boats and railroads offer so many facilities, and in visiting the works of art and collections of pictures which are open in the vicinity of London. Lady Holland's mob, which used to be the terror of Smithfield and its neighbourhood, has now disappeared altogether; a circumstance, which is of itself a great improvement*.

* On the night before the day whereon the lord mayor proclaims the fair, a riotous assemblage of persons heretofore disturbed Smithfield and its environs, under the denomination of "Lady Holland's mob." This multitude, composed of the most degraded characters of the metropolis, was accustomed to knock at the doors and ring the bells with loud shouting and vociferation, and they often committed gross outrages on persons and property. The year 1822 was the last year wherein they appeared in any overwhelming force, and then the inmates of the houses they assailed, or before which they

Of Smithfield, the great cattle-market of London, and the extraordinary scene it presents of a market morning, a man of genius has given us a most

paraded, were aroused and kept in terror by their violence. In Skinner Street especially, they rioted undisturbed, until between three and four in the morning. A tone period that morning, their number was not less than 5000, but it varied as parties went off or came in, to and from the assault of other places. Their force was so overwhelming that the patrol and watchmen feared to interfere, and the riot continued till they had exhausted their fury. It has been supposed that this mob first arose, and has been continued, in celebration of a verdict obtained by a Mr. Holland, which freed the fair from toll; but this is erroneous. Lady Holland's mob may be traced as far back as the time of the Commonwealth, when the ruling powers made considerable efforts to suppress the fair altogether, and when, without going into particulars to corroborate the conjecture, it may be presumed, that the populace determined to support their "charter," under the colour of the Holland interest, in opposition to the civic authorities. The scene of uproar always commenced in Cloth Fair, and the present existence of an annual custom there throws some light on the matter. At the "Hand and Shears," a public-house in that place, it is the usage at this time for the tailors to assemble the night before the fair is proclaimed by the lord mayor. They appoint a chairman, and exactly as the clock strikes twelve, he and his companions, each with a pair of shears in his hand, leave the house, and in the open streets of Cloth Fair, the chairman makes a speech and proclaims Bartholomew Fair. As soon as he concludes, every tailor holds up and snaps his shears with a shout, and they retire, shears in hand, snapping and shouting to the "Hand and Shears," from whence they came forth; but the mob, who await without to witness the ceremony, immediately on its being ended, run out into Smithfield, and, being joined by others, there shout again. This second assemblage and shouting is called "the mob proclaiming the fair," and so begins the annual mob called "Lady Holland's mob." Since 1822, the great body have confined their noise to Smithfield itself, and their number and disorder annually decrease.—*Hone's* "Every Day Book," vol. i., p. 1229—1230.

graphic description. The extract is from Mr. Dickens's fine tale of "Oliver Twist:"—

"It was market-morning. The ground was covered nearly ankle-deep with filth and mire; and a thick, steam perpetually rising from the reeking bodies of the cattle, and mingling with the fog, which seemed to rest upon the chimney-tops, hung heavily above. All the pens in the centre of the large area, and as many temporary ones as could be crowded into the vacant space, were filled with sheep; and, tied up to posts by the gutter-side, were long lines of beasts and oxen three or four deep. Countrymen, butchers, drovers, hawkers, boys, thieves, idlers, and vagabonds of every low grade, were mingled together in a dense mass: the whistling of drovers, the barking of dogs, the bellowing and plunging of beasts, the bleating of sheep, and grunting and squeaking of pigs; the cries of hawkers, the shouts, oaths, and quarrelling on all sides, the ringing of bells and roar of voices that issued from every public-house; the crowding, pushing, driving, beating, whooping and yelling; the hideous and discordant din that resounded from every corner of the market; and the unwashed, unshaven, squalid, and dirty figures constantly running to and fro, and bursting in and out of the throng, rendered it a stunning and bewildering scene, which quite confounded the senses."

The annual supply of cattle to this market, for the consumption of the Londoners, has averaged for the last eight or nine years, 153,288 head of horned

cattle; 1,265,958 sheep; 20,780 fatted calves; and 130,000 pigs.

We have now to speak of the Church of St. Bartholomew, occupying the site of the priory, which, as we have already mentioned, was founded by Rahere, the minstrel. Pennant talks of the profligate life of the good Rahere, falsely imagining that the profession of minstrel was in those days a profligate and abandoned one. "There is a legend," he adds, "that he had a most horrible dream, out of which he was relieved by St. Bartholomew himself, who directed him to found the house, and dedicate it to him." The minstrel was buried in the church, where a handsome monument, described by Pennant, was erected to his memory. The last prior was William Bolton. An anecdote is related of him, which, as a trait of popular manners in the age in which he flourished, is worth preserving. In the year 1523, the astrologers of London, of whom and similar vagabonds there were great numbers in the city at this time, predicted that on the 1st of February, 1524, the waters of the Thames would overflow, and wash away 10,000 houses. The prophecy was reiterated again and again, and at last met belief. As the time drew near, people became so alarmed, that many families packed up their goods and removed into Kent and Essex, out of the reach, as they imagined, of this awful inundation. As the dreadful day approached, the number of these emigrants increased. In January, droves of workmen might be seen, followed by their wives and children,

trudging on foot to the villages within fifteen or twenty miles, to await the catastrophe. People of a more wealthy condition hired carts and waggons, and hastened away on the same errand. It is calculated that, by the middle of January, nearly 20,000 persons had left the city, leaving nothing but the bare walls of their dwellings to be swept to destruction by the impending floods. A great many clustered about Highgate, Hampstead, and Blackheath; and those who could afford to remove to a greater distance, went as far as Guildford and Dorking on the one side, and Barnet, Waltham Abbey, and St. Alban's, on the other. Among those who were most alarmed, was the portly prior of St. Bartholomew's. He resolved to take up his abode at Harrow on the Hill, where at very great expense he erected a sort of fortress, in which to shut himself and brethren during the prevalence of the floods. He stocked it with provisions for two months; and on the 24th of January, just a week before the awful day which was to see the destruction of London, he removed thither with all the brethren and officers of the priory, and several boats, which were conveyed in waggons to the fortress. He also hired expert rowers, to be available in case of emergency. Many of the wealthy citizens prayed that they might be allowed to share his retreat, but the prior was deaf to their entreaties, and told all the applicants that he had scarcely sufficient room for his own brethren, and could receive no strangers. At last the awful morn, big with the fate of ten thousand

houses, dawned in the east, and anxious crowds stationed themselves within sight of the river, to watch the rising of the waters. But the waters would not rise beyond the usual high-water mark; and the tide ebbed as peaceably as it had flowed. The crowds were not yet assured of their safety—the inundation might come upon them in the evening or the night; and so they waited with undiminished anxiety till the tide flowed again. All went quietly and regularly as before, and another day dawned without the slightest symptom of the threatened floods having been observed. The people thereupon began to grow clamorous, and some one started the notion that it would serve the false prophets and astrologers but right to duck them in the river. The proposition was favourably received—it would be a show for the people, after all; not quite so grand a one as the inundation, but still a show; and a mob of people proceeded in search of the astrologers, to inflict a summary punishment upon them. Luckily, the astrologers invented an excuse, which allayed the popular fury. The stars were right, they said, after all; it was they, erring mortals, who were wrong. The inundation would most certainly take place, as the stars had foretold; 10,000 houses in London would assuredly be washed away by the Thames, but they had made a slight error in the date—an error of one figure only, for they had reckoned a five instead of a six, and thus fixed the date of the catastrophe a whole century too early. London was therefore safe until 1624, and there was no cause of

alarm for the present generation. The popular wrath was appeased—the account was spread through the city—Bolton, the prior, dismantled his fortress, and came back to St. Bartholomew's; and the other refugees followed his example, and gradually came back, until London was as cheerful and as populous as it had ever been before.

St. Bartholomew's Hospital also owes its origin to the benevolent Rahere. He obtained from Henry I. a piece of waste ground adjoining the priory, where he built and endowed an hospital "for a master, brethren and sisters, and for the entertainment of poor diseased people till they got well; of distressed women big with child, till they were delivered and able to go abroad; and for the support of all children whose mothers died in the house, until they attained the age of seven years." The present building was begun in the year 1729.

Before leaving the neighbourhood of Smithfield, we must take a turn into Cock Lane, so notorious for the ghost which alarmed all London in the year 1762. The story is too well known to need repetition.

Long Lane and Barbican, both in the close vicinity of Smithfield, deserve a word of mention ere we return to the direct course towards St. Paul's from which we have so long wandered. The editor of Pennant's "London Improved," fourth edition, London, 1814, says: "Long Lane is distinguished by some dreadful acts of incendiarism. An ample memorial of the event is exhibited in the following

inscription on a stone affixed to the house of a linen-draper, at the corner:—

'On Saturday, Nov. 20, 1790, the two incendiaries were executed, who wilfully set on fire, on the 16th of May in the same year, several houses which stood on this ground, and occasioned a loss of upwards of 40,000*l.* for no other purpose but to plunder the sufferers.'

"A person named Flindall, then detected in stealing, wrote a letter to Mr. Alderman Skinner, which led to the disclosure of the whole particulars of that calamity. Flindall being admitted king's evidence, it also appeared that this act of deliberate villany had no other object but that of plunder. Edward Love and William Jobbins being convicted of this crime at the Old Bailey, on the 30th of October, were executed on the spot where the depredation was committed, on the 20th of November, 1790, and confessed their guilt at the place of execution."

"The Barbican," says Mr. Pennant, "originally a Roman speculum, or watch-tower, lay a little to the north of this street. It was an appendage to most fortified places. The Saxons gave them the title of Burgh-kenning. They were esteemed so important, that the custody was always committed to some man of rank.

"This was entrusted to the care of Robert Ufford, earl of Suffolk, by Edward III., by the name of Basse Court, which descended by the marriage of Cecilia, one of his daughters, to Sir John Willoughby, afterwards Lord Willoughby of Parham,

Here was of old, a manor-house of the king's, called Basse Court, or Barbican, destroyed in 1251, but restored as appears above."

Lord Willoughby of Eresby had his mansion here in the reign of Edward VI. His lady, a zealous protestant, having offended Stephen Gardiner, was compelled with the family to fly to the continent, and being delivered of a son near a church porch in Bruges, he was named *Peregrine*, a name taken by several of the Ancaster family. Pennant says, the cause of offence was, that the lady in her zeal against popery, had dressed a dog in a rochet or surplice worn by bishops, and in affront to Bishop Gardiner, named her dog after him. Willoughby House, in Barbican, was very large, and one of its tenants was Peregrine Bertie, lord Willoughby of Eresby, father of Lord Robert Bertie, the great Earl of Lindsey, who was killed at the battle of Edgehill, under Charles I.

On the top of an ancient house near Redcross Street, called Garter Place, Sir Thomas Wriothesly founded a chapel, which he dedicated by the name of *Sanctæ Trinitatis in alto.*

The Earls of Bridgewater had also a house in the Barbican. Their name is preserved in the adjoining square. The house was burnt down in 1675, when Lord Brackly, the eldest son of the earl, and his tutor, perished in the flames. Prince Rupert also lived in the Barbican. An account of the house, with a print of it, is given in the "European Magazine" for 1791, page 328; from which it appears

that Charles II. visited the prince there, and that the bell-ringers of the neighbouring church received a guinea for ringing a peal on the occasion.

We now return to Newgate Street, named after the gate and prison, both of which have been already mentioned. Bagnio Court in this street is said to have derived its name from the first bagnio or public bath ever established in England.

Taking the left-hand side of the street first, we pass the ancient public-house known by the sign of the "Magpie and Stump," and arrive at the handsome iron railing across the opening recently made to throw open to public view the national structure of Christ's Hospital, or the Blue-Coat School. This is another of the many foundations for which the city of London is indebted to King Edward VI. The hospital stands in the precincts of the abolished convent of the Grey Friars; and its original object was to provide for the relief and education of young and helpless children. The three hospitals he founded have each its separate purpose:—this for poor children; St. Thomas's, Southwark, for the sick and the maimed; and Bridewell for the reformation of the thriftless and ill-disposed. The three hospitals were incorporated by a charter dated the 6th of June, in the seventh year of the young monarch's reign*. "To

* In this it is declared, "And that our intention may take the better effect, and that the lands, revenues, and other things granted for the support of the said hospitals, houses, and poor people, may be the better governed; for the establishment of the same we do will and ordain, that the hospitals aforesaid, when they shall be so founded, erected, and established, shall be named, and called, and

promote and continue this good work," says Dr. Hughson, in his "History and Survey of London," "his majesty granted to the city certain lands that had been given to the house of the Savoy, founded by King Henry VII. for the lodging of pilgrims and strangers, but which had of late been only a harbour for beggars and strumpets; which lands amounted to the yearly value of 600*l.* He also commanded that, after reserving a certain quantity of the linen which had been used in times of popish superstition, to each church in the city and suburbs of London, the remaining superfluous great quantities should be delivered to the governors of this hospital, for the use of the poor children under their care. And such was the diligence of those employed to execute this great and good plan, that no less than 340 children were admitted upon its foundation, so early as in the year 1552."

The example of the king was imitated by his subjects; and many benefactions were from time to time made to the hospital. One man deserves especial mention. He was a poor shoemaker of Westminster, named Richard Cartel or Cartellan, who was noted all over his own neighbourhood for his habits of

styled 'The Hospitals of Edward VI. of England, of Christ, of Bridewell, and Saint Thomas the Apostle;' and that the aforesaid mayor, commonalty, and citizens of London, and their successors, shall be styled 'The Governors of the said Hospitals of Christ, Bridewell, and Saint Thomas the Apostle;' and that the said governors, in deed, and in fact, and in name, shall be hereafter one body, corporate and politic, of themselves for ever. And we will that the same governors shall have perpetual succession."

industry and frugality. He rose every morning at four o'clock, summer and winter, to pursue his humble calling, and acquired, from his early rising, the name of the "Cock of Westminster." These habits brought him custom and wealth; and having no children, he purchased lands and tenements in Westminster to the yearly value of 44*l.*, which he bequeathed to Christ's Hospital.

King Charles II. founded the mathematical school. "The buildings of Christ's Hospital," says Mr. Brayley, in his "Londiniana," vol. ii. page 154, "are of various periods; but there are scarcely any parts of the ancient priory remaining, except the cloisters and buttery. After the great fire, the first important addition was the mathematical school, which was founded by Charles II. in 1672, for the instruction of forty boys in navigation; he also endowed it for seven years with 1000*l.*, and a perpetual annuity of 370*l.* 10*s.*, payable out of the exchequer, for educating and placing out yearly ten boys in the sea service. The rebuilding of the south front, which was effected by the munificent Sir Robert Clayton, at an expense of about 7000*l.*, was commenced in 1675. The old wall, which stood over the west cloister, but has recently been pulled down, was erected by Sir John Frederick, knight, and alderman, about the year 1680. The writing school was begun in 1694, by Sir John More, knight, and alderman, and finished at his sole charge. It stands on the west side of the play-ground; and from being supported on pillars—the under part called the New

Cloister, affords a retreat for the boys in bad weather. Part of this space was inclosed in 1819, for the erection of a lavatory. In 1705, the ward over the east cloister was rebuilt by Sir Francis Child, knight, and alderman. The new grammar school, which stands on the north side of the ditch play-ground, was built in 1795, partly with a sum of money bequeathed for that purpose by John Smith, esq. Behind the latter is the infirmary, which was erected in 1822.

"But the most magnificent and last part of this hospital is the New Hall, of which the first stone was laid by his late royal highness, Frederick, duke of York, on the 28th of April, 1825. This noble fabric is in the Tudor style of architecture, and was designed by, and erected under the superintendence of, John Shaw, esq., the then architect to this establishment. It stands partly on the ancient wall of London, and partly on the foundations of the refectory of the Grey Friars. The southern or principal part faces Newgate Street. It is supported by buttresses, and has an octagon tower at each extremity. The summit is embattled and ornamented with pinnacles; the upper part of the western tower is appropriated as an observatory. On the grand story is an open arcade, 187 feet long and 16½ wide, for the shelter or recreation of the boys in hot or wet weather; a meeting room for the governors, the hospital wardrobe, &c., with the staircases and passages of communication. The dining-hall, with its lobby and organ gallery, occupies the entire upper story, which is 187 feet long, 51 wide, and 47 high. It is approached by

a principal stone staircase at the east end, and by others in the octagon towers, and at the back communicating with the kitchen. On the south side are nine large and handsome windows; at the east end is a dais or stage for the governors, and along the west and north sides are galleries for the accommodation of visitors during the public suppers. The arcade beneath the hall is built with blocks of Heytor granite, highly wrought; the remainder of the front is of Portland stone."

There are seven exhibitions or scholarships for Cambridge, and one for Oxford, belonging to the institution, the value of which at Cambridge is 60*l.* per annum, and at Pembroke Hall, an additional exhibition from the college, making about 100*l.* for the first four years, and 50*l.* for the last three years; to which may be added the bachelors and masters' degrees, which are defrayed by the hospital. The Oxford exhibitions are 10*l.* more, or 70*l.* The governors discharge all fees of entrance: 20*l.* towards furnishing the room, 10*l.* for books, and 10*l.* for clothes; making at least 50*l.* for the outfit.

The public suppers at Christ's Hospital are held in the great hall, between Christmas and Easter, and commence at six o'clock. Three tables are covered with neat cloths, wooden platters, little wooden buckets of beer, with bread, butter, &c. The ceremony begins with three strokes of a mallet, producing the most profound silence. One of the seniors having ascended the pulpit, reads a chapter from the Bible; and during prayers, the boys stand; and the

Amen, pronounced by such a number of voices, has a striking effect. A hymn sung by the whole youthful assembly, accompanied by the organ, concludes this part of the solemnity. At the supper, the treasurers, governors, and those of the public who procure admission with tickets, are seated at the south end of the hall; the master, steward, matron, &c., at the north end; and the several nurses at the tables, to preserve good order. At the conclusion of the whole, the doors of the wards are thrown open, and the boys pass by the company in procession; first the nurse, then a boy carrying two lighted candles; others with bread-baskets and trays, and the remainder, two by two, who all make their obedience as they pass."

The hospital is not exactly the school which its founder intended; instead of being a refuge for the poor, it has become a nursery for the rich. The education being superior, great interest is exerted to procure the admission of a child; and wealthy people have been known to use every species of influence to get their children into it. In the year 1809, when a committee was appointed to inquire into this abuse, it was publicly stated, that a clergyman in the enjoyment of an annual income of 1200*l.*, had procured admission for two of his sons; and his case was far from being a singular one. The peculiar dress of the boys affords a good idea of the general dress of the citizens in the time of Edward VI.

Christ Church, adjoining, is a remnant of the ancient monastery of the Grey Friars. It derived its origin from a society founded by St. Francis of

Assisi, canonized in 1228; but was founded by John Ewin, mercer. Under the reign of Edward I. it was much augmented by the benevolence of Queen Margaret. Sir Richard Whittington also founded a library of books here, one hundred and twenty-nine feet long, and thirty broad. The church belonging to this convent of Grey Friars, after growing into great repute, became a parish church in the reign of Henry VIII., and was then ordered to be called by the name of Christ's Church. This ancient church was 300 feet long, 89 broad, and upwards of 64 feet high. It was burnt down in the great fire; since which, the choir, or east end, has been rebuilt, with a tower added to it. In the beautiful modern edifice, now called Christ's Church, there are very large galleries for the use of the scholars of Christ's Hospital. Here have been preached the Spital Sermons in Easter week, since they were discontinued at St. Bride's; and an annual sermon on St. Matthew's day, before the lord mayor, aldermen, and governors, after which the senior scholars make Latin and English orations in the great hall, previously to being sent to the university.

The old conventual church of the Grey Friars was distinguished for the magnificence of its monuments, containing four queens. Here was that of Queen Margaret, consort of Edward I.; Isabel, queen to Edward II.; her daughter Joan of the Tower, wife of Edward Bruce, king of Scotland; Isabel, countess of Bedford, daughter of Edward III.; Beatrice, duchess of Bretagne, daughter of Henry III.; Baron

Sir William Fitzwarren, and his wife Isabel, queen of the Isle of Man; John, duke of Bourbon, a prisoner at the battle of Agincourt, who died in 1443; and others recorded by Stow. But the materials of the monuments of these eminent personages, consisting of marble, alabaster, stone, and iron, were sold in 1545 to Sir Martin Bowers, lord mayor of London, at the time of the dissolution of religious houses, in proportion of ten tombs and one hundred and forty grave stones, for 50*l.*

About December 1691, the celebrated Richard Baxter, author of the "Saint's Everlasting Rest," &c., was buried in Christ Church.

Here also, says Pennant, were interred the mangled remains of Sir John Mortimer, knight, a victim to the jealousy of the house of Lancaster. He was put to death on a fictitious charge, by an *ex post facto* law made on purpose to destroy him. This was in the infancy of the reign of Henry VI.

In Christ Church Passage, leading from Newgate Street to Christ Church, nearest to Bagnio Court, stood the ordinary of the once famous Pontack, probably the first house for genteel accommodation in eating known in this metropolis. It was opened by a person of this name, soon after the great revolution in 1688, and remained, if not a fashionable, a genteel eating-house, till about the year 1780; since which the site has been occupied by the new vestry. This house was called Pontack's, from its being the sign of Mr. Pontack, who was a president of the parliament of Bordeaux, and from whom also the best

French clarets derived their name. This was the first public place where persons could bespeak a dinner, from four or five shillings a-head to a guinea. This house was soon after followed by another upon the same plan, and at no great distance, which was called Caveack's.

The Queen's Arms Tavern, in Newgate Street, was also, within the same period, one of the schools of oratory, upon much the same plan as that more celebrated one of the Robin Hood, near Temple Bar. Both of these, we believe, have been frequented by many public characters, who have since figured before some of the first audiences at the bar, &c.

In the same ground lies another guiltless sacrifice, Thomas Burdett, esq., ancestor of the present Sir Francis Burdett. He had a white buck, which he was particularly fond of; this the king, Edward IV., happened to kill. Burdett, in anger, wished the horns in the person's body who had advised the king to it. For this he was tried, as wishing evil to his sovereign, and for this lost his head.

To close the list, in 1523, a murderess, a Lady Alice Hungerford, obtained the favour of lying here. She had killed her husband; for which she was led from the Tower to Holborn, there put into a cart with one of her servants, and thence carried to Tyburn and executed.

On the dissolution, this church, after being spoiled of its ornaments for the king's use, was made a store-house for French prizes, and the monuments either sold or mutilated. Henry, just before his death,

granted the convent and church to the city, and caused the church to be opened for divine service. It was burnt in 1666, and rebuilt by Sir Christopher Wren, at a small distance from its former site.

On the right-hand side of Newgate Street are various streets and courts leading into Paternoster Row. Of these, Warwick and Ivy Lanes, Panyer Alley, and Lovell's Court, merit the attention of the lover of literary and historical antiquities. Warwick Lane, now the abode of butchers and tallow-chandlers, took its name from the inn or house of the celebrated Warwick, the king-maker.

Stow mentions his coming to London in the famous convention of 1458, with 600 men, all in red jackets, embroidered, with ragged staves, before and behind, and was lodged in Warwick Lane; "in whose house there was often six oxen eaten at a breakfast, and every taverne was full of his meate, for hee that had any acquaintance in that house, might have there so much of sodden and rost meate, as he could pricke and carry upon a long dagger."

The memory of the earl was long preserved by a small stone statue, placed in the side front of a tobacconist's, at the corner of this lane; and there is a public-house which has the earl's head for its sign.

The large building in this lane, now converted into a market, and partly inhabited by Mr. Tylor.
was long used by the College of Physicians, before their removal to their new abode, of which we have spoken in our first volume.

The college was first in Knight Rider Street; after-

wards it was removed to Amen Corner; and finally fixed here. The present building was the work of Sir Christopher Wren. This is the building alluded to by Garth, in the opening lines of the "Dispensary."—

> "Not far from that most celebrated place,
> Where angry justice shows her awful face;
> Where little villains must submit to fate,
> That great ones may enjoy the world in state,
> There stands a dome, majestic to the sight,
> And sumptuous arches bear its oval height;
> A golden globe placed high with artful skill,
> Seems to the distant sight a gilded pill.
> This pile was by the pious patron's aim,
> Rais'd for a use as noble as its frame."

The name of Garth is associated in several ways with this building. He here pronounced, before the assembled faculty, on September 17th, 1697, the celebrated Latin oration which brought him into so much notice. And here also, he showed a kindliness of feeling, on the occasion of the indecently interrupted funeral of Dryden, which reflects the highest honour upon his memory. We have already adverted, in our account of Gerrard Street, Soho, to the circumstance of the interruption of the bard's funeral, by the drunken folly of young Jeffries, son of the notorious judge of that name. Garth caused the body to be brought to the College of Physicians; set on foot a subscription for defraying the expenses of the funeral, and after pronouncing an eloquent oration over the corpse, attended the body as a mourner, to Westminster Abbey, where it now rests.

The doctor's fame, as an author, does not now stand very high; but his reputation as an honest, benevolent man, will never be tarnished. No change in public taste will ever affect him there.

Ivy Lane was so called, on account of ivy which grew on the walls of the prebendal houses belonging to St. Paul's. These were afterwards converted into various public offices, which were destroyed by the great fire. Ivy Lane is now, with Paternoster Row, part of the great hive of the booksellers. Here Dr. Johnson held one of his favourite literary clubs.

Lovell's Court is built on the site of a mansion first belonging to the Dukes of Bretagne, after they left Little Britain, and then to the family of Lovell, from whence it got the name of Lovell's Inn. Matilda, the wife of John Lovell, held it in the first of Henry VI. John, lord Lovell, was ruined through his taking part with the house of Lancaster against that of York. While the celebrated Richardson, the author of "Grandison," "Clarissa," &c., was living, a Mr. Alderman Bridgen had a dwelling-house, and a handsome garden in this court, which having the conveniency of an alcove, Richardson, as a friend to the alderman, is said to have written several of his works in this retired spot. The garden has been built upon, and considerably retrenched during some years past.

Panyer Alley takes its name from a small stone monument, having the figure of a pannier, with a naked boy sitting upon it, erected in 1688, with a

bunch of grapes held between his hand and foot, and underneath the following couplet—

"When you have sought the city round,
Yet still this is the highest ground."

Newgate Market is one of the best in London for meat and poultry, and once stretched to both sides of the street, but is now confined to one. The church here was called St. Nicholas, Shambles.

The site of Bull Head Court formerly contained the church of St. Nicholas, Shambles, from whence there was a lane to St. Martin's-le-Grand. Shambles, it seems, stood in the middle of Newgate Street, beyond which there was a lane, called Pentecost Lane, filled with slaughter-houses. This church and its tenements, Henry VIII. gave to the city. In Butcher-hall Lane, then called Stinking Lane, the hall of the butchers was afterwards erected.

Newgate Market then stretched almost as far as Eldenese, now Warwick Lane; it was then appointed for vending corn and meal; hence, in the first of Edward VI., "a fair new and strong frame of timber was set up at the city, near the west corner of St. Nicholas, Shambles, for the meal to be weighed."

Bladder Street, by some called Blowbladder Street, is the name which anciently distinguished the east end of Newgate Street, opposite St. Martin's-le-Grand, and was so called on account of the sale of bladders within it, from the adjoining shambles. The continuation of the street to Ivy Lane, was called Mount Goddard Street.

At the end of Newgate Street, to the left, is the General Post Office, standing on the site of the ancient church and sanctuary of St. Martin's-le-Grand. Pennant, who is, however, rather too profuse in his denunciations of the privilege of sanctuary—good in itself, but, like many other good things, too frequently abused—gives an account of St. Martin's, which we shall transcribe, and add some particulars which he has omitted. "This *imperium in imperio*," says he, "was surrounded by the city, yet subject near three centuries to the governing powers of Westminster Abbey. This was a college in 700, founded by Wythred, king of Kent, and rebuilt and chiefly endowed by two noble Saxon brothers, Ingelric and Edward, about the year 1056. William the Conquerer confirmed it in 1068, and even made it independent of every other ecclesiastical jurisdiction, from the regal, and even the papal. It was governed by a dean, and had a number of secular canons. Succeeding monarchs confirmed all its privileges. It had sak, sok, tol, and all the long list of Saxon indulgences. It had also, from the beginning, the dreadful privilege of sanctuary, which was the cause of its being the resort of every species of profligates, from the murderer to the pick-pocket; and was most tenaciously vindicated by its holy rulers. In 1457, the king thought proper to regulate these privileges, and to distinguish how far they might be protected; and that the dean and chapter should take care that none of the villanous refugees should become further noxious to their fellow-creatures.

"A magnificent church was erected within this jurisdiction, which was continued till the college was surrendered in 1548, when it was pulled down, and a great tavern erected in the place. St. Martin's-le-Grand was then, and still continues, under the government of the Dean of Westminster. It was granted to that monastery by Henry VII. It still continues independent of the city: numbers of mechanics (particularly tailors and shoemakers) set up there, and exercise their trades within its limits, and have votes for the members for the borough of Westminster. The dean and chapter have a court here, and a prison.

"This church, with those of Bow, St. Giles, Cripplegate, and Barking, had its curfew bell long after the servile injunction laid on the Londoners had ceased. These were sounded to give notice to the inhabitants of those districts to keep within, and not to wander in the streets, which were infested by a set of ruffians who made a practice of insulting, wounding, robbing, and murdering the people whom they happened to meet abroad during the night."

This liberty, of which Pennant has collected these few particulars, extended eastward to Foster Lane, and westward to the church of St. Martin's-le-Grand. The south gate opened into Newgate Street, and the western limit, consisting of the gardens, ran up to Aldersgate, a little to the left of which was the church dedicated to St. Leonard. For a long course of years, the city authorities endeavoured to establish a right of search and jurisdiction within it, but

the claim was always strenuously opposed by each successive dean of St. Martin's. Upon the dissolution of the religious houses, the monastery and church were pulled down; but the deanery and all its privileges were granted to the Abbey of St. Peter's, Westminster. Mr. Alfred John Kempe, in a small work entitled "Historical Notices of the Collegiate Church, or Royal Free Chapel and Sanctuary of St. Martin's-le-Grand, London.—London, 1825;" has collected a vast number of curious particulars relative to this spot, to which the reader, who is desirous of further information, is referred. One instance in which the right of sanctuary was used or abused, may be worth transcribing, as it gives in itself a complete history of the privilege, as far as this place is concerned. In the reign of Henry V., while a soldier named Knight, confined in Newgate, was being conducted to Guildhall, in the charge of an officer of the city, in passing the south gate of St. Martin's, which faced Newgate Street, five of his comrades rushed out of Panyer Alley, with daggers drawn, rescued him from the officer, and fled with him to the holy ground. The sheriff, indignant at this outrage upon their officer, repaired to the church, followed by a large mob, and demanded the soldier and his companions. On the refusal of the person in charge of the place, the sheriff gave orders to the people under his command, who thereupon forced the sanctuary, and conveyed away, not only their original prisoner, but the whole of his companions, and committed them all to Newgate. Cawdrey, the

dean of St. Martin's, made a formal complaint of this violation of sanctuary. He applied to the sheriff for the release of the prisoners, or their restitution to sanctuary, and on their refusal applied to the lord mayor and aldermen. They appointed the case for hearing within five days; but the dean would not brook this delay, and repaired immediately to the king at Windsor, to lay his grievance at the royal feet. The king in consequence directed letters to the sheriff, commanding that the prisoners should be restored to sanctuary forthwith. The bearer of these letters was the Lord Huntingdon, who, accompanied by Lord Tiptot, proceeded to the Tower and sent for the lord mayor, sheriffs and aldermen. On their arrival, he delivered to them the royal mandate under the privy seal; but the citizens, who in all ages have been great sticklers for their rights, real or supposed, and not to be frightened by any array of kingly power or authority against them, excused themselves from opening the letters, upon two pretexts: first, that they were within the Tower of London, a place of royal privilege and entirely without the franchise of the city, and in which, consequently, they could, as a corporate body, perform no public act; and secondly, that as the letters were addressed to the mayor, sheriffs, and aldermen, in general terms, and as the greater part of the aldermen were not present, they could not proceed to open them or take any cognizance of them, until a greater number were assembled. Lord Huntingdon, being unable to overcome their objections, produced the king's writ,—no longer

under the privy seal, but under the great seal of England; whereupon the city authorities retired into Barking Church, as a place within their liberties, and waiving their first objection, read the letters, and craved until the following day at noon, to give in their answer. This was granted, and at the appointed time they excused themselves from obeying the writ, on the ground of a statute of one of the Edwards, which enacted, that if the king for the time being were to address letters to a judge, charging him "to cease of his process of judgment," and if by that mandate, either of the litigating parties should be injured in their right, the judge should stand excused by the statute, from obeying the writ; and they maintained that this case was immediately in point; for if the mayor were to obey the king's writ, the sheriff would be liable to pay a fine of 100*l.* to Lord Huntingdon himself, who had an action to that amount against the prisoner rescued from their serjeant, the king's officer. They added, that they would personally bear this answer to the king at Copthall, in Essex, where he was then staying.

On their arrival, the king, offended at their obstinacy, would not receive them, but deputed the Bishop of Salisbury, Sir James Fiennes (afterwards Lord Say and Sele, and the same who was murdered by Jack Cade), with two other persons, to inform them that, since they had thought proper to disobey his letter and wish, the matter should be referred to the "lords of his bloude and greater counsaile," and that he "would make a Star-Chamber matter of it;"

which implied a threat of punishment by fines, for their disobedience. And with this answer the lord mayor and sheriffs departed "right heavilie."

The affair was in due course brought before the Star-Chamber, where the dean attended, and made his complaint of violated privilege. The corporation, in reply, pleaded, that if the chapel of St. Martin were endowed with any peculiar privilege, it could only be in criminal cases, in which the life or limb of the subject might be endangered; and, moreover, that it formed with its precinct, "beyond time of mind, parcel of the city of London." The dean, in his rejoinder, insisted on the general nature of the sanctuary, and that the free chapel of St. Martin formed no part whatever of the city of London. He alleged the existence of the place, its liberties, and endowments before the Conquest; cited the Conqueror's charter of confirmation, in Saxon and Latin; and the free and peaceable exercise of its privileges which it had ever since enjoyed. He mentioned a statute made in the fiftieth of the reign of Edward III., affirming St. Martin's and Westminster Abbey to be places of privilege for treason, felony, or debt; and in further proof, recited the singular fact, that when the king's justices held their sittings in St. Martin's gate, for the trial of prisoners for treason or felony, the accused were placed before them on the other side of the street, and carefully guarded from advancing forward; for if they ever passed the water-channel which divided the middle of the street, they might claim the saving franchise of the sacred precinct,

and the proceedings against them would be immediately annulled. Among many other reasons, the dean, who was something of a humourist in his way, expressed his great wonder that the citizens of London, above all men, should impugn the liberties of his church, "since many worshipful members of the corporation had, for debt or trespass, been very glad to claim its privileges, which of late years had been granted to three hundred of them or more."

The corporation, however, cited various instances, to show that the place had been within the jurisdiction of the city, notwithstanding all these charters. They also enumerated several murders which had taken place in and near the precinct, the perpetrators of which had taken sanctuary: showing, that the parties were brought before the sheriffs and coroner; and on their refusing to throw themselves on the law of their country, the latter made their return accordingly, which was deposited, according to custom, within the treasury of the city. Among the murders thus cited, were three which were particularly insisted on. In the second of the reign of Edward II., one Robert Stody murdered a woman, took sanctuary in St. Martin's, and afterwards made his escape. In the sixth of Edward III., John Frome, of Lincoln, on account of an old grudge, dogged Robert Dodmerton, a mason, with a drawn dagger in his hand, and when near the gate of St. Martin's, stabbed him mortally in the neck, and immediately took sanctuary in the precinct. In the sixteenth of the same reign, Lullay, a butcher of Cam-

bridge, stabbed one Burgess in the highway before the precinct, and escaped into the sanctuary. Besides these, they stated that various persons who had committed spoliations and felonies within the precinct, in the reign of Henry V., were apprehended and tried before the justices of the king. That in the first year of the last-mentioned king, a certain deep passage in which ruffians assembled, was thrown down by the officers of the city; that when the king's justices came to St. Martin's, the officers of the city attended them; and that all the inhabitants exercising any trade, craft, or occupation in shops facing those royal highways of the city which passed through the precinct of St. Martin's, ever bore their part in all vigils, amercements, or contributions with the citizens; and finally, it appeared from the premises, that the church of St. Martin's, the lane, and the whole precinct, was part and parcel of the city of London. The decision was given against the citizens, —the prisoners were restored to sanctuary.

The precinct naturally became, from its near vicinity to the privileged spot, the haunt of persons who were fearful of the vengeance of the law for their misdeeds, and cheats and rogues of all descriptions swarmed in St. Martin's. "Numerous fabricators of counterfeit plate and jewels," says Mr. Kempe, "here sought immunity for their dishonest trade. A statute of Edward IV. against fraudulent makers of debased or counterfeit goldsmiths' work, excepted the precinct from the operation of its enactment. On this ground, and that of its forming no part of the

city, it still continued the refuge for dealers in such merchandise. Long after the dissolution of the religious houses, they appear to have kept their stand here." The manufactures of St. Martin's became a proverbial expression for counterfeit ware, even so late as the time of Butler, who, in his "Hudibras,"—the lady's answer to the knight—has this passage:

> "'Tis not those paltry counterfeits,
> French stones, which in our eyes you set,
> But our right diamonds that inspire,
> And set your am'rous hearts on fire.
> Nor can *those false Saint Martin's beads*,
> Which on our lips you place for reds,
> And make us wear like Indian dames,
> Add fuel to your scorching flames;
> But those, true rubies of the rock,
> Which in our cabinets we lock."

The situation of the General Post Office in Lombard Street having been found inconvenient for the daily-increasing business, the precinct of St. Martin's-le-Grand was selected for the site of a new and more appropriate building. An act of parliament was passed in 1815, making all necessary provisions for cleaning the area formerly occupied by the church and sanctuary. The district was thereby made to all intents and purposes a part of the city of London; the only vestige of its ancient privileges being, that the inhabitants, although non-freemen of London, may carry on their trades without impediment; and that the Court of Error or Appeal, commonly called St. Martin's-le-Grand Court, should remain undisturbed. The inhabitants, formerly,

voted at the election for members of parliament for the city of Westminster; but the district is now considered as part of Aldersgate ward, and the inhabitants vote for London accordingly.

The present handsome building, where the business of the Post Office is carried on, was completed in 1829. It was built from the designs and under the superintendence of Mr. Smirke. It is a massive structure of large dimensions, being about three hundred and eighty-nine feet long, and sixty-four high, standing in an inclosed area of irregular figure. It is externally of Portland stone. The *façade* towards St. Martin's-le-Grand has three porticos of the Ionic order, one of four columns at each end, and one of six columns in the centre, the last surmounted by a pediment. On the frieze over the column, is this inscription: GEORGIO QUARTO REGE MDCCCXXIX. The centre portico is the only one which covers an entrance, and through it, after an ascent of a few steps, is the access to the grand public hall of the establishment, which extends entirely across the building, and is entered from Foster Lane at the other end. The hall is eighty feet long, by about sixty wide, divided in the manner of the nave of a cathedral, by Ionic colonnades, into a centre and two aisles. The centre aisle rises to about fifty-three feet high, and admits of a dwarf or attic pilastrade over the principal order, the intervals of which are glazed for the admission of light. In the northern aisle are the inland, American, ship-letters, and newspaper offices; and

at the eastern end of it is a staircase leading to the letter-bill, dead, mis-sent, and returned-letter office. In the southern are the foreign and metropolitan (the old twopenny post) departments, the office of the receiver-general and accountant, and the access to the assistant secretary's official residence. North of the centre, and in the eastern front, is the entrance or vestibule where the bags are received from the mails. Communicating with this vestibule is the inland office, eighty-eight feet long, fifty-six wide, and twenty-eight high, and adjoining to it is that of the letter-carriers, one hundred feet long, thirty-five wide, and thirty-three high. The West Indian letters have an office appropriated expressly to them on the eastern side. Near it are the comptroller's and mail-coach office. The communication between the departments in the northern and southern divisions of the building, is maintained by a tunnel beneath the great hall, in which the letters from one department to another are conveyed by machinery invented by Mr. Barrow. "The Companion to the Almanack" for 1830, from which the foregoing statement is taken, enters into the following details of the business of the Post Office up to that period. "The New Post Office," says the writer, "was fourteen years in completion, dating from the time of the passing of the act in 1815. Much of this period was consumed in the purchase and removal of the houses which were crowded upon its site. During the latter part of this time from 1825, the business of the Post Office has gone on

increasing; the gross receipt in 1827 of the United Kingdom having been very nearly £2,392,272, and the payments into the exchequer from this branch of revenue, after deducting all expenses of collection, having been £1,645,254. During the Protectorate, when the Post Office was first farmed by the government, its revenue was £10,000; at the beginning of the eighteenth century it had reached £100,000; in 1744 it had increased to £235,000; and at the beginning of the war, in 1793, it was above £600,000." In the year 1837, the total revenue derived from the transmission of letters and newspapers was £2,379,654.

In the spring of 1840, the plan of Mr. Rowland Hill being warmly taken up by influential merchants and members of parliament, was passed through the houses of the legislature with the approbation and support of the ministers.

INCREASE OF LETTERS.

WEEKLY STATEMENT OF LONDON LETTERS.

Through the General Post.

	NO. OF LETTERS.
Four weeks, ending 31st July, 1841	5,522,833
Corresponding period of 1840	3,900,235
Ditto, as nearly as can be given, of 1839 . . .	1,704,977
Increase since 1840 on the four weeks' letters .	1,622,598
Ditto 1839 ditto .	3,817,856

Through the District Post.

Four weeks, ending 31st July, 1841	1,743,268
Corresponding period of 1840	1,592,480
Ditto, as nearly as can be given, of 1839 . . .	1,021,386
Increase since 1840 on the four weeks' letters .	150,788
Ditto 1839 ditto .	721,882

WEEKLY STATEMENT OF LONDON LETTERS, AUG. 9.

Through the General Post.

	NO. OF LETTERS.
Four weeks ending August 7, 1841	5,488,916
Corresponding period of 1840	3,928,687
Ditto, as nearly as can be given, of 1839 . . .	1,620,413
Increase since 1840 on the four weeks' letters .	1,560,229
Ditto 1839 ditto .	3,868,503

Through the District Post.

Four weeks, ending August 7, 1841	1,694,702
Corresponding period of 1840	1,548,003
Ditto, as nearly as can be given, of 1839 . . .	1,021,386
Increase since 1840 on the four weeks' letters .	146,699
Ditto 1839 ditto .	637,316

In a very elaborate and able history of the past and present state of the Post Office in England, forming one of the weekly issues of "Knight's Store of Knowledge," occurs by far the best account of the Post Office ever given to the public. It is derived from parliamentary documents, and the researches of Mr. Rowland Hill, a gentleman whose exertions to place this branch of the public service upon a rational and beneficial footing, have secured immortality for his name, and whose merits have at length been universally recognized, and we are happy to add, appreciated. So excellent, and feasible, and rational was his plan for the establishment of a low uniform rate of postage all over the country, that the wonder seems to be, that no one ever thought of it before, and that, when it was thought of, any one should for a moment have opposed its execution. "The earliest recital," says the writer of the paper alluded to in the "Store of Knowledge," "of the duties and privileges of a

postmaster seems to made been made by James I. The letters-patent of Charles I. in 1632 ('Pat.,' 8 Car. I. p. i. m. 15 d.; 'Fœdera,' vol. xix. p. 385), recite, that James constituted an office called the office of postmaster of England for foreign parts being out of his dominions. This functionary was to have 'the sole taking up, sending, and conveying of all packets and letters concerning his service, or business to be despatched into forreigne parts, with power to grant moderate salaries;' the office was granted to Mathewe le Quester, and Mathewe le Quester his son: all others were publicly prohibited that they should not directly or indirectly exercise or intrude themselves: the said M. le Quester made and substituted William Frizell and Thomas Witherings his deputies, and his majesty accepted the substitution. The king, 'affecting the welfare of his people, and taking into his princely consideration how much it imports his state and this realm that the secrets thereof be not disclosed to forreigne nations, which cannot be prevented if a promiscuous use of transmitting or taking up of forreigne letters and packetts should be suffered,' forbids all others from exercising that which to the office of such postmaster pertaineth, at their utmost erils.

"In 1635 a proclamation was made, 'for settling of the letter office of England and Scotland.' It sets forth, 'that there hath been no certain or constant intercourse between the kingdoms of England and Scotland;' and commands 'Thomas Witherings, esq., his majesty's postmaster of England for foreign

parts, to settle a running post or two, to run night and day between Edinburgh and Scotland and the city of London, to go thither and come back in six days.' Directions are given for the management of the correspondence between post-towns on the line of road and other towns which are named, and likewise in Ireland. All postmasters are commanded 'to have ready in their stables one or two horses:' $2\frac{1}{2}d.$ for a single horse, and $5d.$ for two horses per mile, were the charges settled for their service. Letters in places lying near the road were to be taken, and by-posts to and from the high road established with Lincoln, Hull, and other important places. Similar arrangements were directed for the post between London and Dublin through West Chester and Holyhead, and for the post between London and Plymouth through Exeter, &c. Oxford, Bristol, Colchester, and Norwich were to have corresponding advantages as soon as possible. A monopoly was established, with exceptions in favour of common known carriers and particular messengers sent on purpose, most of which have been preserved in all subsequent regulations of the Post Office. This is decisive as to the pre-establishment of a comparatively efficient system by private parties, who were apparently too popular to be summarily put down, and therefore for the present the government satisfied itself by a vague enactment (that could have had but an arbitrary application) against 'other messengers,' &c. Owing, partially perhaps, to the rivalry here indicated, but still more to the general

confusion attendant on the breaking out of the civil war, the establishment failed, and for a considerable period great difficulty was experienced in the safe and speedy transmission of letters.

"In 1640, Witherings, who, by the act of 1635, had been appointed inland, and was previously foreign, postmaster, was superseded by the Long Parliament for abuses in the execution of his office. One of these abuses was the endeavour, on his part, to stop the private adventurers, by forcibly depriving one of their servants of the letters that he carried, and which was voted to be 'against the liberty and freedome of the subject.' Witherings' offices were sequestered into the hands of Philip Burlamachy, to be exercised thenceforth under the superintendence of the king's secretary of state; and thus was the first step taken as to the making the Post Office authorities responsible. But in 1642 it was resolved by a committee of the House of Commons that such sequestration was 'a grievance, and illegal, and ought to be taken off,' and that Mr. Witherings ought to be restored. As late as 1644, it appears that the postmaster's duties were not connected directly with letters. A parliamentary resolution entered on the journals of the Commons states, that 'the Lords and Commons, finding by experience that it is most necessary, for keeping of good intelligence between the parliament and the forces, that post stages should be erected in several parts of the kingdom, and the office of master of the posts and couriers being at present void, ordain that Edmund

Prideaux, esq., a member of the House of Commons, shall be, and is hereby constituted, master of the posts, messengers, and couriers.' 'He first established a weekly conveyance of letters into all parts of the nation, thereby saving to the public the charge of maintaining postmasters to the amount of 7000*l.* per annum.' (Blackstone.) An attempt of the Common Council of London to set up a separate post office, in 1649, was checked by a resolution of the House of Commons, which declared 'that the office of postmaster is, and ought to be, in the sole power and disposal of parliament.' The motive to the change here indicated in the opinion of parliament, since the vote of 1640, is to be found in the preamble to an ordinance passed in 1657, where it is stated, as a recommendation in favour of the institution of government posts, that 'they will be the best means to discover and prevent many dangerous and evil designs against the commonwealth.'

"But the most complete step in the establishment of a post office was taken in 1656, when an act was passed 'to settle the postage of England, Scotland, and Ireland.' This having been the model of all subsequent measures, induces us to give something more than a passing notice of it. The preamble sets forth, 'that the erecting of one General Post Office for the speedy conveying and recarrying of letters by post to and from all places within England, Scotland, and Ireland, and into several parts beyond the seas, hath been and is the best means, not only to

maintain a certain and constant intercourse of trade and commerce between all the said places, to the great benefit of the people of these nations, but also to convey the publique despatches, and to discover and prevent many dangerous and wicked designs which have been and are daily contrived against the peace and welfare of this commonwealth, the intelligence whereof cannot well be communicated but by letter of escript.' It also enacted that 'there shall be one General Post Office, and one officer stiled the postmaster-generall of England, and comptroller of the post-office.' This officer was to have the horsing of all 'through' posts and persons 'riding in post.' Prices for letters, both English, Scotch, Irish, and foreign, and for post-horses, were fixed. All other persons were forbidden to 'set up or employ any foot-posts, horse-posts, or pacquet-boats.' These arrangements were confirmed in the first year of the Restoration, by an act which was repealed 9 Anne, c. 11. About the same time, an act was passed with the view, as its title quaintly expresses, of 'Quieting the postmaster-general in the execution of his office,' by which private carriers were once more forbidden, and all justices of the peace, constables, &c., were empowered to seize all letters so conveyed, and were directed to inform against the offenders.

"In the year after the revolution of 1688, the act for the establishment of a General Post Office in Scotland was passed, though of course the system must have been previously in operation to some extent, most probably under the management of

private individuals. This office appears to have been remarkably unproductive in the first few years of its existence; for in 1698, Sir Robert Sinclair received a grant from King William, of the whole revenue *free*, with a pension of 300*l.* a-year in addition, to keep up the establishment. Sir Robert, however, thought the grant disadvantageous even on those terms, and gave it up.

"The Act of Queen Anne is the next important event in the history of the Post Office. By this act, the former laws for the establishment of separate post offices in England and Scotland were repealed, and one general office and officer were created for the whole kingdom. Additional chief letter offices were established at the same time in Edinburgh, Dublin, New York, and the West Indies. In 1720, the cross-posts were improved by Mr. Allen, who farmed them at a certain sum, with the understanding that whatever new profits might be realized by his plans, should be his own during his lifetime. It is stated that he was so successful in his schemes, as to make an average profit of nearly 12,000*l.* a-year, during forty-two years.

"In 1732—3 (6th Geo. II.) an attempt was made, remarkably illustrative of the want of a knoweldge of the boundaries within which legislation should be confined. It was enacted that bills of exchange were not to be sent with a letter upon the same piece of paper; and still further, that persons were not to write different notes upon the same sheet. A similar law was passed with respect to writs. By

the same act, postmasters were empowered to establish penny-posts in any town of the British dominions; ship-letters were directed to be brought to the Post Office; and embezzlement of letters, or taking notes or bills out of them, or robbing the mail, were severally made felonious acts. Lastly, the post-boys were rendered punishable by imprisonment and hard labour for neglect or improper conduct.

"From 1711 to 1838, upwards of one hundred and fifty acts, affecting the regulations of the Post Office, were passed. In the first year of her present majesty, ninety-nine of these were repealed, either wholly or partially, and the following acts were passed, by which the whole department of the Post Office was regulated:—For the management of the Post Office, c. 33; the regulation of the duties of postage, c. 34; for regulating the sending and receiving of letters and packets by the post free from the duty of postage, c. 35; for consolidating the laws relative to offences against the Post Office, and explaining certain terms and expressions, c. 36.

"A mere enumeration of the titles of all the acts affecting the Post Office would occupy a considerable space. An account even of these four last-mentioned acts must be dispensed with, and the reader must be referred to the acts themselves. Their enactments have been abrogated, to a great extent, by the adoption of Mr. Rowland Hill's plan of uniform postage. This measure was carried into effect by an act passed in 1839 (2 and 3 Victoria, cap. 52), which conferred temporary powers on the Lords of

the Treasury to do so, and was subsequently confirmed by an act (3 and 4 Victoria, c. 96,) passed 10th August, 1840.

"The plan was at first privately submitted to the government, and, in 1837, published in a pamphlet under the title of 'Post Office Reform—its Importance and Practicability.' In a short period, three editions were issued.

"Mr. Hill proposed to effect,—1, a great diminution in the rates of postage; 2, increased speed in the delivery of letters; and 3, more frequent opportunities for their despatch. He proposed that the rate of postage should be uniform, to be charged according to weight, and that the payment should be made in advance. The means of doing so by stamps were not suggested in the first edition of the pamphlet, and Mr. Hill states that this idea originated with Mr. Charles Knight. A uniform rate of a penny was to be charged for every letter not exceeding half an ounce in weight, with an additional penny for each additional half-ounce. Mr. Hill showed, that the actual cost of conveying letters from London to Edinburgh, when divided among the letters actually carried, did not exceed one penny for thirty-six letters.

"The publication of this plan immediately excited a strong public sympathy in its favour, and especially with the commercial classes of the city of London. Mr. Wallace moved for a select committee of the House of Commons to inquire into its merits, on the 9th May, 1837; but the motion fell to the ground.

On the 30th May, 1837, Lord Ashburton, upon presenting a petition from some of the most eminent merchants, bankers, men of science, and others in the metropolis, to the House of Lords, spoke strongly in favour of the plan. In the December of the same year, the government assented to the appointment of a select committee of inquiry. A society of merchants was forthwith formed in the city of London to furnish evidence of the evils of the high rates of postage, and the insufficiency of the Post Office management in answering the wants of the present times. The subject began to excite much interest throughout the country. In the session of 1837, five petitions were presented to the House of Commons in favour of the plan. In 1838, upwards of three hundred and twenty were presented, of which number seventy-three emanated from town councils, and nineteen from chambers of commerce. After sitting upwards of sixty-three days, and examining Mr. Rowland Hill and eighty-three witnesses, besides the officers of the departments of the Post Office and the Excise and Stamp Offices, the committee presented a most elaborate report in favour of the whole plan, confirming by authentic and official data the conclusions which Mr. Hill had formed from very scanty and imperfect materials. The committee summed up a very long report, as follows:—

"'The principal points which appear to your committee to have been established in evidence are the following:—

"'The exceedingly slow advance, and occasionally

retrograde movement, of the Post Office revenue during the period of the last twenty years. The fact of the charge of postage exceeding the cost in a manifold proportion. The fact of postage being evaded most extensively by all classes of society, and of correspondence being suppressed, more especially among the middle and working classes of the people, and this in consequence, as all the witnesses, including many of the Post Office authorities, think, of the excessively high scale of taxation. The fact of very injurious effects resulting from this state of things to the commerce and industry of the country, and to the social habits and moral condition of the people. The fact, so far as conclusions can be drawn from very imperfect data, that, whenever on former occasions large reductions in the rates have been made, those reductions have been followed in short periods of time by an extension of correspondence proportionate to the contraction of the rates.

"'And as matter of inference from fact, and of opinion—

"'That the only remedies for the evils above stated are, a reduction of the rates, and the establishment of additional deliveries, and more frequent despatches of letters.

"'That, owing to the rapid extension of railroads, there is an urgent and daily increasing necessity for making such changes.

"'That any moderate reduction in the rates would occasion loss to the revenue, without in any material degree diminishing the present amount of

letters irregularly conveyed, or giving rise to the growth of new correspondence.

"'That the principle of a low uniform rate is just in itself; and when combined with pre-payment, and collection by means of a stamp, would be exceedingly convenient, and highly satisfactory to the public.'

"The appearance of the committee's report seemed to inspire the whole country with confidence in the plan. Petitions in its favour, amounting to 2000, were presented to both houses of parliament in the session of 1839. The late postmaster-general, the Duke of Richmond, advised the government to adopt it; and the chancellor of the exchequer brought forward a bill to enable the Treasury to carry the plan into effect, which was carried by a majority of 100 in the House of Commons, and passed into a law on the 17th August, 1839. In the following month an arrangement was made which secured Mr. Rowland Hill's superintendence of the working out of his own measure*.

"On the 5th of December, 1839, as a preparatory measure to accustom the department to the new practice of charging by weight, the inland rates of postage were reduced to a uniform charge of 4*d.* per half ounce, except those which had previously passed at lower rates, which continued to be charged as before. The London District Post was reduced at the same time from 2*d.* and 3*d.* to 1*d.* On the 10th

* It is to be hoped and expected that Mr. Hill's services will be again called for in a department for which he is so fitted, and from which he was so unhandsomely dismissed.

of January, 1840, the uniform rate of 1*d.* per half ounce came into general operation, the scale of weight for letters advancing from a single rate for each of the first two half ounces, by an increase of 2*d.* per ounce, or for any fraction of an ounce, up to 16 ounces; the postage to be paid on posting the letter, or double postage to be charged. On this day parliamentary franking ceased. The use of stamps, which formed one of the means suggested by Mr. Rowland Hill for facilitating the dispatch of letters, was introduced on the 6th of May."

Turning from the Post Office, round a toy-shop at the corner of Newgate Street, we find ourselves in a long, dark, narrow street, with a foot-pavement where two people cannot comfortably walk abreast, and with a carriage-way proportionably inconvenient for two vehicles having occasion to pass each other. Passengers in it are few; and there is an odious smell of tallow about the whole place: the shops look dingy, dark, and uncomfortable; and there is a general air of gloom about them. But notwithstanding these unfavourable symptoms, it is a street that is full of wealth, and learning, and knowledge. Reader, this dismal street is Paternoster Row; or, as it is more emphatically termed, "THE ROW,"—there is but one Row—the head-quarters of English literature, and the great seat of the bookselling business. Almost every house in it is a bookseller's (we do not reckon the binders, stationers, and printers, as interlopers); but the one great exception is the tallow-chandler, whose vile

fumes impregnate and poison the atmosphere, and who ought, if law or money can do it, to be moved off to some more appropriate dwelling-place.

This famous street is said to have received its name from persons who formerly sold Paternosters (or the Lord's Prayer), beads, rosaries, &c, during the ages of superstition; and as it was in the way to St. Paul's cathedral, the devout of all descriptions might here supply themselves with these articles.

Paternoster Row afterwards became famous for mercers, lacemen, haberdashers, and other trades*; but ever since 1724, the bookselling business has been increasing in "the Row."

Little Britain was the great emporium of the book trade, before it finally settled at Paternoster Row.

In the year 1664, it seems there were no less than 460 pamphlets published in Little Britain.

One of the more recent booksellers, who, according to the eccentric John Dunton, distinguished this neighbourhood, was, according to the latter, Mr. Richard Chiswell, "the most eminent in his profession in the three kingdoms, who well deserves the title of Metropolitan bookseller of England. He has not been known to print either a bad book or on bad paper. He is admirably well qualified for his business, and knows how to value a copy according to

* A periodical publication of the year 1707 says, "Sure our London barbers are very religious fellows: they have a posse of saints looking out of their shops, with fine perriwigs on their heads; and then the *sempstresses in Paternoster Row* they have got female loggerheads, with union top-knots upon them."—*Hughson's* "London," vol. iii. page 564.

its worth, witness the purchase he made of Archbishop Tillotson's octavo sermons." Richard Chiswell, citizen and stationer, was interred in the church of St. Giles's, Cripplegate, in 1711.

Roger North, in his "Life of Dr. John North," speaking of booksellers in the reign of Charles II., says, "Little Britain, was a plentiful and perpetual emporium of learned authors, and men went thither as to a market. This drew a mighty trade, the rather because the shops were spacious, and the learned gladly resorted to them, where they seldom failed to meet with agreeable conversation; and the booksellers themselves were knowing and conversible men, with whom, for the sake of bookish knowledge, the greatest wits were pleased to converse."

If such were the booksellers of a past age, those of the present day in Paternoster Row, need not shrink from any comparison with them—the extent of their trade, the sums they expend upon copyright, and their general probity and intelligence, entitle them to the first rank among English tradesmen. Ave Maria Lane is also noted, like Paternoster Row, for its booksellers, and like it, derives its name from its contiguity to the cathedral. On the west side is an open square court, also inhabited by persons engaged in the book trade, called "Stationers' Hall Court," from which there is a passage called "Amen Corner," inhabited by the canons residentiary of St. Paul's.

Stationers' Hall gives name to the court. The Stationers' Company have long enjoyed peculiar pri-

vileges for the printing of certain books, especially of almanacks; but their monopoly has been thrown down to the great benefit of the community, and Francis Moore, physician, has been gradually losing ground in public estimation, since more rational almanacks have been allowed to be freely sold. Upon the site of this hall formerly stood the palace of John, duke of Bretagne and earl of Richmond, in the reign of Edward II. and III. It was afterwards possessed by the Earls of Pembroke, and took the name of Pembroke's Inn. In the reign of Queen Elizabeth, it was possessed by the Lord Abergavenny. His lordship left a daughter who married Sir Thomas Vane, who, having a better house of his own, seldom or never inhabited this; and from him it was purchased by the Company of Stationers. It was burnt down in the year 1666, and the present edifice, which has been since renovated and improved, was erected on the site of the old one shortly afterwards.

The company includes not only booksellers, but printers, stationers, or dealers in paper, and bookbinders, and was incorporated by Philip and Mary, on the 4th of May, 1556, for the purpose of putting a stop to heretical writings, that they might search and examine all books printed in England, and burn or destroy such as were favourable to the principles of the Reformation, or attacked in any way their majesties' supremacy, or the doctrines of the catholic church*.

* The following is the substance of their charter of incorporation:—"By this charter their majesties gave and granted to ninety-

King James I., on the 29th of October, 1603, by his letters-patent, granted to the Company of Sta-

seven printers, booksellers, stationers, &c., freemen of the mystery or art of a stationer of the city of London, and suburbs thereof, that they might be one body of itself for ever, and one society corporated for ever, with one master, and two keepers or wardens, by the name of 'The Master, and Keepers or Wardens, and Commonalty, of the Mystery or Art of a Stationer of the City of London for ever.' And that the same master, and keepers or wardens, and commonalty, and their successors, might from time to time make and ordain, and establish, for the good, and well-ordering, and governing of the freemen of the aforesaid art or mystery, and of the foresaid society, ordinances, provisions, and laws, as often as they should see proper and convenient: Provided that those ordinances, provisions, and laws, were in no wise repugnant or contrary to the laws and statutes of the kingdom of England, or in prejudice to the common-weal. And that the same, and their successors for ever, were enabled, and might lawfully and faithfully, without molestation or disturbance of us, or the heirs or successors of our foresaid queen, or of any other person, hold, as often as they please, lawful and honest meetings of themselves, for the enacting such laws and ordinances, and transacting other business for the benefit of the same mystery or art, and of the same society, and for other lawful causes in the manner aforesaid. And that the foresaid master, and keepers or wardens, and the commonalty of the said mystery or art of a stationer of the foresaid city, and their successors, or the greater part of them, being assembled lawfully and in a convenient place, may yearly, for ever, or oftener or seldomer, at such times and places within the said city, as they shall think fit, choose from amongst themselves, and make one master, and two keepers or wardens of the same mystery or art of a stationer of the foresaid city, to rule, govern, and supervise the foresaid mystery and society, and all the men of the same mystery, and their business; and to remove and displace the former master, and the former keepers or wardens out of those offices, as they shall see best."

It then ordained, that "no person within the kingdom of England, or dominions thereof, either by himself or by his journeymen, servants, or by any other person, shall practise or exercise the art or mystery of printing or stamping any book, or anything to be

tioners the privilege of the sole printing of almanacks, primers, psalters and psalms, in metre or prose, with musical notes, or without notes; and by his letters patent, dated the 8th of March, 1615, he confirmed the grant for the "sole printing of primers, psalters, psalms, and almanacks in the English tongue; and further granted to the company, the sole right to print the A. B. C., the Little Catechism, and the Catechism in English and Latin, by Alexander Nowell; for the help and relief of the master, keepers, or wardens, and commonalty or freemen of the mystery or art of Stationers of the city of London, and their successors."

In the hall of the Stationers' Company was first performed Dryden's celebrated ode, "Alexander's Feast, or the power of Music," written for the anniversary of St. Cecilia, which was annually celebrated by the stationers. "Towards the end of the

sold or to be bargained for within this our kingdom of England, or the dominions thereof, unless the same person is or shall be one of the society of the foresaid mystery or art of a stationer of the city aforesaid, at the time of his foresaid printing or stamping; or has for that purpose obtained our licence or the licence of the heirs and successors of our foresaid queen. With power for the master and wardens to search, as often as they please, any place or shop, house, chamber or building of any stamper, printer, binder or seller of any manner of books within the kingdom of England or dominions thereof, concerning or for any books or things printed, stamped, or to be printed or stamped, and to seize, take away, have, burn or convert to the proper use of the said society, all and singular those books and those things, which are or shall be printed or stamped, contrary to the form of any statute, act or proclamation, made or to be made. And to imprison such as shall disturb, refuse, or hinder them."

seventeenth century," says Mr. Hone, in his "Every Day Book," "an entertainment was instituted on the 22nd of November, in commemoration of St. Cecilia, by many of the first rank in the kingdom, which was continued annually for a considerable time. A splendid entertainment was provided at Stationers' Hall, which was preceded by a performance of vocal and instrumental music, by the most capital performers." This feast is represented by Motteux, in 1691, "as one of the genteelest in the world: there are no formalities or gatherings, as at others, and the appearance there is splendid." The verses, which were always an encomium on St. Cecilia, were set by Purcell, Blow, and other musicians of the greatest eminence; and it became the fashion for writers of all ranks, to celebrate St. Cecilia. Besides the odes to her by Dryden and Pope, Addison and Yalden employed their talents on the subject. We have also odes to St. Cecilia by Shadwell, D'Urfey, and some still more indifferent poets. The last account discovered of any entertainment at Stationers' Hall, is when Hughes altered Dryden's ode for the occasion in 1703. The festivity appears also to have been kept at Oxford, and to have been continued there longer.

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We now arrive at St. Paul's Cathedral, the grandest and most magnificent building in the

metropolis, and sacred to all British hearts, for many reasons. The following particulars, relative to the old cathedral, destroyed in the fire of London, are chiefly gathered from Stow and Pennant, who have said nearly all that is worth recording upon the subject. We shall ourselves speak of the new building, and the various associations connected with the classic ground of the surrounding neighbourhood.

The first church is supposed to have been destroyed in the Dioclesian persecution, and to have been rebuilt in the reign of Constantine. This was again demolished by the pagan Saxons, and restored in 603, by Sebert, a petty prince, ruling in these parts, under Ethelbert, king of Kent, the first Christian monarch of the Saxon race; who, at the instance of St. Augustine, appointed Melitus the first Bishop of London. Erkenwald, the son of King Offa, fourth in succession from Melitus, ornamented his cathedral very highly, and improved the revenues with his own patrimony. When the great part of the city of London was destroyed by fire in 1086, this church was burnt. Bishop Mauritius began to rebuild it, and laid the foundations, which remained till its second destruction, from the same cause, in the last century. Notwithstanding Mauritius lived twenty years after he had begun this pious work, and Bishop Beauvages enjoyed the see twenty more, yet such was the grandeur of the design, that it remained unfinished. The first had the ruins of the Palatine tower bestowed on him, as materials for the building; and Henry I. bestowed on Beauvages, part

of the ditch belonging to the Tower, which, with purchases made by himself, enabled him to inclose the whole with a wall. The same monarch granted besides, that every ship which brought stone for the church, should be exempted from toll; he gave him also all the great fish taken in his precincts, except the tongues; and lastly, he secured to him and his successor the delicious tithes of all his venison in the county of Essex.

The steeple was finished in 1221. The noble subterraneous church of St. Faith, Ecclesia Sanctæ Fidis in cryptis, was begun in 1257. It was supported by three rows of massy clustered pillars, with ribs diverging from them to support the solemn roof. This was the parish church. The undercroft, as these sort of buildings were called, had in it several chantries and monuments. Henry Lacie, earl of Lincoln, who died in 1312, made what was called the new work at the east end, in which was the chapel of our Lady, and that of St. Dunstan.

The chapter house, adjoining the south transept, was circular, and supported by four central pillars of more elegant gothic than the rest of the building. This projected into a most beautiful cloister, two stories high. On the walls was painted the Machabre, or dance of death, a common subject in religious places. It represented a long train of men of all orders, from the pope to the lowest of human beings; each figure has death as his partner, shaking his remembering hour-glass. This cloister, the dance, and several fine monuments, were demolished by the

Protector Somerset, when he was erecting his palace in the Strand.

Farther to the west, adjoining to the south side, was the parish church of St. Gregory. In one of the towers which ornamented the western front, was the bishops' prison, or Lollards' tower; the scene, says Pennant, of many a midnight murder.

One Richard Hunn, committed there in 1514, was most foully murdered, being hanged there by the contrivance of Horsey, the chancellor of the diocese, who pretended this unfortunate man had been guilty of suicide, and buried his body ignominiously. However, though the coroner's inquest detected the murderers, they were defended by the Bishop Fitz-James. Still, the king interfered, and ordered the chancellor Horsey and his accomplices to pay the children of the deceased fifteen hundred pounds. Whether this was actually paid is not mentioned; however, the murderers escaped with a pardon.

The style of the ancient cathedral was a most beautiful gothic; over the east end was an elegant circular window. The ancient plans do not deliver down to us the forms of the two transepts. The dimensions of the whole, in 1309, were these: the length 629 feet; the breadth 120; the height of the roof of the west part from the floor, 102; of the tower, 260; of the east part, 188; of the spire made of wood, covered with lead, 274. The whole space occupied by the old church was three acres and a half, one rood and a half, and six perches.

The nave was supported by clustered pillars and

round arches, in the style preserved by the Normans after the conquered Saxons. The galleries and windows of the transepts were also finished with rounded arches. The screen to the choir, and the chapel of the Virgin, were gothic; the former was ornamented with statues on each side of the door, at the expense of Sir Paul Pindar.

Sir Philip Sydney, whose remains were brought to St. Paul's in 1586 with great magnificence, had no other monument than a board with a most wretched inscription. The great Walsingham's remains were in a manner, stolen into his grave here by his friends, for fear of an arrest. And after particularizing many illustrious persons buried in the ancient church, Pennant concludes with the melancholy corpse of Doctor Donne, the wit of his time, standing in a niche, and wrapped in a shroud gathered about his head; with his feet resting on an urn. Not long before his death, he dressed himself in that funereal habit, placed his feet on an urn fixed on a board exactly of his own height, and, shutting his eyes like a departed person, was drawn in that attitude by a skilful painter. This gloomy piece he kept in his room till the day of his death, on March 31, 1631; after which it served as a pattern for his tomb.

The high altar dazzled with gems and gold the gifts of its numerous votaries. John, king of France, when prisoner in England, first paying his respects to St. Erkenwald's shrine, offered four basins of gold; and the gifts at the obsequies of princes,

foreign and British, were of immense value. On the day of the conversion of the tutelar saint, the charities were prodigious, first to the souls, when an indulgence of forty days' pardon was given, *vere pœnitentibus, contritis et confessis:* and by order of Henry III., 1500 tapers were placed in the church, and 15,000 poor people fed in the churchyard.

But the most singular offering was that of a fat doe in winter and a buck in summer, made at the high altar, on the day of the commemoration of the saint, by Sir William de Baude and his family, and then to be distributed among the canons resident. This was in lieu of twenty-two acres of land in Essex, which belonged to the canons of this church. Till Queen Elizabeth's time, the doe or buck was received solemnly at the altar by the dean and chapter, attired in their sacred vestments, and crowned with garlands of roses. Mr. Warton says, the body of the buck was sent to be baked; but the head being fixed on a pole, the procession issued out at the west door, where the keeper that brought it blowed the death, and then the horners all about the city were fain to answer him; for which each man received from the dean and chapter four-pence in money and their dinner, while the keeper that brought it was allowed his meat and drink, and five shillings in money; and on going away he received a loaf of bread, having the picture of St. Paul upon it.

The boys of St. Paul's used also to act mysteries, or holy plays; and so jealous were they of this privilege, that they petitioned Richard II. to prohibit

some ignorant and inexperienced persons from acting the history of the Old Testament to the prejudice of the church. Even Dean Colet countenanced these mummeries, by enjoining his scholars to attend the boy-bishop at Paul's every Childermas-day. This prelate in miniature used to preach, and receive his offerings of a penny from each person. Sometimes they sang indecent songs, and danced and committed the most disgusting profanations. In France, an act of the parliament of Rheims put an end to them; in England, the Reformation abolished these impieties with others.

But so many were the lurking-places about this cathedral and cloisters, that to prevent the commission of robberies, and even murders, Edward I. gave permission to the dean and chapter to inclose the whole with a wall, and to have gates to shut of a night, to exclude disorderly people. Within these walls, on the north-west side was the bishop's palace, that is to say, upon the spot called London-House Yard, now a passage from St. Paul's Churchyard to Paternoster Row.

St. Faith's, under St. Paul's, according to a vulgar notion, is actually a church complete in all its parts, with doors, windows, roof, steeple, organ, pews,—nay, parson and clerk, and beadle too, under St. Paul's. It is, however, nothing more than the vault under the choir, and which, before the great fire, was the parish church of St. Faith. It is about seventeen feet below the area, or floor of the present church, and probably one of the most capacious and

every way curious vaults in the world. Here the coffins are buried in the ground, and do not lie on the surface, as in other vaults.

Formerly this church was styled *Ecclesia Sanctæ Fidei in cryptis;* or the church of St. Faith in the vaults under ground, being situated at the west end of Jesus Chapel under the choir, and which served as a parish church for part of St. Paul's Stump, St. Paul's Churchyard, Paternoster Row, Queen's Head Court, part of Ivy Lane, Warwick Lane, &c. But Jesus Chapel being suppressed by King Edward VI., the parishioners of St. Faith were, in 1551, permitted to remove into the same, and it continued a parish church till the cathedral was demolished in the great fire. Part of the churchyard belonging to St. Faith's was taken in to enlarge the street at the east end; but a part of it, which still remains within the iron railing, serves as a burial-place for the parishioners.

Many years ago, the inhabitants in the vicinity of St. Paul's Cathedral petitioned not to have the great bell tolled in the usual manner, as it shook the foundation of their houses. It has been since tolled with the mouth downwards, and struck on the side without its being swung like other bells by the wheel. It is never tolled but on the death of one of the royal family, or the decease of a Bishop of London.

The interior of old St. Paul's Church was for many ages a common thoroughfare; horses and other animals were led through it; assignations

were made in it, and the sprigs of fashion of the time made it a lounge to walk up and down in, and ogle the young women. Mr. Malcolm, in his "Londinium Redivivum," has collected many curious particulars relative to this strange desecration of a place of worship, and the efforts that were at various periods vainly made to put an end to it. In the time of Edward III. it was complained, that the eating-room of the canons in St. Paul's had become the office and workplace of artisans, and the resort of shameless women. In the reign of Philip and Mary, the Court of Common Council passed an act with a view to the better observance of the decencies of the place; from which it appears that it was a common passage for porters, hucksters, and others laden with beer, bread, fish, meat, &c., who thought it too much trouble to go round the churchyard, and who did not scruple to lead mules, asses, horses, and cattle through the sacred edifice.

Paul's Walk was the middle of the cathedral, and was the haunt of the young sparks of the town, until the time of the Protectorate. The frequenters of this part of the church were called Paul's Walkers. Mr. Moser, in the "European Magazine" for July 1817, says, "The young gallants from the inns of court, the western and the northern parts of the metropolis, and those that had spirit enough to detach themselves from the counting-houses in the east, used to meet at the central point, St. Paul's; and from this circumstance obtained the appellation of "Paul's Walkers," as we now say "Bond Street

Loungers." However strange it may seem, tradition says, that the great Lord Bacon used in his youth to cry, "Eastward ho!" and was literally a Paul's Walker. The walkers in Paul's during this and the following reigns, were composed of a motley assemblage of the gay, the vain, the dissolute, the idle, the knavish, and the lewd; and various notices of this fashionable resort may be found in the old plays and other writings of the time. Ben Jonson, in his 'Every Man out of his Humour,' has given a series of scenes in the interior of St. Paul's, and an assemblage of a great variety of characters; in the course of which the curious piece of information occurs, that it was common to affix *bills*, in the form of advertisements, upon the columns in the aisles of the church, in a similar manner to what is now done in the Royal Exchange: those bills he ridicules in two affected specimens, the satire of which is admirable. Shakspeare also makes Falstaff say, in speaking of Bardolph, 'I bought him in Paul's, and he'll buy me a horse in Smithfield: if I could get me but a wife in the stews, I were mann'd, hors'd, and wiv'd."

The following account of Paul's Walk is from the "Microcosmographia" of Bishop Earle, published in 1629, and quoted by Mr. Brayley in his "Londiniana," vol. iv. page 117: "Paul's Walk is the land's epitome, or you may call it the lesser Isle of Great Britain. It is a heap of stones and men, with a vast confusion of languages, and were the steeple not sanctified, very like Babel. The noise in it is like that of bees,—a strange humming or buzz,

mixt of walking, tongues, and feet: it is a kind of still roar or loud whisper. It is the great exchange of all discourse, and no business whatsoever but is here stirring and afoot. It is the synod of all pates politick, jointed closed and laid together in most serious posture, and they are not half so busy at the parliament. It is the antick of tails to tails and backs to backs, and, for wizards, you need go no further than faces. It is the market of young lecturers, whom you may cheapen here at all rates and sizes. It is the general mint of all famous lies, which are here like the legends of popery, first coined and stamped in the church. All inventions are emptied here, and not a few pockets. The best sign of a temple in it is, that it is the thieves' sanctuary, which robbe more safely in a crowd than a wilderness, whilst every searcher is a bush to hide them. It is the other expense of the day after playing tavern, and men have still some oaths left to swear here. The principal inhabitants are stale knights and captains out of service, men of long rapiers and breeches, which, after all, turn merchants here and traffic for news." Dekkar in his "Gull's Horn-Book," gives instructions to the gull how he should comport himself in Paul's Walk; and the place is mentioned by various other writers of that day.

But it is not alone with such reminiscences as these, that the name of this old cathedral is associated: stern events, mournful ceremonies, and the memories of great men are linked with it. In its

precincts were deposited the remains of personages distinguished in British history: here sleeps the dust of Siba, king of the East Saxons; of William, bishop of London, who obtained the first charter for the citizens from William the Conqueror; of John of Gaunt; of Dr. Colet, Dean of St. Paul's, and founder of Paul's School; of Sir Nicholas Bacon, of Dr. Donne, of Sir Philip Sidney, of Walsingham, of Sir Christopher Hatton, of Vandyke, and of many ecclesiastical dignitaries, and others of lesser note. The ceremonies and the spectacles of various kinds that took place within its walls, we shall pass over, to narrate one scene that must ever render it memorable. Here took place the citation of Wickliffe. On the 13th of February, 1376, London being in a state of great excitement at the time, Wickliffe, attended by his powerful friend John of Gaunt, appeared in the cathedral to answer the charges of heresy that had been brought against him. The space around the church was filled by a dense crowd of the people of London, and it was with great difficulty that way could be made through the mass for the accused to enter. While still outside, Percy, the Lord Marshal of England, who, along with John of Gaunt, was escorting Wickliffe into the presence of his judges, endeavoured to prepossess the bystanders in his favour, and turn the tide of popular opinion against the bishops. His attempts were represented to the Bishop of London, who, on their entrance, addressed Lord Percy, and told him in an angry tone, that if the church had been aware that he

would have tried in this manner to prejudice the cause, means would have been adopted to prevent his being present. John of Gaunt replied with some asperity, on the part of his friend, that the Bishop of London had no right to control the Marshal of England, who would act as he thought proper without the rebuke of any ecclesiastical authority. The duke and Lord Percy then took their seats on the bench with the bishops, and Wickliffe was introduced into the presence of his judges. Lord Percy with a kind accent desired him to sit down and be covered, and added, turning to the Bishop of London, that the accused had need of such indulgence, as he had much to reply to. The bishop, who conceived himself insulted by this speech, replied warmly, that the accused person must stand up—he appeared there as a criminal, and it had never been known that a criminal should be covered and seated in the presence of his judges. The Duke of Lancaster, who appears to have entered the church in no very pleasant frame of mind, was now in a state of high excitement; he turned suddenly round to the bishop, and with fire flashing from his eyes, swore in a tone of voice loud enough to be heard by the whole assembly, "that he would humble his pride, and the pride of every arrogant bishop in the kingdom." The bishop made some reply, which so incensed the duke, that he stooped down—his face pale with rage and his whole frame quivering, and muttered in the ear of the prelate, that sooner would he, John of Gaunt, drag him out of the church by the hair of

his head, than sit there any longer and be insulted by a priest. A rumour of this altercation soon reached the outside, and the mob began to howl against the Duke of Lancaster, and threaten to pull him from the judgment-seat, if he outraged their bishop. So great was the tumult, that at one time it was feared the mob would have broken into the cathedral, and carried their threat into execution. Ultimately this curious scene led to a riot—the particulars of which and its consequences to the city of London, we have already detailed in our account of the Savoy Palace, the residence of John of Gaunt, which the mob destroyed and pillaged on the occasion.

Paul's Cross was the most remarkable appendage of the old church, of which we have not yet spoken. It stood on the north side of the church, a little to the east of the entrance to Canon Alley. It was here that the citizens assembled in folkmote, or general convention, to elect their magistrates, and to deliberate on public affairs. We read of meetings of the folkmote in the thirteenth century; but the custom was discontinued, as the increasing number of the inhabitants, and the mixture of strangers, were found to lead to confusion and tumult. In after times the cross appears to have been used chiefly for proclamations, and other public proceedings, civil as well as ecclesiastical, such as the swearing of the citizens to allegiance, the emission of papal bulls, the exposing of penitents, &c., "and for the defaming of those," says Pennant, "who had

incurred the displeasure of crowned heads." A pulpit was attached to it, in which sermons were preached, called Paul's Cross sermons. In Stow's time the pulpit was an hexagonal piece of wood, "covered with lead, elevated upon a flight of stone steps, and surmounted by a large cross." During rainy weather the poorer part of the audience retreated to a covered place called the shrouds, which are supposed to have abutted on the church wall. Here, in 1299, Ralph de Baldoc, dean of St. Paul's, cursed all those who had searched in the church of St. Martin's-in-the-Fields, for a horde of gold, supposed to be hidden there. Here also, the kind-hearted, lovely, but frail Jane Shore did penance, in the reign of Richard III. The sad story is well-known, and has often been told; but never in more affecting words than by old Holinshed, in his simple style. "In her penance she went," says he, "in countenance and pase demure, so wamanlie, that albeit she were out of all araie, save her kertle onlie, yet went she so faire and lovelie, namelie, while the wondering of the people cast a comlie rud in her cheeks, (of which she before had most misse,) that hir great shame wan her much praise among those that were more amorous of hir bodie, than curious of hir soule. And many good folkes that hated her living, (and glad were to see sin corrected) yet pitied they more her penance, than rejoiced therein, when they considered that the protector procured it more of a corrupt intent than any virtuous affection."

Pennant justly says of her, that Richard, failing

by her excellent defence to convict her of witchcraft, — and this, by the way, was a charge not easily disproved in that age,—"attacked her on her only weak side, her frailty. This was undeniable. He consigned her to the severity of the church: she was carried to the bishop's palace, clothed in a white sheet, with a taper in her hand, and from thence conducted to the cathedral, and the cross, before which she made a confession of her fault. Every other virtue bloomed in this ill-fated fair one, with the fullest vigour. She could not resist the solicitations of a youthful monarch, the handsomest man of his time. On his death she was reduced to necessity, scorned by the world, and cast off by her husband, with whom she was paired in her childish years, and forced to fling herself into the arms of Hastings."

At this place the kings of England were proclaimed, and royal contracts of marriage notified to the people. During the progress of the Reformation in England, the cross acquired unusual importance. Henry VIII. ordered the Bishop of London to send up to Paul's Cross, from Sunday to Sunday, preachers, to attack in their sermons the authority of the pope, and show the people that his holiness was no more than simple Bishop of Rome; and that his usurpations had been chiefly caused by the negligence of preceding monarchs of England, in asserting their own legitimate authority. "Many are the examples," says Pennant, "of persons bearing the fagot, and of making public recantation of their faith, of both religions, at this place. The reformers bore that

badge as a mark of their escape: the catholics were excused from the burning, therefore were excused from the burden. The last who appeared, was a seminary priest, who, in 1593, made his recantation. In 1537, Sir Thomas Newman, priest, bore the fagot here on a singular occasion—for singing mass with good ale. To this place Henry Grey, duke of Suffolk, sent his chaplain, Harding, to dissuade the people from revolting from their allegiance to Queen Mary; yet, actuated by weakness and ambition, concurred in setting up his unhappy daughter, Jane Grey, in opposition to his rightful sovereign.

"Queen Mary made use of the same arts in the same place, and appointed several of her best divines to preach the old religion, and her design of restoring the ancient worship; but so averse were the people, that the attempt was attended with great tumults. These she allayed by the temporary expedients of fire and fagot."

The reign of Queen Elizabeth was wisely ushered in by the appointment of good and able men to preach from this cross the doctrine of the Reformation and rejection of the papal power; this began April the 9th, 1559. From hence she also caused the memory of her once-beloved Essex to be blackened, some sparks of indignation remaining in the queen, that were unquenched even by his blood.

In 1596, while the lord mayor and aldermen were attending a sermon at this place, they received an order from the queen, to levy a thousand able-bodied men. They quitted their devotions, and per-

formed their commission before eight at night, and had them ready armed for their march before morning. The service they were designed for, was to assist the French in raising the siege of Calais, then besieged by the Spaniards; but the place being taken by the time they reached Dover, they returned to the city, after a week's absence.

The last sermon which was preached at this place, was before James I., who came in great state on horseback from Whitehall, on Midlent Sunday, 1620: he was received at Temple Bar, by the lord mayor and aldermen, who presented him with a purse of gold. At St. Paul's he was received by the clergy in their richest vestments. The object of the sermon was the repairing of the cathedral.

Another appendage to the old church, was the Bishop's or London House, the name of which survives in that of London House Yard. This perished in the great fire; and on the site of it were built the houses now standing between the yard just mentioned and the present chapter-house. The bishop's house was often used for the reception of princes. To the east, towards Cheapside, was a chapel, erected by the father of Thomas à Becket, called Pardon-Church-Haugh, which was surrounded by a cloister, presenting a painting of the Dance of Death on the walls; a subject which has been popular, both in this country and the continent of Europe, since the monkish ages, under the name in this country, of the "Dance of Death," and in France, of the "Danse Macabre." There is a strange novel with this title, by the popular French novelist, Le Bibliophile Jacob.

"In this chapel," says Dr. Entick, in his "History and Survey," vol. iv. page 223, "were buried Robert Barton, and Henry Barton, mayor, and Thomas Mirsin, mayor, all skinners; and were entombed with their images of alabaster over them, grated or palisaded about with iron, before the said chapel, all of which was pulled down in the year 1549. The bones of the dead, couched up in a charnel under the chapel, were conveyed from thence into Finsbury Field, by report of him who paid for the carriage, amounting to more than 1000 cart-loads, and there laid on a moorish ground, which, in a short time after, being raised by the foliage of the city, was able to bear three windmills; which at this time is called Windmill Hill, on which stands the Methodist meeting under Mr. Wesley's direction, and St. Luke's Hospital for incurable lunatics. The chapel and charnel were converted into dwelling-houses, warehouses and sheds for stationers, which were built before it, in place of the tombs."

We have now to speak of the new cathedral: the grandeur of its design; the difficulties its architect had to struggle with, from the malevolence of enemies; the coldness of friends, and the unappreciating spirit of his age; and to record the names of the illustrious men who, with its founder, have their monuments within its walls. To do all these things truly, would require a volume; but a mere sketch is all the space that we can afford to the subject. In the year 1561, the old church was nearly burnt to the ground, owing to the carelessness of a plumber

who was employed to repair the spire, and who left a pan of coals burning near some wood-work while he went to dinner*. The cathedral was restored without the spire, as it appears in Hollar's well-known print of London. Great repairs and renovations of the old cathedral were begun by James I., and carried on by Charles I. Waller has some commemorative verses on the occasion—

> "When the first monarch of this happy isle,
> Moved with the ruin of so brave a pile,
> This work of cost and piety begun,
> To be accomplished by his glorious son," &c.

The courtly rhymer, after describing the king's magnificence and the splendour of the edifice, goes on to his climax, and says—

> "So proud a fabric to devotion given,
> At once it threatens and obliges heaven!"

Sir John Denham, in his "Cooper's Hill," has also some lines upon the old cathedral, in which he speaks of it as—

> "That sacred pile, so vast, so high,
> That whether it's a part of earth or sky
> Uncertain seems, and may be thought a proud
> Aspiring mountain, or descending cloud!"

In the following couplets he alludes to Waller, "the best of poets," and his verses already quoted, and prophesies the long duration of the edifice:—

* It may be mentioned that in 1839 the beautiful cathedral of York was nearly burned to the ground by the very same carelessness on the part of some plumbers.

"Now shalt thou stand, tho' sword, or time, or fire,
Or zeal more fierce than they, thy fall conspire;
Secure, while thee, the best of poets sings,
Preserved from ruin by the best of kings."

It is well for the poetical reputation of this age, that it does not rest upon the verses of its fashionable rhymers; for notwithstanding some beauties, Waller and Denham were no true poets. Denham's prediction was particularly unhappy; and he lived to see it falsified. The great fire of 1666 levelled St. Paul's with the ground; and in the general renovation that ensued, Sir Christopher Wren made the design, and was entrusted with the building of the present magnificent edifice. He began and finished the building, which cost thirty-seven years of labour, and one million two hundred thousand pounds sterling. In digging the foundations, Sir Christopher became convinced that the site had been a place of sepulchre prior to the Saxon invasion. He found abundance of ivory and wooden pins, apparently of box, which are supposed to have fastened the winding-sheets of the Britons. The graves of the Saxons lay above them, lined with chalk-stones, or consisting of stones hollowed out; and in the same row with the pins, but deeper, lay Roman urns, lamps, lachrymatories, &c.

The foundation of the old church rested on a layer of hard and close pot-earth. Curiosity led Sir Christopher Wren to search farther. He found that on the north side it was six feet thick, that it grew thinner towards the south, and on the decline of the hill was scarcely four. On advancing farther, he

met with nothing but loose sand; at length he came to water and sand mixed with periwinkles and other sea-shells; and, by boring came at last to the beach, and under that the natural hard clay; which evinced that the sea had once occupied the space on which St. Paul's now stands.

Sir Christopher had difficulties of all sorts to contend with in the erection of this great building: his plans were interfered with, his money was not paid, and his genius was undervalued. But he lived to see the completion of his work, and died at the good old age of 90. He was buried in the vaults underneath the church; and a fine epitaph was written upon him by his son, of which the concluding words are so well known,—

"Si monumentum quæris, circumspice——"

The church was completed in the reign of Queen Anne, and her statue was consequently placed at the western entrance looking down Ludgate Hill. This statue, which is no great ornament to the place, stands in the middle of the front area, with the figures of Great Britain, France, Ireland, and America, at its base. Garth wrote the following lines upon it, in reference to the disgrace of Marlborough:—

"Near the vast bulk of that stupendous frame,
Known by the Gentiles' great apostle's name,
With grace divine, great Anna's seen to rise,
An awful form that glads a nation's eyes:
Beneath her feet four mighty realms appear,
And with due reverence pay their homage there.
Britain and Ireland seem to own her grace,
And e'en wild India wears a smiling face.

But France alone with downcast eyes is seen,
The sad attendant on so good a queen.
Ungrateful country! to forget so soon
All that great Anna for thy sake has done.
When sworn the kind defender of thy cause,
Spite of her dear religion, spite of laws,
For thee she sheathed the terrors of her sword,
For thee she broke her gen'ral—and her word:
For thee her mind in doubtful terms she told,
And learned to speak like oracles of old:
For thee, for thee alone—what could she more?
She lost the honour she had gained before;
Lost all the trophies which her arms had won,
(Such Cæsar never knew, nor Philip's son;)
Resigned the glories of a ten years' reign,
And such as none but Marlborough's arm could gain:
For thee in annals she's content to shine,
Like other monarchs of the Stuart line."

St. Paul's and Westminster Abbey may be called the two pantheons of England, where monuments are erected to her most illustrious sons. Of Westminster Abbey and its tombs we have already spoken. St. Paul's contains the monuments of warriors of modern times; while Westminster Abbey is more remarkable for those of wits and poets, and the heroes of a remoter age than those whose memories are enshrined in the other minster. The monuments of Nelson and Pitt are the most striking, from their magnitude. Besides these, the visitor, from their prominence, will easily distinguish those of Lord Collingwood, Lord Heathfield, Samuel Johnson, Abercrombie, Sir John Moore, Rodney, Howe, Ponsonby, Captain Riou, Sir Thomas Picton, Captain Westcott, General Sir Thomas Dundas, Sir William Jones, Captain Robert Faulkner, Captain Burgess, Captain R. W. Miller, and Howard the philanthropist.

To the south of St. Paul's, extending down to Thames Street, is a district of London which is chiefly inhabited by ecclesiastical lawyers. This district has a character peculiar to itself. It is unlike the Temple, Lincoln's Inn, or any other of the inns of court; and the visitor will see in a moment, that its inhabitants are of another class of lawyers altogether: the proctor cannot be confounded with the attorney, nor the grave doctors of the ecclesiastical courts with the barristers of Westminster Hall. Let the unhappy wight who is determined to go to law, go at once to the Queen's Bench, the Common Pleas, or the Exchequer; aye, let him even plunge into the abysses of the Court of Chancery, and there will be hope for him still; but let no man, not even the most reckless, have anything to do with the ecclesiastical courts. He had much better pay away all his substance at a swoop, and become a beggar at once, than enter here: by so doing he would escape the intermediate harassing and sickening of soul; and as the beggary would come at last, it would be much better to embrace it at once, and avoid the suffering. Doctors' Commons, which gives name to this district, is situated in Knight-Rider Street. It is an old brick building of considerable extent, a little to the south of St. Paul's churchyard. It consists principally of two squares. The establishment is properly a college for students of the civil and ecclesiastical laws, and contains various courts, in which those laws are administered, subject to the common and statute law of the land; and several

offices belonging to the jurisdiction of the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Bishop of London. The epithet of "Commons" is given to this place from the civilians commoning together, as in other colleges. The courts, maritime and ecclesiastical, are five in number; viz., 1. Arches; 2. Admiralty; 3. Prerogative; 4. Delegates; and 5. Consistory; in all of which the business is carried on chiefly in writing, according to the forms of the Roman civil law, by the doctors and proctors. The doctors are such as, having taken the degree of LL.D. at one of the universities, are afterwards admitted of the College of Advocates belonging to these courts, in which, after a year of silence, they can plead. The proctors are also especially admitted to practise in these courts, and conduct the preparatory part of the business, as attorneys do in the courts of common law. The civil law terms are the same as those of the common law; but their sittings are arranged according to the business of the different courts, each of which has four sessions in a term, besides by-days, &c.

The Prerogative Office opens at nine o'clock in the morning, from October till March, and shuts at three; the remaining six months it continues open till four. The usual public holidays are kept, any of which happening on a Sunday are kept on a Monday. Searches for wills are here made at one shilling each, and copies, which are always stamped, are to be had on application. They are registered from the year 1383. There are several interior registries in the Commons, viz., the Bishop of London's, in Knight-

Rider Street; the Bishop of Winchester's, in Paul's Chain, &c. The proctors' offices remain open from about nine in the morning till seven or eight in the evening, the year round. This place possesses a library, consisting of books of history, or relative to the faculty of civil or canon law. The causes of which these courts take cognizance are, blasphemy, apostacy from christianity, heresy, ordinations, matrimony, divorces, bastardy, tithes, oblations, obventions, institutions of clerks to benefices, celebrations of divine service, mortuaries, dilapidations, reparation of churches, probates of wills, administrations, simony, incest, fornication, adultery, solicitation of chastity, pensions, procurations. commutation of penance, right of pews, brawling, &c. &c.; in fine, the jurisdiction of these courts are remnants of the ancient and more extensive power of the clergy in this country, previous to the Reformation, and the sooner they are abolished, or greatly reformed, the better.

In the same neighbourhood is the Heralds' College,—a quiet, sedate, venerable, and gloomy spot: so quiet, so old fashioned, so out-of-keeping with the character of the age, that a walk through its grass-grown court, forms a striking contrast to any other scene that London can exhibit. One can almost imagine that the date of the year is 1540, and that Henry VIII. is king; you cannot hear the hum of busy London that is all around; the rattle of omnibuses never sounds hereabout; the smoke of steam-vessels is never seen, although so near; and a man

with the unpicturesque coat and hat of the nineteenth century, seems an intruder upon the privacy of the place. The spot is a relic of barbarism, and breathes a musty atmosphere all around it. In its solitary chambers reside three kings,—aye, three actual kings, not of Brentford, but at arms; and right royal they look on their gala-days, when they issue forth for coronations, royal marriages, processions, and so forth. The building is a brick edifice, having a front facing the street, with an arched gateway, leading to a quadrangle. It belongs to a corporation of great antiquity, consisting of thirteen members—three kings-at-arms, six heralds-at-arms, and four pursuivants-at-arms, all nominated by the Earl Marshal of England, holding their places by patent, during good behaviour. "Their office," says Pennant, "is to keep records of the blood of all the families of the kingdom, and all matters belonging to the same, such as the bearing of coats of arms, &c; to attend his majesty on great occasions; to make proclamations in certain cases; to marshal public processions, &c. One herald, and one pursuivant, attend the college daily, in rotation, to answer all questions relative to armorial bearings, &c. &c. The fee for a common search is five shillings, and for a general search one guinea; the fees for a new coat of arms are from ten pounds upwards, according to the labour employed."

The heralds were not incorporated until the reign of Richard III., and the mansion they occupied belonged to the Earls of Derby. It was burnt down

during the great fire, and rebuilt at the expense, principally, of the officers of the college*. We should not omit to mention the sounding titles of the officers of the college. First, of the three kings—Garter, Clarencieux, and Norroy. Garter was made king-at-arms by King Henry V.; "and his office,"

* "The college," says Dr. Entick, in a note to his "History of London," "was, by the act for rebuilding the city, to be begun to be rebuilt within three years. The estimate, at a moderate computation, amounted to 5000*l.*, and, as a corporation, they had not one shilling to do it: this obliged them to petition his majesty for a commission to receive the subscriptions of the nobility and gentry. This petition was referred to the commissioners for executing the office of earl marshal; and, upon their lordships' report, a commission was granted, bearing date the 6th of December, 1672: but the commission directing the money so collected to be paid to such persons, and laid out in such manner, as the earl marshal should appoint, it disgusted the officers so much, that it caused a coldness and inactivity in them to promote the subscription; so that, although they had reason to hope for large contributions, little more than 700*l.* was raised by this commission: what further sums were necessary were made up out of the general fees and profits of the office, or by the contribution of particular members. Sir William Dugdale built the north-west corner at his own charge; and Sir Henry St. George, Clarencieux, gave the profits of some visitations, made by deputies appointed by him for that purpose, amounting to 530*l.* The houses on the east side, and south-east corner, were erected upon a building-lease, agreeable to the original plan; by which means the whole was made one uniform quadrangular building, as it now appears, and is one of the best-designed and handsomest brick buildings in London: and the hollow arch of the gateway is esteemed a curiosity. In November 1683, the college part of the building being finished, the rooms were divided amongst the officers, according to their degrees, by agreement amongst themselves, and afterwards confirmed by the earl marshal; which apartments have been ever since annexed to their respective offices. The inside of the lodgings were finished, at different times, by the officers to whom they belonged."

says Maitland, "is to attend at the installation of knights of the Garter, to carry the garter and other symbols of that most noble order to foreign princes that are elected knights companions of the same; to marshal the ceremonies at coronations, and the funerals of princes and the nobility; to take cognizance of the arms of the nobility, and to grant supporters to newly created peers." Clarencieux, the second king, derives his name from Lionel, third son of King Edward III., who, having espoused the heiress of Ulster, in Ireland, became thereby possessed of the honour of Clare, and was created Duke of Clarence. "He was thereby entitled," says Maitland, "to have a herald. The dutchy escheating to Edward IV., upon the death of his brother, he constituted the herald thereof the second king-at-arms, by the appellation of Clarencieux. His office is to marshal the funeral solemnities of the nobility, &c, south of the Trent, and regularly to hold visitations within his district, for registering families, and keeping accounts of their several coats of arms." The third king-at-arms is called Norroy, and his office is the same as that of Clarencieux; but his jurisdiction extends over the north side of the Trent, whence his name. The two last are called provincial kings. These mock kings were formerly created and crowned by the king himself; but that ceremony is now performed by the Duke of Norfolk, as hereditary Earl Marshal of England, or his deputy.

Subordinate to these kings are six heralds, who are known by the names of Windsor, Richmond,

Chester, Somerset, York, and Lancaster. Upon their installation, they take an oath "to be faithful to the king, and serviceable to gentlemen; to keep secrets, to assist distressed gentlemen and ladies; and to avoid taverns, dice, and disreputable houses." Their duties are to wait at court, attend public assemblies, and proclaim peace and war.

Besides these are the four pursuivants, with the formidable and romantic titles of Rouge Croix, Rouge Dragon, Portcullis, and Bluemantle. The oath they take is to be "true to the king, serviceable to all Christians, to keep secrets, and to be sober, lowly, and humble;" from whence it appears that they are not so strictly bound down as the heralds.

Besides these, there are three supplementary, or extraordinary officers, viz., the Mowbray herald, and two pursuivants, Blanch Lion and Rouge Rose.

The word "herald" is derived from two German words, *ehr* and *halten*, "to uphold honour." Various other etymologies have been suggested, but this is the most probable and reasonable. A good story is told of the king-at-arms in Ireland, which will not be out of place here. He waited upon the bishop to summon him to parliament, and the bishop's servant inquired the name of this strange visitor, with his embroidered coat and outlandish attire. He was told the title; but his imagination was so confused by the unusual apparition, which put him more in mind of the figures on a pack of cards than anything else, that he ran breathless to his master, and exclaimed "My lord, here is the king of trumps!"

Among the ancient members of the College of Heralds, we must not omit to mention some of whom English literature is justly proud; especially Camden, "the nourrice of antiquitie;" and after him, Dugdale, the author of the "Monasticon;" Vincent; and lastly, Lodge.

In this district is Apothecaries' Hall. It is a handsome edifice, with a plain front to the street; a gate leads to an open court, at the upper end of which a grand flight of stairs leads into the hall room. At the east end of the hall is a bust of Gideon De Laune, a Frenchman, apothecary to James I., and the cause of the incorporation of the Apothecaries' Company, in 1606; Robert Gower, esq., master in 1726; and several other persons of eminence.

In 1617, early in the reign of James I., it appears, from this company's records, that there were no more than 104 apothecaries in the city of London and its suburbs.

In the same district, upon the banks of the Thames, stood two castles, renowned in ancient story—Mountfitchet and Castle Baynard—all traces of which have long since disappeared, with the exception of the name of the latter, which is still preserved to the ward in which it was situated. Of Castle Baynard especially, many are the romantic tales which might be told. Its founder, Baynard, came over with William the Conqueror. In the reign of Henry I. the Baynard family forfeited their titles and possessions, and the castle was bestowed upon the Earls of Clare, and

from them descended to the Fitzwalters. A love story is told of this family, of the times of King John. Robert, baron Fitzwalter, lord of Castle Baynard, had a lovely daughter, known by the name of Matilda the Fair; and her story is thus related by Stow:—"The 'Chronicle of Dunmow' saith, that discord arose betwixt the king and his barons, because of Mawd, called the Fair, daughter of Robert Fitzwalter, whom the king loved; but her father would not consent, and thereupon war ensued throughout England. The king spoiled especially the castle of Baynard, in London, and other holds and houses of the barons. Fitzwalter, Fitzrobert, and Mountfitchet passed over into France; some also went into Wales, and some into Scotland, and did great damage to the king. Whilst Mawd the Fair remained at Dunmow, there came a messenger unto her from King John, about his suit in love; but because she would not agree, the messenger poisoned a boiled or poached egg, against she was hungrie, whereof she died, and was buried in the choir at Dunmow." The name of Robert Fitzwalter, the father of this unhappy maid, is placed by Matthew Paris, the annalist, at the head of the barons who came armed to King John in the Temple, and made those demands which finally resulted in the signing of Magna Charta. Another romantic story is related of his reconciliation with the king, which we would fain hope is not true; and there is difficulty in believing it, from the confusion of dates. If King John really poisoned his daughter, and acted

throughout towards him as he is represented to have done, no true man, as Fitzwalter appears to have been, would have ever condescended to be taken into his favour. The following is the story. King John being in France, after the flight of Fitzwalter from England, concluded a truce with the French King for five years. When the truce was proclaimed, an English knight invited any knight of the French to cross the stream that divided the two armies, and take a joust or two with him. The invitation or challenge was accepted, and a knight of the French plunged his horse into the river and swam across, and defeated the English knight in so masterly a manner, that King John, struck with admiration, is said to have exclaimed, "happy is the king who has such a knight as this!" The words were reported to the victor, who was no other than Fitzwalter, who had joined the French army; and he was so flattered with the praise, that he came the next day, threw himself at the feet of John, and was pardoned for his defection. He then returned to England, rebuilt Baynard Castle, which John had thrown down, and resided in it with great magnificence until his death.

Whether or not this story be true in all its particulars, it is certain that the castle was rebuilt by Lord Fitzwalter. This nobleman possessed many privileges, and was castellain and standard-bearer to the city of London. The rights that belonged to him are thus set forth in the city histories:—

"The said Robert and his heirs ought to be and

are chief banners of London, in fee for the chastelary, which he and his ancesters had by Castle Baynard in the said city. In time of war the said Robert and his heirs ought to serve the city in manner as followeth: that is,

"The said Robert ought to come, he being the twentieth man of arms, on horseback, covered with cloth or armour, unto the great west door of St. Paul's, with his banner displayed before him of his arms. And, when he is come to the said door, mounted and apparelled as before is said, the mayor with his aldermen and sheriffs, armed in their arms, shall come out of the said church of St. Paul unto the said door, with a banner in his hand, all on foot; which banner shall be gules, the image of St. Paul, gold; the face, hands, feet, and sword of silver: and as soon as the said Robert shall see the mayor, aldermen, and sheriffs come on foot out of the church, armed with such a banner, he shall alight from his horse and salute the mayor, and say to him, 'Sir Mayor, I am come to do my service which I owe to the city.'

"And the mayor and aldermen shall answer, 'We give to you as to our banneret of fee in this city, the banner of this city, to bear and govern to the honour of this city to your power.'

"And the said Robert and his heirs shall receive the banner in his hands, and go on foot out of the gate, with the banner in his hands; and the mayor, aldermen, and sheriffs shall follow to the door, and shall bring an horse to the said Robert, worth 20*l.*,

which horse shall be saddled with a saddle of the arms of the said Robert, and shall be covered with findals of the said arms.

"Also they shall present to him 20*l.* sterling, and deliver it to the chamberlain of the said Robert, for his expenses that day. Then the said Robert shall mount upon the horse which the mayor presented to him, with the banner in his hand; and, as soon as he is up, he shall say to the mayor, that he must cause a marshal to be chosen for the host, one of the city; which being done, the said Robert shall command the mayor and burgesses of the city to warn the commons to assemble, and all go under the banner of St. Paul; and the said Robert shall bear it himself to Aldgate, and there the said Robert and mayor shall deliver the said banner of St. Paul to whom they think proper. And, if they are to go out of the city, then the said Robert ought to chuse two out of every ward, the most sage persons, to look to the keeping of the city after they are gone out. And this counsel shall be taken in the priory of the Trinity near Aldgate. And before every town or castle which the host of London shall besiege, if the siege continue a whole year, the said Robert shall have, for every siege, of the commonalty, of London, one hundred shillings, and no more."

In time of peace the Fitzwalters enjoyed extensive jurisdiction for the trial and conviction of offenders, and various privileges. His charter set forth: "And so the said Robert and his heirs

hath honour, that he holdeth a great franchise within the city, that the mayor of the city and citizens are bound to do him right; that is to say, that, when the mayor will hold a great council, he ought to call the said Robert and his heirs to be with him in council of the city; and the said Robert ought to be sworn to be of council with the city against all people, saving the king and his heirs. And when the said Robert cometh to the hustings of the Guildhall of the city, the mayor, or his lieutenant, ought to rise against him, and set him down near unto him; and, so long as he is in the Guildhall, all the judgments ought to be given by his mouth, according to the record of the recorders of the said Guildhall: and so many waifes as come so long as he is there, he ought to give them to the bailiffs of the town, or to whom he will, by the council of the mayor of the city."

Baynard's Castle was burned down in the year 1428, when it appears to have been in possession of the royal family of England. It was rebuilt by the celebrated Humphrey, duke of Gloucester, for his own residence. In this castle the council assembled which proclaimed the Earl of March, king, under the title of Edward IV.; and here also, his luckless boy was proclaimed under the title of Edward V. But the place has acquired its greatest celebrity in connexion with the name of Richard III. Every reader of history, and of Shakspeare, will remember the scene where Buckingham makes his famous speech to the citizens, and where Richard, then lodged in Baynard Castle, coyly accepted the crown he had so

fiercely sought. The scene is the court of Baynard's Castle, which is supposed to be filled with citizens of London, headed by the mayor and aldermen, amongst whom enter Catesby and Buckingham, to persuade them to shout for the Protector. Richard appears in a gallery above, between two bishops, and Buckingham pointing upwards to him, addresses the lord mayor—

> "Ha! ha, my lord, this prince is not an Edward;
> He is not lolling on a lewd day-bed,
> But on his knees at meditation;
> Not dallying with a brace of courtezans,
> But meditating with two deep divines;
> Not sleeping to engross his idle body,
> But praying to enrich his watchful soul.
> Happy were England, would this virtuous prince
> Take on himself the sovereignty thereof;
> But sure, I fear, we shall ne'er win him to't."

After great dallying with the power he longs to clutch, and in which the bard has faithfully followed the chronicles of the time, Richard dismisses the citizens with a refusal, when Catesby exclaims—

> "Call them again, sweet prince, accept their suit,
> If you deny them all the land will rue it."

and Richard replies—

> "Will you enforce me to a world of cares?
> Well, call them again, I am not made of stone,
> But penetrable to your kind entreaties,
> Albeit against my conscience and my soul."

The citizens come back accordingly; the crown is accepted; and Richard—holy man—retires with the bishops to prepare for his coronation.

Baynard's Castle, which was again rebuilt, or perhaps only renovated and repaired, a few years after this, was the scene of many other historical events, prior to its destruction in the great fire of 1666. Henry VII. lodged in it occasionally, and from hence made several of his solemn processions. Here, in 1505, he lodged Philip of Austria, the matrimonial King of Castile, tempest-driven into his dominions, and showed him the pomp and glory of his capital.

This castle was the residence of Sir William Sydney, who died chamberlain and steward to Edward VI. It next became the residence of the Earls of Pembroke, who, on the 19th of July, 1553, about a fortnight after the death of Edward VI., assembled the council of the nobility and clergy, at which the determination was taken, on the motion of Lord Arundel, to abandon the cause of Lady Jane Grey, and to proclaim Queen Mary, which accordingly was instantly done in different parts of the city. Queen Elizabeth visited and took supper with the Earl of Pembroke at this castle. After supper, the queen showed herself from the balcony to the people that had assembled in boats and barges on the river; and afterwards entered her own barge, amid a brilliant display of fire-works and loud acclamations.

The Earls of Shrewsbury were the last proprietors of Baynard's Castle, and resided in it until its destruction by the great fire. It is represented in

an old print of London as a square pile surrounding a court, and surmounted with numerous towers. A large gateway in the middle of the south side led to the river by a bridge of two arches and stairs. It was never afterwards rebuilt. Various wharves and warehouses now stand upon its site; and a modern house with a gateway, upon which is painted in large letters, the words "Baynard's Castle," is supposed to stand upon the spot occupied by the entrance-gate of the old castle.

The other castle, of which mention is made by Fitzstephen in his account of London, was called the Castle of Mountfichet, and stood to the west of Castle Baynard. It was founded by Gilbert de Montfichet, a native of Rouen, and related to the Conqueror: he brought with him a great force, and fought gallantly in his cause in the field of Hastings. This tower was demolished by King John in 1213, at the same time that he demolished the neighbouring castle, after his quarrel with the barons, about his persecution of the beautiful Matilda Fitzwalter.

Adjoining Baynard's Castle there was also another tower, built by Edward II., which his son gave to William de Ross, of Hamlake in Yorkshire, he having done service in the wars against Scotland and France, for which he paid yearly a rose. This tower was afterwards called Legat's Inn.

On Paul's Hill Wharf formerly stood an assemblage of houses, which are said by Maitland to have gone by the name of Diana's Chamber, and to have

been so called from a building in the form of a labyrinth, erected here by Henry II. for the better concealment of Fair Rosamond. Maitland says, "for a long time there remained some evident testifications of tedious turnings and windings, as also of a passage under ground from his house to Castle Baynard; which was no doubt the king's way from thence to the *Camera Dianæ*, or the chamber of his brightest Diana."

There seems, however, to be no authority for this supposition. Why there should have been an underground passage to Castle Baynard, which belonged, at the time spoken of, to Robert Fitzwalter, and was inhabited by him and his fair daughter Matilda, then an infant, it is difficult to imagine.

In the same crowded district that we are now traversing, is the famous Puddle Dock and Printing House Square. Thames Street begins at Puddle Dock, a wharf used for a laystall, to which the rakers carry street-soil, and much frequented by barges and lighters to carry it away; and also for landing corn and other goods. A great deal of money has been at various times spent by the city in keeping this place in a wholesome condition.

Printing-House Square takes its name from the King's Printing Office, which was formerly in this place; and where, by patent from the crown, were printed the bible and common prayer-books, acts of parliament, proclamations, king's speeches, &c. This building was long con-

sidered the most capacious and commodious house of its kind in the whole world, and is praised as such in Entick's "History of London." The premises are now occupied by the "Times" newspaper establishment,—one of the wonders of modern civilization, so mighty in their influence for the good or the evil of society; but happily, in England employed as the means of furthering the improvement and instruction of the human race. The circulation of the "Times" is greater than that of any daily paper in the United Kingdom, and its influence and wealth in the same proportion greater than that of any other journal in the world. It has long been conducted with great ability; and those who condemn its principles and attack it for its changes of politics, willingly confess that, as regards talent and enterprise, not a word can be said in its disparagement.

In this district also is the church of St. Andrew-by-the-Wardrobe, of which the well-known Romaine was for many years the incumbent. This church was formerly called St. Andrew-by-Baynard's-Castle, and is supposed to have been founded by the Fitzwalters. The King's Wardrobe was built in its vicinity, in the year 1300.

Mr. Malcolm has printed extracts from the manuscript account-book, since preserved in the Harleian collection, of a keeper of this wardrobe, from the middle of April to Michaelmas, 1481. During the period of less than six months, over which the

accounts extend, the sum of 1174*l.* 5*s.* 2*d.* appears to have been received by the keeper, for the use of his office. Of this the most considerable portion seems to have been expended in the purchase of velvets and silks from Montpelier. The velvets cost from 8*s.* to 16*s.* per yard; black cloths of gold, 40*s.*; what is called velvet upon velvet, the same; damask, 8*s.*; satins, 6*s.* 10*s.* and 12*s.*; camlets, 30*s.* a-piece; and sarcenets from 4*s.* to 4*s.* 2*d.* Feather beds, with bolsters, "for our sovereign lord the king," are charged 16*s.* 8*d.* each. A pair of shoes of Spanish leather, double-soled, and not lined, cost 1*s.* 4*d.*; a pair of black leather boots, 6*s.* 8*d.*; hats, 1*s.* a-piece; and ostrich feathers, each 10*s.* The keeper's salary appears to have been 100*l.* per annum,—that of his clerk, 1*s.* a-day; and the wages of the tailors, 6*d.* a-day each. The king sometimes lodged at the wardrobe; on one of which occasions the washing of the sheets which had been used, is charged at the rate of 3*d.* a-pair.

Leaving this district, we proceed again towards the direct line of Cheapside, taking the east end of St. Paul's cathedral in our course, that we may make mention of Paul's School. This celebrated seminary was founded in the year 1507, by Dr. John Colet, the then Dean of St. Paul's, and completed in 1512, for 153 children. Erasmus, in a letter to Justus Jonas, translated by Dr. Knight, in his "Life of Dean Colet," gives the following account of the school and its founder: "Upon the death of his father, (who had been twice Lord Mayor of London,) when,

by right of inheritance, he was possessed of a good sum of money, lest the keeping of it should corrupt his mind, and turn it too much towards the world, he laid out a great part of it in building a new school in the churchyard of St. Paul's, dedicated to the child Jesus,—a magnificent fabric; to which he added two dwelling-houses for the two several masters, and to them he allotted ample salaries, that they might teach a certain number of boys free, and for the sake of charity. He divided the school into four apartments. The first, viz., the porch and entrance, is for catechumens, or the children to be instructed in the principles of religion, where no child is to be admitted but what can read and write. The second apartment is for the lower boys, to be taught by the second master or usher: the third for the upper forms, under the head-master; which two parts of the school are divided by a curtain to be drawn at pleasure. Over of the master's chair is an image of the child Jesus, of admirable work, in the gesture of teaching, whom all the boys, going and coming, salute with a short hymn; and there is a representation of God the Father, saying, 'Hear ye him,'—these words being written at my suggestion. The fourth, or last apartment, is a little chapel for divine service. The school has no corners or hiding-places, nothing like a cell or closet. The boys have their distinct forms or benches, one above another. Every form holds sixteen, and he that is head or captain of each form has a little kind of desk, by way of pre-eminence. They are not to admit all

boys of course, but to choose them in according to their parts and capacities." The wise and sagacious founder saw that the greatest hopes and happiness of the commonwealth were in the training up of children in good letters and true religion; for which purpose he laid out an immense sum of money, and yet he would admit no one to bear a share in this expense. Some person, having left a legacy of 100*l.* sterling towards the fabric of the school, Dean Colet perceived a design in it, and, by leave of the bishop, got that money to be laid out upon the vestments of the church of St. Paul. After he had finished all, he left the perpetual care and oversight of the estate, not to the clergy, not to the bishop, not to the chapter, not to any great minister at court, but amongst the married laymen in the Company of Mercers, men of probity and reputation: and when he was asked the reason for so committing the trust, he answered, "that there was no absolute certainty in human affairs; but, for his part, he found less corruption among such a body of citizens than in any order or degree of mankind." The following is the dean's own account of his reasons for founding the school, and of the observance which he wished kept up in it, as he gave it in writing to Mr. William Lilye, the grammarian, and the first head-master of the school, on the 18th of June, 1518, six years after its completion:—

"John Colet, son of Henry Colet, dean of St. Paul's, desiring nothing more than education, and bringing up children in good manners and literature,

in the year of our Lord 1512, built a school [not fully finished till that year] at the east end of St. Paul's church, for one hundred and fifty-three boys, to be taught free in the same.

"And ordained there a master, a sur-master, and a chaplain, with sufficient and perpetual stipends ever to endure; and set patrons, defenders, governors, and rulers of the same school, the most honest and faithful fellowship of the Mercers of London.

"And, for because nothing can continue long and endure in good order without laws and statutes, I, the said John Colet, have expressed my mind, what I would should be truly and diligently observed and kept of the said master, sur-master and chaplain, and of the Mercers, governors of the school: that in this book may appear to what intent I founded this school."

Then follow his ordinances: "That he founded the school in the honour of *Christ Jesu in pueritia*, (*i. e.*, at twelve years old teaching the Jewish doctors) and of his blessed mother Mary. That the high-master should be chosen by the wardens and assistants of the Mercers. That he be a man whole in body, honest, virtuous, and learned in good and clean Latin literature, as also in Greek, if such might be gotten; a wedded man, a single man, or a priest that hath no benefice with cure or service. His wages to be a mark a-week, and a livery gown of four nobles delivered in cloth. His lodgings to be free; and to have the tenement of Stebbonhith or Stepney to resort unto. That the sur-master be

versed in learning, and well lettered, to teach under the master; either a single man, wedded, or priest that hath no benefice with cure or service: to be whole in body. The high-master to choose him, as the room shall be void; and to be confirmed by the surveyors of the school. Lodgings to be assigned him in the Old Change. His wages to be 6*s.* 8*d.* per week, and a livery gown of four nobles delivered in cloth. That there shall be in the school a priest daily, as he could, to sing mass in the chapel of the school, and to pray for the children to prosper in good life and in good letters. That he was to be some honest, good, and virtuous man: to be chosen by the wardens and assistants of the Mercery. To learn himself, or, if learned, to help to teach the school, if it seemed convenient to the high-master. To have no benefice with cure of souls, nor no other office or occupation. To teach the children the catechism, and instruction of the articles of faith and the ten commandments in English. His wages to be 8*l.* by the year, and a livery gown of 26*s.* 8*d.* delivered in cloth. His chamber and lodging to be in the new house in the Old Change, or the master's lodging.

"Children of all nations and countries indifferently to be taught, to the number of 153. The master to admit these children as they be offered; but first to see that they can say the catechism, and also read and write competently; and to pay 4*d.* for writing their name: which money, the poor scholar that swept the school was to have. Thrice a day, viz,

morning, noon, and evening, prostrate to say the prayers contained in a table in the school. No tallow candles, but only wax to be used. No meat, drink, or bottles, to be brought; nor no breakfasts nor drinkings in the time of learning. That the scholars use no cock-fighting, nor riding about of victory, nor disputing at St. Bartholomew's; which are but foolish babbling and loss of time. That they have no remedies [*i. e.*, play-days begged], except the king, an archbishop, or a bishop, present in his own person, desired it. The children every Childermas-day to go to Paul's Church, and hear the child-bishop sermon, and after to be at the high mass, and each offer a penny to the child-bishop; and with them the masters and surveyors of the school. In general processions, when warned, they shall go two and two together soberly; and not sing out, but say devoutly seven psalms with the litany. That if any child admitted here go to any other school to learn there, such child for no man's suit be again received into the school.

"To be taught always in good literature, both Latin and Greek, and good authors, such as have the very Roman eloquence joined with wisdom; especially christian authors, that wrote their wisdom with clean and chaste Latin, either in verse or prose. But, above all, the catechism in English; after that the accidence. Then 'Institutum Christiani hominis,' which Erasmus made at my [*i. e.*, Colet's] request; the 'Copia Verborum' of the same author. Then other christian authors: as Lactantius, Prudentius and

Proba; Sedulius, Juvencus, and Baptista Mantuanus; and such other as shall be thought convenient for the true Latin speech.

"The honourable company of Mercers of London to have all the charge, and care, and rule of the school. They too chose every year of their company two honest, substantial men, to be the surveyors of the school, who, in the name of the whole fellowship, should take all the care and business of the school for that year. They to come into the school six days before Christmas, and so many days before Easter, St. John Baptist, and Michaelmas; and pay the masters and chaplains their quarterly wages, and at the latter end of the year their liveries in cloth. And once in the year to give up their accounts to the master, wardens and assistants; and that to be about Candlemas, three days before or three days after. Then a little dinner to be made, and to call to account the receiving of all the estate of the school; and the master-warden to receive a noble, the two other wardens 5*s.*, the surveyors 2*s.*, and for their riding to visit the lands 11*s.*, the clerk of the Mercery, 3*s.* 4*d.*, with some other gifts. That which was spared that day in rewards and charges to be put into the treasury of the school. What remained, to be given to the fellowship of the Mercery, to the maintaining and repairing all belonging to the school from time to time. The surplusage, above repairs and casualties, to be put into a coffer of iron, given by Colet standing in their hall: and there, from year to year, to remain apart by itself, that it might appear

how the school of itself maintained itself. And at length, over and above the whole livelihood, if the said school grow to any further charge to the Mercery, that then also it might appear to the laud, and praise, and mercy of the said fellowship.

"Lastly, that it might be left to the said company to add and diminish to and from this book, and to supply it in every default; and also to declare in it, as time, place, and just occasion shall require."

The original building was consumed in the fire of 1666, and rebuilt by the Mercers' Company. The present edifice was built in 1824, from the designs of Mr. G. Smith. It is a handsome and substantial building, and boasts a very fine library, in addition to its other conveniences. Among the great or eminent men educated at this school, were Leland and Camden, the antiquaries, and the immortal author of "Paradise Lost." Among other celebrated names entered in the books of the school, are Sir Anthony Denny, privy counsellor to Henry VIII.; Sir William Paget, afterwards Lord Beaudesert, who died in 1563; Sir Edward North, who died in the same year; Dr. Whittaker, the well-known antagonist of Cardinal Bellarmine; William Burton, author of the "Commentary on the Itinerary of Antoninus;" Sir Peter Pett, an eminent civilian, one of the first members of the Royal Society; Samuel Pepys, whose letters and memoirs have lately attracted so much attention; Dr. Benjamin Calamy; Robert Nelson, author of the "Companion to the Festivals and Fasts of the Church;" Richard Cumberland, bishop of Peter-

borough; Charles, duke of Manchester, who died in 1721; John, duke of Marlborough; the Right Honourable Spencer Compton, Speaker of the House of Commons; Dr. Alured Clarke; Charles, earl of Orrery, the philosopher whose name is so well known for the astronomical instrument he invented; Strype, the editor of Stow's "History and Survey of London," and other works; Sir John Strange, master of the rolls; Dr. Halley, the astronomer; Admiral Sir Thomas Troubridge; Thomas Taylor, the platonic philosopher; and the antiquaries, Roger, Charles and Samuel Gale.

A singular custom was formerly kept up by the scholars, on the eve of St. Bartholomew. It was usual, after the lord mayor and aldermen had been in procession through St. Bartholomew's Fair, for them to go to Christ's Hospital, where a disputation was held between the scholars of three foundations, viz.: those of Christ's Hospital, St. Anthony's, and St. Paul's School. Three exercises were provided; the rewards to the victors for the first, were a silver pen gilt, of the value of 5*s.*, and the master had a reward of 6*s.* 8*d.*; for the second, a silver part only partially gilt, of the value of 4*s.*, and 5*s.* in money to the master; and for the third, a plain silver pen of the value of 3*s.*, and a prize of 4*s.* to the master. There were two masters of arts as judges, who had each for his attendance the present of a silver rule of the value of 6*s.* 8*d.* The disputation being ended, the lord mayor and aldermen entered the dinner hall of the hospital, where they partook of fruit and wine, and then departed.

FROM CHEAPSIDE TO THE TOWER.

CHEAPSIDE, formerly called West Cheap, was the great street of ancient London—the street that contained the handsomest shops, that was inhabited by the richest burghers, and that witnessed more of the pomp of the Londoners, their fêtes, their processions, their public ceremonies, their executions, and all the paraphernalia of their municipal dignity, than others in the city. Here is the church of Bow, to be born within the sound of whose bells, makes a man a Londoner, and the Guildhall; and here was formerly the great conduit of the city, and the cross erected by King Edward, to the memory of his Queen Eleanor. Many is the stirring scene enacted within it. Here, as we have already mentioned, fell the brave William Longbeard, Bow Church blazing to give notice of his fate; and here, at the Standard, Stapleton, bishop of Exeter, was beheaded by the mob, in the reign of Edward II. The bishop, during the civil war excited against this unfortunate king and his equally unfortunate favourites, was appointed *custos* of the city, to the deposition of the lawful mayor. On the departure of the king for Bristol to raise an army for his defence against the queen and the barons, the Londoners arose, and having destroyed the palace of the bishop, seized the prelate at the door of St. Paul's, as he was dismounting from his horse, and dragged him by the hair of his head through the mud to Cheapside. Here they placed him on a scaffold at the

Standard; and an artisan, having read a mock proclamation that he was a traitor, appealed to the multitude to pass sentence upon him.—The cry of "off with his head!" immediately arose, and in less than five minutes the sentence was executed. One victim was not sufficient. John Marshall, a wealthy citizen, who had been on intimate terms with Spencer, the obnoxious favourite of the king, was dragged out of his house amid shouts of execration, and beheaded at the same place. The brother of the Bishop of Exeter was seized about half an hour afterwards, and underwent the same fate; and the naked bodies of the three were then dragged through the city, and buried among the rubbish in the Tower ditch. In the following reign a great number of thieves were executed at the same place. So lawless was the state of society, about the year 1328, that set fights, between bands of armed robbers and the persons they endeavoured to plunder, took place in the streets even in broad daylight. A vigorous effort was however made in this year, to put down this evil; the citizens armed themselves for mutual defence, and succeeded in capturing some of the most notorious of the banditti, who were executed at Cheapside without trial, and with very little ceremony of any kind, and the remainder driven from their haunts on the north to the south side of the Thames.

In the following year a grand tournament took place in Cheapside, on a scale of the greatest magnificence, having been expressly ordered by the

king, for the entertainment of the French ambassador and his suite, before whom his majesty was anxious to show off the splendour, the gallantry, and the bravery of his good people of London. The king, queen, and all the court were present; and the mayor, aldermen, and common council attended with their holiday paraphernalia—their furred caps, red robes, and gold chains to grace the ceremonies. In the midst of the sports, the scaffolding erected for the queen and her ladies suddenly gave way, and some of them were thrown to the ground. Great alarm ensued; but as the scaffolding was not very high, no serious damage was done, and the worst mischief was the soiling of some splendid dresses, and the terror of the fair wearers. The king, who was in great wrath, sent immediately for the carpenter who constructed the scaffolding, and ordered him forthwith to be hanged! The queen, tender-hearted as all ladies are, or ought to be, was much shocked at this cruel sentence, and fell down on her knees before the king, and with tears in her beautiful eyes, besought him to forgive the poor man who had meant no harm, and who was as sorry for the accident as any one present, and most likely more so. The king, as a gentleman and a husband, could of course refuse nothing to so fair a lady, and on her knees too; and the poor carpenter was forgiven. Several distinct and hearty rounds of applause from the immense assemblage, greeted the queen as she arose, and she was ever afterwards exceedingly popular in London. A stone scaffolding

was in consequence of this accident erected for the accommodation of the court in similar circumstances. It stood at the upper end of Queen Street, commanding a view to the east and west of Cheapside, and northwards down King Street to Guildhall.

In the year 1339, Cheapside was the scene of another event which marks the lawless character of the age. The companies of the Skinners and the Fishmongers were long on ill terms with each other, and a band of each guild meeting by chance in Cheapside, renewed their old feud in the street, and began to fight not only with sticks, but with the sharper weapons which it was then, and long after, the practice of the richer burghers to carry. A crowd collected to witness the encounter, and a great uproar ensued. Several of the combatants were carried away wounded and bleeding; and the mayor, Andrew Aubrey, then sitting in the Guildhall, collected a force and proceeded to the scene of action, to quell the disturbance. The Skinners were headed by one John le Bremer, and the Fishmongers by Thomas Hansard. These two champions, when they saw the mayor and his men-at-arms approaching, suddenly forgot their animosities, and when the mayor rode in among them, joined together with their respective forces, and after a long struggle, drove his worship and his retainers ignominiously from the field. The sheriffs, however, arrived with a large reinforcement, and Le Bremer and Hansard, and five others, were taken into custody. Andrew Aubrey, who seems to have been a choleric and

violent man, was burning with rage at the indignity he had suffered, and caused the culprits to be immediately brought before him at Guildhall. Here, without jury or form of trial, his worship sentenced the whole seven of them to be hanged! Strange as it may appear, this sentence was carried into effect on the following day, at the standard in Cheapside, in the presence of an immense multitude, who never seem to have questioned the power or authority of the chief magistrate to act as he had done. Aubrey himself, however, when his rage cooled, was apprehensive that he had exceeded his powers, and the blood of his seven victims lay heavy on his soul. The king, then absent in Normandy, was applied to for an indemnification, and the whole corporation, as they had supported the mayor in this stretch of power, joined in his prayer. The king appears to have approved of the conduct of the mayor, and to have thought that he did the state good service by his well-timed severity. He granted a full indemnification; and expressed his own determination to treat in a similar manner all future disturbers of the public peace.

In Cheapside, Wat Tyler's mob beheaded several persons; and Jack Cade also shed the blood of Lord Say and Sele upon the same place. The spot seems to have been marked out for deeds of violence. The famous riot of the apprentices, in the reign of Henry VI., began here. A linen-draper's apprentice, in the year 1454, set upon an Italian, to whom he owed a grudge, who was walking along Cheapside, and

stabbed him with a knife. He was taken into custody immediately, and led off towards Newgate; but the other apprentices hearing of the circumstance, assembled in great numbers, rescued him from the hands of the watch, and bore him off in triumph. A cry was raised that an English apprentice should not suffer for a vile Italian—the cry spread; the Italians were wealthy, and the houses of several rich people of that country, who resided in Lombard Street, were attacked and plundered by the apprentices, who were joined, as soon as havoc began, by all the idle vagabonds of London. The mayor collected an armed force to suppress the riot. The mob were attacked, and several persons were killed, and many others wounded before the disturbance was appeased. Some of the ringleaders were taken into custody and conveyed to Newgate; but the apprentice who was the original cause of all the mischief escaped, and took refuge in the Sanctuary at Westminster.

The Dukes of Buckingham and Exeter were sent with a considerable force to assist the mayor in the trial of the offenders. On the day of trial, however, such a crowd collected in Cheapside and opposite Guildhall, threatening to take the lives of the king's commissioners, and pull down the Guildhall, if the trial was proceeded with, that it was judged advisable to postpone it to a future day. The mob were so far satisfied; and their leaders said the trial should proceed, if it were left wholly to the city authorities. This was agreed to; the lord mayor convened a

court of common council, and sent orders to all the guilds of the city, praying the wardens and members of each, to use, individually, every exertion to keep their respective neighbourhoods in quiet, and to furnish, privately, the names of all parties whom they knew to be implicated in the late riots. These measures had the desired effect. The trial, after the lapse of some weeks, when the angry passions of the apprentices had somewhat cooled down, was proceeded with. Three of the delinquents were sentenced to be hanged, and were hanged accordingly at Tyburn, and about fifty others were sentenced to various terms of imprisonment, with fines or whipping.

At the very commencement of the reign of Edward IV., a man named Walter Walker, who kept a shop, the sign of the "Crown," in Cheapside, was hanged opposite his own door. His only crime, if we may believe the old historians, was his joke, "that he would make his son heir to the 'Crown,'" which was construed into a charge of high treason. Edward had only reigned eight days when this occurrence took place; and it seems very improbable that he would have allowed this man to be executed if there had not been some graver charge against him than this. The matter, however, remains in doubt.

Henry VIII., in the year 1509, went to Cheapside to witness one of the singular customs of the ancient Londoners. Having heard many tales of the splendour of the procession of the city watch on the eve of St. John, he disguised himself in the habit of a

yeoman of the guard, and witnessed it from the public thoroughfare of Cheapside. He was so pleased with what he saw, that on the next procession, on the eve of St. Peter and St. Paul, he brought the queen and all the ladies of the court to Cheapside, that they also might see it. The procession on this occasion is thus described:

"The city music preceded the lord mayor's officers in parti-coloured liveries; then followed the sword-bearer, on horseback, in beautiful armour, before the lord mayor, mounted also on a stately horse richly caparisoned, attended by a giant and two pages on horseback, three pageants, morris-dancers, and footmen. The sheriffs marched next, preceded also by their officers in proper liveries, and attended by their giants, pages, morris-dancers, and pageants: then followed a large body of demi-lancers in bright armour, on stately horses; and after them a body of carabineers in white fustian coats, with the city arms upon their backs and breasts; a division of archers, with their bows bent, and shafts of arrows by their side; a party of pikemen in crosslets and helmets; a body of halberdeers in crosslets and helmets also; and a great party of billmen with helmets and aprons of mail, brought up the rear. The whole consisting of about 2000 men, in several divisions, with musicians, drums, standards, and ensigns, ranked and answering each other in proper places; who marched from the conduit at the west end of Cheapside, through Cheapside, Poultry, Cornhill, and Leadenhall Street, to Aldgate; and back again through

Fenchurch Street, Gracechurch Street, Cornhill, and so back to the conduit from whence it first set out; illuminated with 940 cressets, or large lanthorns, fixt at the ends of poles, and carried on men's shoulders; of which 200 were provided at the expense of the city, 500 at the expense of the incorporated companies, and 240 at the expense of the city constables. And besides these, the streets were well lighted with a great number of lamps hung against the houses on each side, decorated with garlands of flowers and greens."

Cheapside is also remarkable in the romantic annals of London, as the place where the disturbances broke out on the 1st of May, 1517, which have given to that day the name of "Evil May-day." There is a ballad on the subject reprinted by the Percy Society, in a collection of songs and ballads relating to the London apprentices and trades. It does not, however, give a correct account of this singular passage in London story; but the introduction to the ballad details it truly:

"The 1st of May, 1517, is a remarkable day in the annals of London, and has been called 'Evil May day,' on account of the calamities which it occasioned. For some time previous there had existed a growing jealousy in the city towards the foreigners and non-freemen who were permitted to exercise their craft within the walls, to the detriment of the freemen, whose profits were in consequence much reduced. One John Lincoln, a broker, was loud in his complaints, and made himself very conspicuous in his

enmity to the foreign artisans. He had influence enough with a popular preacher, named Bell, to induce him to make allusions in his sermons to the injustice of suffering these foreigers to take the bread out of the mouths of native-born Englishmen. The preacher entered into the cause with so much zeal, and expatiated with so much eloquence on the hardships of the oppressed freemen, that the whole city was in a ferment. This was about the middle of April; and day after day it was whispered abroad, among the people, that on May-day some dreadful event would take place. It was impossible to trace this dark and menacing rumour to its source—nobody knew what was to happen, but every one was prepared for something extraordinary.

"While the popular mind was in this state of excitement, the young men of the city insulted and abused every foreigner they passed. Three young men, named Studley, Stevenson, and Betts, made themselves particularly conspicuous; and having, on the 28th of April, met five or six foreign traders in Cheapside, they abused and beat them in so shameful a manner, that the lord mayor deemed it necessary to interfere, and sent out a strong party of the city watch to capture the offenders, who were immediately conveyed, bound hand and foot, to the Compter.

"The indignation of the people against the foreigners now began to assume a more threatening complexion, and the vague rumours of the preceding fortnight hourly acquired a fearful consistency; and it was openly asserted, that on May-day evening

every foreigner in London would be put to the sword. This rumour having reached the ears of Cardinal Wolsey, he sent in all haste for the lord mayor the sheriffs, and the principal aldermen, and told them what he had heard, and that he should hold them responsible for the tranquillity of the city. This was on the 30th of April, or May-day eve; and as soon as the lord mayor was dismissed from the presence of the cardinal, he returned to the city, and immediately summoned a common-hall, to adopt such measures as should appear advisable for the preservation of the peace. The Guildhall was in less than an hour crowded by the aldermen and common councilmen, all filled with the most intense anxiety as to the fearful rumours that were abroad.

"After a long debate, it was agreed that orders should be immediately issued to every householder in the city, calling upon him to shut up his house, and keep his children, apprentices, and servants, strictly within doors, from nine o'clock that night until nine on the following morning. It was nearly eight o'clock before they agreed to this resolution, and it was necessary that they should acquaint Cardinal Wolsey of what they had resolved, as they could do nothing without his approbation. The recorder was, in consequence, charged to proceed with the utmost haste to Westminster, and inform the cardinal. The latter signified his approval of this precautionary measure, and the recorder rode back again into the city, where he arrived at half-past eight. There now remained but the short space

of half an hour to proclaim this order in every part of the city; the consequence was, that the clock struck nine before the proclamation had been read in more than two or three places.

"An unfortunate, and certainly unpremeditated, circumstance, rendered all the precautions vain, and let loose the flood of angry passions. Alderman Sir John Mundie, having just left the common-hall, was passing through the Cheap, on his way home, when he saw two apprentices playing at buckler in the middle of the street. It was a few minutes past nine o'clock; and, without staying to inquire whether the order had yet been published in that quarter, he threatened to send the two young men to the Compter. The over-zealous alderman met with an insolent answer from the youths, who had no idea of leaving off their sport; and this having roused his ire, he seized hold of one of them, with the intention of dragging him off to prison. This unfortunate act was the signal for the commencement of the riot. Several other apprentices, who were looking on, no sooner saw this act of violence offered to their companion, than they raised the customary cry of 'Prentices! 'prentices!—Clubs! clubs!' In less than a minute the cry was responded to by a boisterous crowd of the young men of the city, armed with clubs, bills, staves, and weapons of every description. They rescued the apprentice from the grasp of the alderman, who had great difficulty in escaping with his life from the hands of his enraged assailants.

"The riot had now begun in earnest, and the

apprentices were joined by upwards of seven hundred watermen, porters, and idle fellows, from all parts of the city. Another mob, with a similar purpose, collected about the same time in St. Paul's Churchyard, and the two having effected a junction, and being increased every minute by fresh bands of riotous apprentices from all parts of the town, commenced the work of destruction. Their first object was the release of Stevenson, Studley, and Betts, who had been committed to Newgate two days before, and they proceeded in that direction, bearing down all opposition, till they arrived at the gates of the prison. The gaolers were summoned to deliver up their captives; and, this being refused, the mob instantly broke open the doors, and brought them out in triumph.

"Their next feat was to force open the Compter, set all the prisoners loose, and then plunder the building, of which they left nothing but the bare walls standing. Having thus recruited their ranks by the addition of men who were not likely to be very scrupulous as to what they attempted, they rushed on, hallooing and shouting, to Leadenhall Street, where several of the foreigners resided, pillaging a house in St. Martin's-le-Grand in their way, because somebody from a window had cried out, 'Down with the 'prentices! down with the rioters!' The strangers, who had heard, in common with every other inhabitant of the city, the dark and sinister rumours of the preceding week, had taken care of their own safety, and transported themselves and

their families to places of security, without the walls —to Islington, Hackney, and other villages. The mob, thus baulked of their victims, vented their rage upon their dwellings, and pillaged every house where foreign traders or artisans, non-freemen, were known to reside, levelling to the ground such of them as were not strong enough to resist their furious onset. This scene of plunder and confusion continued without intermission until three o'clock in the morning, when the rioters, exhausted with their own violence, separated gradually, and returned to their homes.

"In the meantime the government had not been idle, and Cardinal Wolsey, on the first intimation of the real state of affairs in the city, had despatched a message, with orders to the lieutenant of the Tower to commence a discharge of artillery upon the city. Several shots were fired, but as they only damaged the houses, without producing the slightest effect upon the mob, the assault from this quarter was discontinued, and the Earls of Shrewsbury and Surrey were ordered to enter the city at the head of a strong body of troops. They did not, however, effect an entrance until the rioters had begun to disperse of their own accord, when they aided the lord mayor in capturing nearly three hundred of the most violent, including some women, who had excited the rest.

"Next morning one of the aldermen recalled to mind the seditious sermons of Dr. Bell, and orders were immediately given for his apprehension, and that of John Lincoln, the broker, who had originally prevailed upon him to preach to the people as he

had done. They were both sent the Tower, and the following day was fixed for their trial, along with the other rioters. The trial, owing to the great number of prisoners, was afterwards fixed for the fourth of May, when the Duke of Norfolk and the Earl of Surrey were sent, on the part of the king, to aid the lord mayor. The former entered the city with a force of upwards of one thousand men, under whose escort the whole of the prisoners were led at once through the streets from Newgate to Guildhall. The court was set, and John Lincoln, Betts, Studley, and ten others, were found guilty, and ordered to be taken next day to the place of execution, and to be hanged, drawn, and quartered. The remaining rioters, whose trial had not been proceeded with, were remanded to prison until a future day.

"The king's commissioners were determined on this occasion to strike terror, and orders were given that ten gallows' should be erected during the night in different parts of the city. One was placed before Newgate, another at the Compter, and the remaining eight at Aldgate, Bishopsgate, St. Martin's-le-Grand, Mark Lane, Leadenhall Street, Gracechurch Street, Aldersgate Street, and Smithfield. Early in the morning the thirteen unfortunate men were brought to the place of execution; and John Lincoln, in the presence of a large body of soldiers to keep the crowd in awe, was first hanged.

"The spectators were remarkably silent, and looked upon each other with lowering eyes, to think of the undue severity which was about to deprive so

many men of life—for a rumour was spread abroad that every one of the three hundred would surely be hanged. The luckless companions of Lincoln, having been forced to behold his death-struggles for a time, were then led off to other quarters of the city, with the ropes about their necks, followed by the array of the soldiery, and the immense but silent mob. They had just arrived at the next gallows, when a horseman, covered with dust, rode rapidly through the mass, which opened for him as he came. Every eye was turned towards him—a fearful stillness reigned, and the multitude almost held its breath, in anxiety to discover the message of the hard-riding horseman. Wiping the perspiration from his forehead with one hand, he presented a document to the sheriffs with the other. It was a reprieve for the remaining culprits. An overpowering shout of 'God save the king!' resounded through the air, as soon as the multitude were made acquainted with it, and the prisoners were then led back to Newgate.

"This act of grace was not a pardon, but only a reprieve till the king's pleasure should be known, and the lord mayor and aldermen, who had heard that the king was highly incensed with them, resolved to wait upon Henry, who was then at Greenwich, and exculpate themselves from all blame. The king did not receive them so graciously as they had expected; but told them in angry terms, that such men as they ought not to be entrusted with the government of a great city;—that they had been guilty of gross negligence at the very least, and, for

all that he yet knew to the contrary, might have connived at the riot, for their own dishonest purposes. With this he dismissed them, adding, that if he had anything further to communicate to them upon the matter, they should hear it from the mouth of the Lord Chancellor Wolsey.

"The lord mayor and his fellows left the royal presence in no enviable frame of mind, and remained for two days in a state of anxiety as to the ultimate intentions of the king. At the end of that time a note was received from Cardinal Wolsey, to the effect that they should present themselves with befitting humility, and with the whole of their prisoners, before the king, at Westminster Hall, on the 22nd of May. Accordingly, the lord mayor, the recorder, the sheriffs, and many of the aldermen and members of the common council, appeared before the king. They were all dressed in mourning robes, in token of contrition for their negligence. The king sate on the throne at the upper end of Westminster Hall, surrounded by Cardinal Wolsey, the Dukes of Norfolk and Suffolk, the Earls of Surrey, Shrewsbury, and Essex, and others of the principal officers of state. After the lord mayor and the other city functionaries had made their obeisance to the king, orders were issued for the introduction of the prisoners, who, to the number of two hundred and seventy-eight, including eleven women, were marched into the hall, tied together in couples, dressed only in their long shirts, and with halters about their necks.

"The Lord Chancellor Wolsey then addressed the

magistrates in the king's name, and rebuked them in severe terms for their negligence in not taking proper precautions to preserve the peace of the city, and the lives and property of strangers who had taken up their abode within their walls, in the fullest reliance that they would be protected by the right feeling of the magistracy, as well as by the law. The lord mayor and his company bowed their heads in submission, and made no reply. Cardinal Wolsey then turned from them to the long array of unfortunate prisoners, and asked them what they could plead in extenuation of their offence, and wherefore they should not one and all be sentenced to death? The degraded and miserable trim of the culprits, and the sobs and cries for mercy by which alone they answered the interrogatory of the chancellor, somewhat softened the heart of Henry; some of the nobility present even shed tears, and implored the king to pardon the unhappy culprits. After a little solicitation, Henry allowed himself to be persuaded, and having listened to a severe admonition from the cardinal as to their future conduct, they were ordered to be discharged. The same night the ten gallows', the shame and dread of the city, were removed amid the general rejoicings of the inhabitants, upon whose mind the clemency of the king produced a more salutary effect than all the rigour he could have employed."

Of Bow Church, the most prominent object in the street, we shall speak hereafter, but at present must devote some space and attention to those remarkable

buildings, associated with the name of Cheapside, which are, however, no longer in existence, and these are, the Standard, the Conduit, and the Cross! Of the Standard we have already made incidental notice, as the place where various sanguinary deeds were perpetrated. It stood nearly opposite to Honey Lane. The time of its foundation in unknown. In the reign of Henry IV., the executors of John Wells, who had been lord mayor, had licence to rebuild the Standard, then in a ruinous state, of stone, together with a conduit in the same, for the commodity and honour of the city, with the goods of the said testator. "In 1439," says Pennant, "Eleanor Cobham, wife of Humphrey, duke of Gloucester, walked barefoot from the Standard to St. Paul's, with a sheet over her and a taper in her hand, to do penance for the crime of witchcraft, with which she was charged." The reader will remember the introduction of this lady by Shakspeare, in the second of his series of plays on the life and times of Henry VI. Margery Jourdain, known as "the Witch of Eye," was hanged in Smithfield, for the same charge of conspiring the death of Henry VI. The duchess appears to have been so far guilty of witchcraft, that she was a believer in it, and sought its aid to accomplish the death of her sovereign. If there had been any virtue in her pretended charms and incantations, she would have been, in fact, as she was in thought, a murderess, and so she was deservedly punished. She pleaded guilty to several of the charges, and was condemned to do penance three

times in the streets of London, and then to be imprisoned for life in the castle of Chester. "On Monday the 13th of November," says Stow, "she came from Westminster by water, and landed at the Temple Bridge, from whence, with a taper of wax of two pounds in her hand, she went through Fleet Street, hoodless (save a kerchief), to Paul's, where she offered her taper at the high altar. On the Wednesday next she landed at the Swan in Thames Street, and thus went through Bridge Street, Grace-church Street, straight to Leadenhall, and so to Christ Church by Aldgate. On Friday she landed at Queenhithe, and so went through Cheapside to St. Michael's in Cornhill, in form aforesaid, at all which times the mayor, sheriffs, and crafts of London received her and accompanied her."

The Conduit in Cheapside was begun between the years 1281 and 1284. The city had been long supplied with water from the various little brooks, Walbrook, the Fleet, the river of Wells, and others, that traversed it. But these being insufficient, the city obtained a grant from Gilbert de Sandford, lord of the manor of Tyburn, of certain springs in his estates in the vicinity of St. Mary's Bourn, the present Marylebone, whence water was to be conveyed into the city to the conduits or reservoirs, in leaden pipes of six inches in diameter. The conduits were leaden cisterns cased with stone, and the principal of them was this at Cheapside, which took forty-eight years to build and complete, and was long considered a master-piece of workmanship. Stow

has preserved a list of the various conduits. Besides this principal one, were the Tun in Cornhill, the conduit at Paul's Wharf, a second smaller conduit in Cheapside, and the conduits in Fleet Street, Aldermanbury, Cripplegate, Grass Street, Holborn Cross, Lamb's Conduit at the top of Snow Hill, Stock's Market, Bishopsgate Street, London Wall facing Coleman Street, Aldgate, Lothbury, Dowgate, Old Fish Street, Broken Wharf, and Aldersgate. For upwards of a century, however, the conduit in Cheapside appears to have been the only one in London; and the Tun in Cornhill, the next in eminence to it, was not erected until the year 1401. On the side of the latter was erected a cage, with a pair of stocks over it, for the punishment of night-walkers; and a pillory above all, for the chastisement of thievish millers and cheating bakers. The conduit in Cheapside was rebuilt in 1479. having fallen to decay, by Thomas Ham, one of the sheriffs, and remained until a better supply of water was obtained by the exertions of Sir Hugh Myddleton from the New River. It was for many years considered an obstruction to the thoroughfare, and being burned down in the great fire, was not afterwards rebuilt.

The Cross in Cheapside, which stood near the conduit, nearly opposite Wood Street, was one of the affectionate memorials erected by Edward I. in the year 1290, to the memory of his queen, Eleanor, whom he loved so well. In the year 1441 it had become so ruinous, that John Hatherley, the mayor,

procured a licence from Henry VI. to re-edify it in a more beautiful manner. It was ornamented with various images and emblems, such as the resurrection, the Virgin Mary, &c. At every public entry of a sovereign, it was gilt and burnished. After the Reformation the emblems of popery gave great offence, especially the figure of the Virgin Mary, and an image of Diana, which had been found in the Thames, was substituted. The other figures were continually mutilated by the mischievous zeal of the people, until their form and identity were quite destroyed. It was finally demolished in 1643, by order of the parliament, who sent Sir Robert Harlow, a fiery, puritanical captain, into the city for this purpose, attended by a troop of horse and two companies of foot.

We have now to speak of the well-known church of St Mary-le-Bow, which, next to St. Paul's, is better known in civic story than any other church in London. This church takes its name of Bow from having been one of the first built in England upon bows or arches.

It was built in the reign of King William the Conqueror, and at first named New Mary Church; afterwards they gave it the addition of *de arcubus*, or le-bow, in West-cheaping, or Cheapside. It has always been a church of much consideration amongst the citizens of London. In 1512 the steeple was, for the first time, finished, with arches and bows thereupon, and five lanterns; one at each corner, and one at the top, in the middle, upon the arches, made

of stone imported from Caen in Normandy; which lanterns were intended to have been glazed, and to have lights placed in them every night in the winter, to give light to all that passed by in the street. And, when this church and steeple were burnt, in 1666, there fell, with the steeple, a melodious chime of twelve bells.

This church has always been in the gift and under the jurisdiction of the Archbishop of Canterbury, and is at the head of his peculiars in this city.

The present edifice is brought about forty feet more towards the high street; so as to make it range with the houses. Sir Christopher Wren was the architect; and, in digging the foundation for this new ground, he, with surprise, sank about eighteen feet deep through made ground, under which he found a Roman causeway, four feet thick, of rough stone, close and well rammed, with Roman brick and rubbish at the bottom; upon which Sir Christopher resolved to lay the foundation of that weighty and lofty tower.

The church was built in 1673. The steeple, its great ornament, which is universally admired, was surveyed in 1819, and found to be in a dangerous state, when it was taken down and rebuilt on the same plan.

In the year 1090, this church, which was then principally of wood, was much damaged by a tempest. The roof was carried completely off by the wind, and the rafters, seventy-six feet long, borne into the swampy unpaved street with such force,

that they entered the ground to the depth of twenty-two feet, and could not be removed. The stumps remaining above ground were afterwards cut to the level of the road.

In the year 1195, Bow Church became the sanctuary of William Longbeard, and was set on fire, as we have already detailed in our account of that last of the Saxons. It was rebuilt shortly afterwards, and, in the year 1281, the steeple fell into the street, and killed several persons who were passing.

In 1284, Lawrence Ducket, a goldsmith, having wounded Ralph Crepin, in Cheapside, took sanctuary in Bow Church steeple; Crepin's friends surprised him in the night, and hanged him so artfully in one of the windows, that the coroner's inquest gave their verdict self-murder, and ordered the body to be drawn by the feet and buried in a ditch without the city. However, a boy, who lay with Ducket that night, and had concealed himself during that barbarous action, at last gave information against the murderers. Many were apprehended, of whom sixteen were hanged; and a woman, the contriver of the murder, was burnt alive; other persons of distinction concerned, were amerced in pecuniary fines: and the disgraced body was taken up and buried decently.

On the north side of the church, towards the street, was the large stone building, called in the records, the Sildam. This is the gallery built for the accommodation of the royal family, after the wood scaffolding gave way with Queen Philippa, during the

tournament, of which mention has been made already. It was also called the Crown Sild, and in 1410 was confirmed by Henry IV. to several mercers, by the name of "our new sildam, shed, or building, with all shops, cellars, and edifices thereto belonging."

A romantic incident connected with this church is known to all the youth of England. The bells of Bow were those that rang the prophecy in the ears of Richard Whittington, when he sat down disconsolate upon the mile-stone at Highgate, the world and all its troubles before him, and knew not whither to go—

> "Turn again Whittington,
> Lord Mayor of London,"

said the bells; and he did turn, as all the little boys and girls in Great Britain devoutly believe, and became indeed that high dignitary.

Among the eminent rectors of Bow Church, were Thomas Newton, bishop of Bristol, the well-known author of the "Dissertations on the Prophecies;" Martin Fotherby, bishop of Salisbury; Samuel Bradford, bishop of Bristol; and Dr. Apthorpe, author of "Letters on the prevalence of Christianity."

Lydgate, the city poet in the reigns of Henry VII. and VIII., makes his moneyless pilgrim thus speak of Cheapside, in his ballad of "London Lackpenny:"

> "Then to the Chepe I began me drawne,
> Where much people I saw for to stand,
> One offered me velvet, silk, and lawn,
> Another he taked me by the hand,
> 'Here is Paris thredde, the finest in the land.'
> I never was used to such things indeed,
> And wanting money I might not speed."

The Poultry is the street extending from the end of Cheapside to the Mansion House. Formerly, when this part was occupied by poulterers' stalls, there was a place called Scalding Alley, in which was a large house, where fowls were scalded preparatory to their being exposed for sale. This alley has since changed its name for that of St. Mildred's Court.

St. Mildred's Church in the Poultry, is said to have been originally founded by a lady, daughter to Merowald, a Saxon prince. The next church being destroyed by the great fire, the present structure was completed in 1676. A church also, called St. Christopher Le Stocks, stood on the ground now occupied by the south-west corner of the Bank of England.

Bucklersbury was in Stow's time inhabited by grocers and apothecaries. It took its name from one Buckle, who had in it a large manor-house of stone. Poor Buckle, it is said, lost his life in a strange way; for, intending to pull down an old tower near his house, built by Edward I., for want of care, a stone fell and crushed him to death. But as it was his intention to replace the same with a handsome wooden house, or according to the expression of those times, a "a goodly frame of timber," though this was not accomplished by him, it was completed by another person who married his widow.

In Cheapside is the entrance to Mercers' Hall. On this spot is supposed to have stood the hospital

of St. Thomas of Acon, founded by Thomas Fitz-Theobald de Helles and his wife Agnes, sister to the turbulent Thomas à Becket, who was born in the house of his father, Gilbert. The mother of our meek saint was a fair Saracen, whom his father had married in the Holy Land. This hospital rose about twenty years after the murder of Thomas. It consisted of a master and several brethren, professing the rule of St. Austin. This pile stood till it was burned in the great fire, after which it was handsomely rebuilt by the Mercers' Company. Mercery originally included all sorts of small wares, toys, and haberdashery. Not fewer than sixty-two lord mayors have been of this company; and among them Sir Richard Whittington, Sir Thomas Gresham, &c.

The following song, formerly sung by the Mercers' Company at their feasts, is preserved by Mr. Herbert, in his "History of the City Companies." Its date is 1701 :—

"Advance the virgin,—lead the van,—
Of all that are in London free,
The Mercer is the foremost man,
That founded a society.
Cho. Of all the trades that London grace,
We are the first in time and place.

When nature in perfection was,
And virgin beauty in her prime,
The Mercer gave the nymph a gloss,
And made e'en beauty more sublime.
Cho. In this above our brethren blest,
The Virgin's since our coat and crest.

Let others boast of lions bold,
The camel, leopard, and the bear,—
That tygers fierce their arms uphold,
And rav'nous wolves their scutcheons rear,
Cho. To us our virgin innocence
Is both supporter and defence.

Then let a loyal peal go round,
There's none dare claim priority;
To Cesar's health each glass be crown'd,
Whose predecessors made us free.
Cho. Of all the trades that London grace,
Our's first in dignity and place."

The Old Jewry is a narrow street to the east of Mercers' Hall; it took its name from the great synagogue which stood there till the Jews were expelled the kingdom in 1291. After this, the brothers of the Sack, an order of friars, got possession of this synagogue. But they did not hold it long—the great banner-bearer of the city, Robert Fitzwalter, obtained it from them, because it joined his own house, which stood where Grocers' Hall—a part of their chapel or church—is now. It was occupied in 1439 by Robert Large, lord mayor, and afterwards by Sir Hugh Clapton. At length it became a tavern called the Windmill.

Among the streets leading from Cheapside that are of interest, from the reminiscences attached to them, besides those already mentioned, are Bread Street and Milk Street, King Street and Queen Street, and all the districts between Cheapside and the Thames, including those two remarkable thoroughfares, Watling Street and Cannon Street.

Bread Street to the south, and Milk Street to the north, of Cheapside, were the birth-places of two great names in English history and literature—the first of John Milton, and the second of Sir Thomas More. How profitably and with what beneficial influence upon the minds of every generation as it arose, might a few pounds of the public money be employed in placing a stone tablet in the wall at the corner of each of these streets, with the simple inscription of this fact, and the date of the birth of these great men. It is impossible to say what emulation it might not excite; and what "mute inglorious Miltons" it might encourage to speak out, and bear up against the buffetings of an adverse fate. The house in Bread Street, where the great bard was born, and where his father carried on the profession of a scrivener, was burnt down in the fire of 1666. Dr. Knight, in his "Life of Dean Colet," says, "that before the fire the house was frequently visited out of curiosity by foreigners, by whom he was held in the highest admiration." This homage, however, supposing it were paid, must have been to his polemical and political reputation, and not to his poetry, for "Paradise Lost" was not then given to the world; nor is it very likely that the admiring foreigners spoken of, would have contented themselves with visiting an old house in Bread Street, when they might have feasted their eyes upon the living man in Bunhill Fields, where he then resided.

In Bread Street formerly stood Buckingham

House,—the town residence of the noble family of Stafford, earls of Wiltshire and dukes of Buckingham. Here also was a compter, for the imprisonment of disorderly persons.

At the corner of Bread Street and Watling Street is the church of All Hallows. In this church, on the 17th of August, in the 23rd of Henry VIII., two of the priests quarrelled before the altar: from words they came to blows,—and one of them drew blood from the other: For this offence all the services of the church were suspended for a month, the priests were committed to prison, and afterwards enjoined the penance to go before a general procession, bare-footed, bare-legged, and bare-headed, before the children of the parish, with beads and books in their hands, from St. Paul's through Cheapside, Cornhill, and to the easternmost limit of the city.

Stow, speaking of Basing Lane, thinks it must have been a corruption of Bakehouse, something of this nature being there in the 20th of Richard II.; but he could not say whether this was the king's bakehouse, or whether so named from bakers dwelling there, and making bread to serve the market in Bread Street. He adds, "Sure I am, I have not yet read of any Basing, or Gerard the giant, to have anything there to do." This inn he describes as a great house, built upon arched vaults of stone, and with arched gates, brought from Caen in Normandy. He adds, that "in the high roofed hall of this house stood a large fir-pole, said to have been one of the staves that Gerard used in the wars. There was also a

ladder of the same length." After the hall was altered, the poll still remained in a corner, being about thirty-nine feet in length, and fifteen inches thick. This was evidently nothing but a may-pole, used when it was the custom of every parish to set one up in the street, generally before the principal house. At Christmas-time these poles were set up in the large halls, decked with holly and ivy. The ladder served to ascend by, to decorate the top of the pole, and the roof of the hall.

The upper part of Queen Street was anciently called Sopar Lane, and was chiefly inhabited by "pepperers," or dealers in spice. The name of Sopar was derived from Allen le Sopar, the lord of some land here in the reign of Edward II. The street was also famous for pastry in the time of Henry VIII. The author of "The Lamentation against the City of London," in 1545, exclaims, "Thou must at Easter receive the God of Anti-Christ, and thou must buy it and pay for it, as men sometimes bought pies in Sopar Lane." The lower part of Queen Street was formerly called Broad Lane. It was formed after the fire of 1666 as a continuation of Sopar Lane, and a more direct passage from the Guildhall to the Thames. There was a public stairs at the end, at which the lord mayor and sheriffs usually embarked, when they went in their state-barges to be sworn into office at Westminster Hall. Blackfriars Stairs were afterwards used for this purpose. At the extremity of this street is Southwark Iron Bridge, a beautiful struc-

ture, erected in 1818, from the designs of Mr. Rennie. It consists of three grand arches of cast iron, the centre one of which is 240 feet in span, and the side ones 210 feet each. This is one of the narrowest portions of the Thames in London. The view of London from the middle arch is very striking, although scarcely equal to that from Waterloo Bridge, of which we have already spoken.

Watling Street, which intersects Queen Street, is part of the ancient Roman way that traversed England from Dover to Cardigan. The name has been derived from Adeling, a nobleman, from whence Watheling and Watling; but this does not seem very clear. The course of this road or street is thus represented by antiquaries:—It commenced at Dubris or Dover, and then continued over Barham Downs through Canterbury. It then crossed Harbledown, and passed by Broughton, Judde Hill, Stowe, Beacon Hill, Bapchild, and Sittingbourne, to the Roman station of Durolevum, the exact position of which has not been satisfactorily ascertained; thence up Chatham Hill to Durocolrivum or Rochester, where there was a ferry over the Medway; thence through Cobham Park, and on to the Roman station of Noviomagus, supposed to have been near Crayford, and over Bexley Heath, Shooter's Hill, and the borders of Blackheath, towards Lewisham to Kent Street, Southwark. Here there was a ferry from Dowgate Wharf, and the road continued by the street of which we are now speaking, by Aldersgate Street to

Islington, and across the country, to Cardigan, by St. Alban's and Dunstable.

A little below Watling Street is Little Carter Lane, and beyond it Sermon Lane, a corruption of Sheremoniers' Lane, from a place appointed for preparing, cutting, and rounding the silver for the coiners in the Old Change; this building was called the Black Loft, and had four shops adjoining to it. At the south-west angle of the Old Change, we meet with the parish church of Old Fish Street, a place so called, from being one of the resorts of fishmongers, and where two of their halls were situated. Labour-in-Vain Hill was formerly called Old Fish Street Hill, but received its new name from its steep ascent, and a court bearing that name. On the west side of this hill stood the ancient mansion of Mount Alto of Norfolk. In 1234, Ralph de Maydenstone, bishop of Hereford, purchased it of that family for his residence. The last Bishop of Hereford that lived in it repaired it in 1517, after which it was neglected and fell to ruin, the offices being converted into small tenements, and the principal apartments used for a sugar-house. The great fire levelled the whole, and the name is only preserved in the parish church of St. Mary Monthaw, built upon the site of the old chapel. William of Wickham, bishop of Winchester, lived in this parish in the reign of Richard II.

Cordwainers' Hall is situated at the top of Distar, corruptly called Distaff, and Maiden Lane. In the way to Basing Lane was the church of St. Margaret

Mores, burnt down in 1666, and never re-built. Sir Richard Dobbs was buried here, who had so much praise from Bishop Ridley, for moving Edward VI. to the foundation of the city hospitals. Passing Five Foot Lane, we come to Broken Wharf, so called from a great part of it having fallen into the Thames, and remaining unrepaired. Here was the residence of the ancient Earls of Norfolk. Hugh Bygod, in the forty-third of Henry III., was constable of the Tower; Lord Mowbray lived here; till at length, being deserted by its noble owners, the mansion was converted into the city brewhouse. The ancient hall was standing in Stow's time, and was still capacious enough for the occupation of Thomas Sutton, esq., founder of the Charter House Hospital. Opposite Broken Wharf is the parish church of St. Mary Somers Hithe, corruptly called Somerset. The first name it took from Somers Hythe or Wharf, belonging to a person named Somers. Near to Fig Lane is Boss Alley, from a boss, or water-course, similar to that at Billingsgate, erected by the executors of Sir Richard Whittington. Here also stood the city mansion of the abbots of Chertsey; afterwards inhabited by Lord Sandys. Lambert Hall, adjacent, contains a handsome structure, formerly used as the Blacksmiths' Hall. St. Peter the Little, or St. Peter's, Paul's Wharf, a small church which was remarkable for its persisting in the use of the liturgy of the church of England during Cromwell's time. For the accommodation of the bettermost sort of people at that time, we are told "the galleries were richly hung

with Turkey carpets, &c." There are six almshouses on St. Peter's Hill, called Embroiderers' Almshouses, founded by David Smith, embroiderer to Queen Elizabeth; after the fire of London they were re-built by Sir Thomas Fitch, knight, and baronet, and formerly a bricklayer.

Opposite the north end of St. Peter's, is the handsome house, built for the town residence of Sir Robert Ladbroke, father of the city from 1758 to 1773, and a member in several parliaments. In Thames Street, opposite this hill, stood Beaumont's Inn, belonging to the noble family of that name in the reign of Edward IV. This mansion afterwards came to the family of Lord Hastings, and hence, being the inheritance of the noble family of Huntingdon, it was called Huntingdon House. The abbots of St. Mary at York lived on the east side of St. Peter's Lane; their house afterwards came into the possession of Sir Michael Hicks, knight, secretary to the lord treasurer Burleigh, under Queen Elizabeth.

During the repair of the sewers in 1839, the workmen found, about the middle of Queen Street, at a depth of nineteen feet below the surface, the remains of an elegant mosaic pavement, which belonged to a Roman dwelling-house. The position of this pavement showed that the earth had accumulated over the original surface to a height exceeding fifteen feet. On the east side of Queen Street, passing to College Hill, was anciently called Kerion's Lane, of one Kerion, its owner. Richard Chaucer, the father of

the poet, citizen and vintner, gave to the church of St. Mary Aldermary, Bow Lane, his tenement and tavern, the corner of Kerion Lane. It is not certain that the father of English poetry was born here: some claim the honour of his birth-place for Oxfordshire, and some for Berkshire. Camden says he was born in London; and if so, most probably at the corner of this lane, in the house just mentioned.

Sir William Littlebury, *alias* Horn, so named by Edward IV. on account of his excellent blowing of the horn, was an inhabitant of this quarter, and distinguished himself by his legacies to the church of St. Thomas the Apostle, and several other places, which, Stow observes, were not performed, though his executors were charged with the same, as they should answer before God. This Sir William was the son of Thomas Horn, of Snaylewell, in Cambridgeshire, who was knighted on Bosworth Field by Henry VII.

Dowgate, Queenhithe, and the neighbourhood, were important places in old London, and claim some notice, as well as Cannon Street, in the same quarter.

The hall of the Skinners' Company is on Dowgate Hill. The company was incorporated in the year 1327, and is of great note in the annals of London. A full and interesting account of them may be found in Mr. Herbert's "History of the Twelve Companies." It was customary for the Skinners to march in procession through the streets of London, on Corpus Christi day, every year, bearing, says Stow, "more than one hundred torches of wax, costly garnished, burning light; and above two hundred clerks and

priests in surplices and copes, singing; after which came the sheriffs' servants, the clerks of the compters, chaplains for the sheriffs, the mayor's serjeants, the lord mayor and aldermen in their robes of state, and the Skinners in their best liveries;" or, to borrow the description of Dan John Lydgate, in his poem made upon the entry of Henry VI. into London, after his coronation in France,—

> "Their clothing was of colour convenable,
> The noble mayor clad in red velwet,
> The schrevys, the aldermen full notable,
> In furred clokyn, the colour scarlett,
> In stately wise where they were mett;
> Each one well horsed made no delay,
> But with the mayor rode forth on their way."

Lydgate has another upon this very subject, intituled the "Processionne of Corpus Christi," which is reprinted with others of the same author, in Mr. Halliwell's selection of his minor poems, for the Percy Society. In Hone's "Every Day Book," vol. i. page 742 *et seq.*, will also be found many curious particulars extracted from various authors, relative to the popular observance of the festival of Corpus Christi, which appears to have been kept up, not only by the Skinners, but by the guilds of Chester and Coventry, and other places, as well in England as on the continent of Europe.

Near Dowgate, runs concealed into the Thames, the ancient Wal-brook, or river of Wells, mentioned in a charter of the Conqueror to the college of St. Martin-le-Grand. It rises to the north of Moorfields,

and passed through London Wall, between Bishopsgate and Moorgate, and ran through the city; for a long time it was quite exposed, and had over it several bridges, which were maintained by the priors of certain religious houses, and others. Between two and three centuries ago it was vaulted over with brick, the top paved, and formed into the street called Wal-brook, and, for a long time past, known only by name.

The Three Cranes, in the Vintry, was the next wharf, which, in old times, by royal order, was allotted for the landing of wines, as the name imports. The cranes were the three machines used for the landing of the wines.

In the adjacent lane was the Painted Tavern, famous as early as the time of Richard II. In this neighbourhood was the great house, called the Vintrie, with vast wine-vaults beneath. Here, in 1314, resided Sir John Gisors, lord mayor, and constable of the tower. But the memorable feasting of another owner, Sir Henry Picard, vintner, lord mayor in 1356, must not be forgotten, who, "in one day did sumptuously feast Edward, king of England, John, king of France, the King of Cipres (then arrived in England), David, king of Scots, Edward, prince of Wales, with many noblemen and others; and after, the sayd Henry Picard kept his hall against all commers whosoeuer, that were willing to play at dice and hazard. In like manner, the Lady Margaret, his wife, did also keepe her chamber to the same intent."

In the 13th volume of Chaucer, page 159, in Bell's edition of "The British Poets," is a poem in praise of Chaucer, written by one Henry Scogan, entitled "a Moral Ballad to the Prince, to the Duke of Clarence, the Duke of Bedford, the Duke of Gloucester, the king's son, by Henry Scogan, at a supper among the merchants, in the Vintry of London, in the house of Lewis John."

Dowgate Hill is at present occupied on each side with warehouses. Here it is said the *obit* or annual donation of John Brickles, of bread and cheese to the poor, is still distributed with the ceremony enjoined; for instance, the person who gives it away stands on the hearth of the apartment. The pious memory of the donor and his wife is drunk in a cup of sack, and a Latin grace is pronounced on the occasion.

The excavations in progress in the city for improvements in the sewerage, and for other public works, are continually affording new matters of interest to the antiquary. In June 1839, the labourers engaged in deepening a sewer in Thames Street, opposite Vintners' Hall, in the middle of the street, at a depth of ten feet from the surface, discovered the perfect remains of an old Roman wall, running parallel with the line of the river. The wall was formed of alternate layers of flint, chalk, and flat tiles, and offered considerable obstructions to the workmen, from the firmness with which the materials were fixed together.

Close by Dowgate was a place called the Tower Royal, supposed to have been founded by Henry I.,

and inhabited, according to Stow, by King Stephen. It does not appear to have been called royal until the reign of Edward III., who occasionally lodged in it. It had been given to the college of St. Stephen, Westminster; but having again reverted to the crown in the time of Richard II., it was called the Queen's Wardrobe. It must have been a place of great strength; for when the rebels, under Wat Tyler, had made themselves master of the Tower, and forced from thence the Archbishop of Canterbury and every other victim to their barbarity, this place remained secure. Hither the Princess Joan, the royal mother, retired during the time the rebels were committing every excess in all parts of the town; and here the youthful monarch found her, after he had, by his wonderful calmness and prudence, put an end to this pestilential insurrection.

In this tower Richard, in 1386, lodged, when his royal guest, Leon III., king of Armenia, who had been expelled his kingdom by the Turks, took refuge in England. Richard treated him with the utmost munificence, loaded him with gifts, and settled on the unfortunate prince a thousand pounds a-year for life. After two months stay, he returned into France, where he also met with a reception suitable to his rank; and dying at Paris, in 1393, was interred in the Celestins, where his tomb is still to be seen.

Such was the insignificance to which this once famous place was at length reduced, that long before the great fire of London, its remains had been converted into warehouses and stables. The fire, how-

ever, swept away every vestige above ground, though since that period the remains of arches, foundations, &c., are to be seen in several cellars in that neighbourhood.

The original name of Queen Hithe was Edred's Hithe. This was one of the places for large boats and even ships to discharge their lading, as there was a drawbridge on one part of London Bridge occasionally pulled up to admit the passage of large vessels. This hithe or wharf had been in King Stephen's hands, who gave it to William de Ypres; he transferred it to the Convent of the Holy Trinity, without Aldgate; however, in Henry III. it came again to the crown, and obtained its name of Queen's Hithe. That monarch compelled the ships of the Cinque Ports to bring their corn here, and to no other place. This, Pennant thinks, was part of her majesty's pin-money.

Cannon Street is a corruption of Canwick or Candlewick Street, as taking its name from being the residence of candle-makers. In this street, also, many weavers of woollen-cloth were settled in business, having been brought from Flanders by Edward III., and their meetings were held in the churchyard of St. Lawrence Poultney. Those of Brabant met in St. Mary Somerset's churchyard in Thames Street. There were then in Cannon Street, says Stow, "weavers of drapery, tapery, and napery."

Lydgate, in his ballad of "London Lackpenny," has the following allusion to this street:—

"Then went I forth by London Stone,
Throughout all Canwicke Street;
Drapers much cloth offered me anone,
Then comes me one, cried 'hot sheepes feete.'
One cried 'mackrel,' 'ryster grene,' another gan grete;
One bad me buy a hood to cover my head,
But for want of money I might not speed."

The London Stone mentioned in these verses is still to be seen in the wall of St. Swithin's church. The stone is supposed to have been a Roman milliarum in the line of the great road of Watling Street. It has been, and still continues to be, preserved with great care. It is now cased with another stone, cut hollow; so that the ancient one may be open to the inspection of the curious without being exposed to injury.

In Parquill and Marfarius, 1589, we read: "Set up this bill at London Stone. Let it be doone sollemnly, with drom and trumpet, and looke you advance my cullour, on the top of the steeple right over against it." Also, "If it please them these dark winter nights, to sticke uppe their papers uppon London Stone." Hence it is presumed it was customary to affix papers against this stone, as an official place for public reading.

The most remarkable incident connected with it is that Jack Cade, on his triumphal march from his inn in Southwark through London, struck his hand upon the sword, exclaiming, "Now is Mortimer Lord of London," and then sat down upon it, as if taking possession. Shakspeare relates the event in the 2nd part of "Henry VI.," act 4, scene 6. Jack Cade enters

and strikes his *staff*, not his *sword*, as the old chroniclers say, and exclaims, "Now is Mortimer lord of this city. And here, sitting upon London Stone, I charge and command that of the city's cost, the priory conduit run nothing but claret wine, this first year of our reign; and now henceforward it shall be treason for any that calls me other than Lord Mortimer." We have already seen that it was customary on great occasions, for the conduits to run with red wine, at the cost of the city, and hence Jack's allusion.

Shakspeare, however, has done injustice to the character of Jack Cade, and historians have followed in the wake of the poet, exaggerating the ignorance and the faults, and suppressing the virtues of that popular leader. In an unhappy time, when the fields of England were strewed with dead, slain in the quarrels of contending factions, when the people had scarcely the shadow of a right, and were never thought of by the ruler of the land, except when they wanted fools to fight their battles, or when they wanted money, that could by any possibility be wrung or squeezed out of the population; this man, the despised Jack Cade, stood forward, to plead for the cause of the million. He made himself the voice of the people; he understood their grievances, and made a bold effort to redress them; and if that effort were a violent one, it was the fault of the age, and not of him. Hume, in his imperfect account of this great insurrection, appears not to know exactly whether he shall praise or blame its leader:—in one

place he calls him as in reproach, "a man of low condition, one John Cade;" and in another he represents him as "an able man, who could see the discontents of the people, and lay upon them the foundation of projects, which were at first crowned with surprising success;" "a man who did not complain without cause, but who raised his voice against the numerous abuses of government, and demanded redress for the just grievances of the people; who maintained order at great personal risk among his excited followers, and published severe edicts against plunder and violence of every kind." A complete list of the grievances complained of by Cade, is preserved in Stow's "Annals," and gives a high opinion of his shrewdness and moderation, and makes him appear anything but the ignorant man it has been the fashion to represent him. The city of London was long in his favour; and its merchants supplied him without murmur, with sufficient rations for his large army encamped on Blackheath. Stow has preserved the following form of a passport, granted to the citizens of London, to have free access to his presence:

"The safeguard and sign-manual of the Captain of Kent, sent to Thomas Cook, draper of London, by the Captain of the great assembly in Kent.

"By this our writing ensealed, we grant and will permit truly, that Thomas Cook, of London, draper, shall come in good surety and in safeguard to our presence without any hurt of his person, and so avoid from us again at his pleasure, with all other

persons assigned to his denomination with him coming in likewise."

On Cade's entrance in the city, he made proclamations in the king's name, that no man on pain of death, should rob or take anything without paying for it. One of his men named Paris disobeyed these orders, and having been found plundering, was tried by a jury of his fellows, and sentenced to be beheaded. The sentence was carried into execution on Blackheath; but Cade found that with all his energy he could not repress the violence of the people. He stemmed the torrent long and bravely; but it carried him away at last, and the insurrection became a lawless and bloody one, and all was lost. The Londoners drew back; the supplies they had formerly granted were withheld, and the cause fell to ruin, because each man wished to act for himself, and would not listen to the moderate counsels of him who had been the directing mind of the enterprise. The story of his hanging the clerk of Chatham, merely because he could read and write, is a calumny. Cade was not so ignorant or so brutal; and his own list of grievances and representations to the government, which are drawn up in a style of homely eloquence, show that though he could not write himself, (an dno shame to him, when the first people of the land were in the same ignorance,) that he could appreciate those gifts, and employ them too. The Jack Cade of Shakspeare is a mere ass, who never could have acquired such power as he had, and kept it so long as he did; and it seems evident, whatever crimes may

be laid to his charge, that he was far from being a fool; but a clear-headed man, worthy of better instruments than those he employed, and of a better fate.

On the other side of Cheapside, to which we must now return, are Wood Street, King Street, and the Guildhall of London, each claiming some notice. Wood Street and Whitecross Street, says a MS. note of Mr. J. T. Smith, found among his papers, were the last streets from which the signs were taken down, about the year 1773.

Before the rebuilding of London, after the fire in 1666, there was no King nor Queen Street; Queen Street, as we have already mentioned, was called Sopar Lane.

The church of St. Alban, Wood Street, is one of the most ancient foundations in London. Stow says, that the first church that stood here was at least as ancient as King Adlestan the Saxon, who began his reign about 924; and as tradition says, had his house at the east end thereof, with a door into Adel Street, to which it gave the name; and which in all ancient evidences is written King Adell Street.

Wood Street is celebrated for the hall of the ancient Company of Parish Clerks. This company were incorporated in the 17th of Henry III., anno 1232. They formerly published the bills of mortality, a yearly bill at Christmas; and presented an account of all the christenings, diseases, casualties, &c., weekly and yearly, to the king. Their ancient hall was at the sign of the Angel in Bishopsgate Street, and here they had seven almshouses for

widows. "Unto this fraternity men and women of the first quality, ecclesiastics and others, joined themselves." Among their chartered privileges are these: "to be exempt from all parish offices in the parish where they officiated; to have a printing press and a printer in their common hall; to administer an oath to their members on their admission; to be observant of, and obedient to all such wholesome rules, made, or to made, conducive to the common profit and benefit of the company or fellowship." Before this oath can be administered, a parish clerk newly chosen, must produce a licence under the seal of the Bishop of London; he may then be sworn on the following court day, and received as a brother. Sometimes a certificate under the hands of the minister and churchwarden of the parish, may be admitted, in case a licence has not been obtained. Formerly clerks attended great funerals, walking before the hearse and singing with their surplices hanging on their arms, till they arrived at the church. They had also public festivals, celebrated with music and singing. When they met, till 1560, in Guildhall chapel, they had an even-song, and next a communion, whence they proceeded to dinner in Carpenters' Hall. In 1562, they dined in their own hall, after keeping communion in Guildhall chapel, and receiving seven persons into the brotherhood; after which they attended a "goodly play of the children of Westminster, with waits, regals, and singing."

Silver Street, is so called on account of silversmiths residing here formerly; it also contained the church

of St. Olave, the site of which, the church not having been rebuilt after the fire of London, remains now as a burial-place. In ancient records, this church is called St. Olave de Mucwell, on account of its proximity to Mucwell or Monkwell Street. One of the first objects of attention in this street was the meeting-house in Windsor Court. It was here that Mr. Doolittle opened the first dissenting place of worship in London. Dr. James Fordyce, author of the "Sermons to young Men and Women," preached here many years.

The present Guildhall for the transaction of the business of the city, and for the celebration of the great corporation feasts, was begun about the year 1411. The original city hall appears from Stow and other topographers, to have been in Aldermanbury, but this being found small and inconvenient, a new site was chosen in the year mentioned. Most of the city companies subscribed towards the expense of its erection, and the executors of the celebrated Sir Richard Whittington gave 35*l.* towards paving the hall with Parbeck stone. Various bequests were made at different times, and some addition or improvement was continually being made to it, until the beginning of the sixteenth century. In the fire of 1666, the Guildhall was greatly damaged; the out-offices were burned down, but the solidity of the wall of the principal building preserved it from total destruction, and it was substantially repaired within three years, at an expense of about 3000*l.* only. The building was further repaired in the beginning of

the eighteenth century, and again in 1789 and 1790; "when," says Mr. Brayley ("Londiniana," vol. i. page 92), "the ancient venerable aspect of the hall was metamorphosed into the truly gothic *façade* which now presents itself, and in which all order and propriety of architecture is set at defiance." The following account of the latest improvements in the Guildhall, is from that valuable little work, "The Mirror:"

"On the 14th of December, 1837, the Committee of City Lands in a report, recommended that the east end of the Guildhall should be made to correspond with the west end, as regards the architecture, by forming gothic panelling at an expense of 230*l.*; and in a second report, 15th of March, 1838, the committee add, 'The clerk of the city works having since reported that the three statues, formerly in front of the chapel in Guildhall Yard, were in possession of the corporation, and might, in his opinion, be put into a state of repair at an expense of 60*l.*, and be introduced at the east end of the hall in niches;' and then the report goes on to say, that a proposal having been made 'by Messrs. Robson and Estall for the execution of the said works, amounting to 452*l.* 6*s.*, exclusive of the expense of the restoration of the said figures, the committee was of opinion that the introduction of the said statues would add much to the effect and general character of the building; and recommended, therefore, that they should be authorized to execute the said works, and to draw on the chamber for the payment of the expense thereof.'

This last recommendation was confirmed on the 30th of March following, when the works proceeded; and they were finished by the end of the following month of October, from the drawings, and under the direction of Mr. Montague, the city architect, and his son. They are erected on the hustings at the east end of the Guildhall, consisting of four arched compartments of graceful proportions, with projecting rich-pointed cornice. The splendid statue of Queen Elizabeth is placed in the centre niche, with Charles I. on the south side, and Edward VI. on the north: the whole forming a very appropriate and imposing termination to that end of the hall."

In Guildhall are kept the nine courts of the city: viz., 1. The Court of Common Council. 2. The Court of the Lord Mayor, and his brethren the Aldermen. 3. The Court of Hustings. 4. The Court of Orphans. 5. The two Courts of the Sheriffs. 6. The Court of the Wardmote. 7. The Court of Hallmote. 8. The Court of Requests, commonly called the "Court of Conscience." 9. The Chamberlain's Court for binding apprentices, and making them free.

As the Guildhall is the seat of the municipal government of London, it may not be amiss to give in this place a short account of the corporation and its various offices. The city is divided into twenty-six wards, viz., Aldgate, Portsoken, Cornhill, Cheap, Bassishaw, Cripplegate, Vintry, Bread Street, Tower, Billingsgate, Farringdon without, Bridge Ward, Aldersgate, Coleman Street, Broad Street, Farringdon

within, Castle Baynard, Queenhithe, Dowgate, Walbrook, Langbourn, Lime Street, Candlewick, Cordwainer, Bishopsgate, and Bridge Ward without.

The mayor, or lord mayor, is the supreme magistrate of London, chosen annually by the citizens, pursuant to charter. The liverymen of the several companies, assemble in Guildhall annually on Michaelmas-day, according to an act of common council, A.D. 1476, and nominate two aldermen below the chair, who have served the office of sheriff, to be returned to the Court of Aldermen, who may choose either of the two, but who generally declare the senior of the two, so returned, to be the lord mayor elect.

The election being over, the lord mayor elect, accompanied by the recorder and divers aldermen, is soon after presented to the lord chancellor (as his majesty's representative in the city of London) for his approbation; and on the 9th of November following, is sworn into the office of mayor, at Guildhall, and on the day after before the barons of the Exchequer at Westminster. In the morning of that day the aldermen and sheriffs repair to the lord mayor's residence; from whence they attend him to Guildhall in procession, to Blackfriars Bridge, where the lord mayor, aldermen, recorder, and sheriffs go on board the state barge of the city, attended by the several guilds in their barges, and so proceed to the Court of Exchequer to take the oath. In the evening the lord mayor's feast is given in the Guildhall.

The lord mayor, upon all public occasions, is clothed, according to the season, either in scarlet or

purple robes, richly furred, with a velvet hood and golden chain, or collar of SS., with a rich jewel appendant; and, when abroad, he is attended by a great number of his officers, before and on each side; and when on foot, his train is supported by a page, and the city sword and mace carried before him, attended by the sheriffs.

The officers belonging to the lord mayor, for the support of his dignity, are—the sword-bearer, who, for the expense of his table, has a very considerable annual allowance; the common hunt, common crier, and water-bailiff, who have all great salaries or perquisites, with each the title of esquire; the three serjeant-carvers; three serjeants of the chamber; a serjeant of the channel; two yeomen of the chamber; four yeomen of the water-side; a yeoman of the channel; an under-water-bailiff; four young men waiters; three meal-weighers; two yeomen of the wood-wharf; and the foreign taker.

The lord mayor is admiral of the port of London, clerk of the markets, guage of the city, and *ex officio* chairman of all the committees of the corporation. On the accession of a new monarch, he is summoned to attend the privy council; and at the coronation he officiates as chief butler, and receives a golden cup as his fee. He is also *ex officio* a trustee for preserving St. Paul's cathedral.

The lord mayor sits every morning at the Mansion House, or place where he keeps his mayoralty, to determine any differences that may happen among the citizens, and to do other business incident to the

office of a chief magistrate. Once a month he attends, assisted by one or more of the judges of the superior courts of Westminster, at the Sessions-House, Old Bailey, now called the Central Criminal Court, for the trial of prisoners in Newgate. The lord mayor is also conservator of the river Thames, and holds occasional courts for the removal of obstructions in the river, and for the destruction of illegal nets, and the punishment of offenders.

The aldermen are the governors of the respective wards for which they are chosen, and formerly were elected annually. They now hold their office for life, or during good behaviour. The Court of Aldermen is in its official capacity the bench of magistrates for London. It decides on the validity of the election of certain functionaries of the city; grants freedoms in particular cases; admits and swears in certain officers and brokers; and receives the presentments of the inquests of the wards. In its executive capacity it has a power to order payments out of the city funds; it superintends the prisons and the police, and orders prosecutions.

The title of the Court of Common Council is "the Lord Mayor, Aldermen, and Commons of the City of London, in Common Council assembled." A great part of the business of this court is managed by its six standing committees, viz., the committee of city lands; the bridge house committee; the Thames navigation committee; the committee of control over corn and coal meters; the finance committee; and the committee for general purposes.

The members of the common council have power in their corporate capacity to make and to repeal by-laws; and the citizens are bound to obey or submit to those laws. When they meet in their corporate capacity, they wear deep-blue silk gowns; and their assemblies are called the Court of Common Council, and their ordinances acts of common council. No act can be performed in the name of the city of London without their concurrence. But they cannot assemble without a summons from the lord mayor; who, nevertheless, is obliged to call a common council whenever it shall be demanded, upon extraordinary occasions, by six reputable citizens and members of that court.

The Common Hall is a court consisting of the liverymen of London, including the lord mayor, aldermen, and common councilmen, and the members of the various guilds. This court, besides having the power of electing certain officers of the corporation already named, has the right of addressing the sovereign or parliament on public affairs, and the sheriffs have the entry to the House of Commons to present their petitions.

There are two sheriffs of London, who are besides considered the *one* sheriff of the county of Middlesex. The sheriffs are chartered officers, to perform certain suits and services in the king's name, within the city of London and county of Middlesex, chosen by the liverymen of the several companies, on midsummer-day. Their office is to gather into the exchequer all fines belonging to the crown; to serve the king's

writs of process; to attend the judges, and execute their orders; to empannel juries; to compel headstrong and obstinate men by the *posse comitatus* to submit to the decisions of the law; to take care that all condemned criminals be duly punished and executed. In particular, in London, they are to execute the orders of the Court of Common Council, when they have resolved to address his majesty, or to petition parliament.

The sheriffs, by virtue of their office, hold a court at Guildhall every Wednesday and Friday, for actions entered at Wood Street compter; and on Thursdays and Saturdays for those entered at the Poultry compter; of which the sheriffs being judges, each has his assistant or deputy, who are called the judges of those courts, before whom are tried actions of debt, trespass, covenant, &c., and where the testimony of any absent witness in writing is allowed to be good evidence.

The first authentic mention of a recorder of London, appears to be in 1304. He is chosen by the lord mayor and aldermen only; and takes place in all courts, and in the common council, before any one that hath not been mayor. Of whom we have the following description in one of the books in the chamber: "He shall be, and is wont to be, one of the most skilful and virtuous apprentices of the law of the whole kingdom; whose office is always to sit on the right hand of the mayor, in recording pleas, and passing judgments; and by whom records and processes, had before the lord mayor and aldermen

at Great St. Martin's, ought to be recorded by word of mouth before the judges assigned there to correct errors. The mayor and aldermen have therefore used commonly to set forth all other businesses, touching the city, before the king and the council, as also in certain of the king's courts, by Mr. Recorder, as a chief man, endued with wisdom, and eminent for eloquence.

"Mr. Recorder is looked upon to be the mouth of the city, to deliver all addresses to the king, &c., from the corporation; and he is the first officer in order of precedence that is paid a salary, which originally was no more than 10*l.* sterling per annum, with some few perquisites; but it has from time to time been augmented, and is now considered to be of the value of 400*l.* per annum."

The Chamberlain of London, though chosen annually, as a matter of form generally holds office for life. He has the keeping of the monies, lands, and goods of the city orphans, or takes good security for the payment thereof when the parties become of age. Before him apprentices are sworn in and duly admonished.

The other officers under the lord mayor are: 1. The common-serjeant: he is to attend the lord mayor and court of aldermen on court-days, and to be in council with them on all occasions, within or without the precincts or liberties of the city. He is to take care of orphans' estates, either by taking account of them, or to sign their indentures, before their passing the lord mayor and court of aldermen. And likewise

he is to let, set, and manage the orphans' estates, according to his judgment, to their best advantage.

2. The town clerk: who keeps the original charters of the city, the books, rolls, and other records, wherein are registered the acts and proceedings of the city,—so that he may not be improperly termed the city registrar. He is to attend the lord mayor and aldermen at their courts, and signs all public instruments.

3. The city remembrancer: who is to attend the lord mayor on certain days, his business being to put his lordship in mind of the select days he is to go abroad with the aldermen, &c. He is to attend daily at the parliament house during the sessions, and to report to the lord mayor their transactions.

4. The sword-bearer; who is to attend the lord mayor at his going abroad, and to carry the sword before him, being the emblem of justice. This is an ancient and honourable office, representing the state and princely office of the king's most excellent majesty, in his representative the lord mayor; and according to the rule of armoury, "he must carry the sword upright, the hilts being holden under his bulk, and the blade directly up the midst of his breast, and so forth between the sword-bearer's brows."

5. The common-hunt: whose business is to take care of the pack of hounds belonging to the lord mayor and citizens, and to attend them in hunting in those grounds, to which they are authorized by charter.

6. The common-crier: it belongs to him and the serjeant-at-arms to summon all executors and administrators of freemen to appear, and to bring in inventories of the personal estates of freemen, within two months after their decease; and he is to have notice of the appraisements. He is also to attend the lord mayor on set days, and at the courts held weekly by the mayor and aldermen.

7. The water-bailiff: whose office is to look after the preservation of the river Thames, against all encroachments, and to look after the fishermen for the preservation of the young fry, to prevent the destroying them by unlawful nets. For that end there are juries for each county; that hath any part of it lying on the sides or shores of the said river; which juries, summoned by the water-bailiff at certain times, do make inquiry of all offences relating to the river and the fish; and make their presentments accordingly. He is also bound to attend the lord mayor on set days in the week.

The guilds or companies of London are eighty-nine in number.

In the Guildhall every visitor will remember the two grotesque wooden figures which go by the name of Gog and Magog. They are supposed to have been originally intended to represent an ancient Briton and Saxon. They are part and parcel of the city dignity; the corporation would be no corporation without Gog and Magog; and when they fall, says the old prophecy attributed to Mother Shipton, London will fall also. These figures are

fourteen feet six inches in height, and frown most majestically from their eminence. They were made, says Dr. Hughson, vol. iii. page 249, by Captain Richard Saunders, an eminent carver in King Street, Cheapside, and put up about the year 1708, in the room of two old wicker-work giants formerly carried in processions.

In the hall are cenotaphs to the memory of Lord Nelson, with an inscription by Sheridan; to William Beckford, esq., twice lord mayor; the Earl of Chatham, and the Right Honourable William Pitt. The monument to Nelson was erected in 1811, and was the work of Mr. J. Smith, the sculptor. The cost to the city was 4,442*l.* 7*s.* 4*d.* Beckford's monument is considered a fine likeness of that celebrated magistrate. It represents him standing in the attitude in which he addressed the king when he presented his memorable remonstrance in 1770. Underneath, as the most fitting inscription to his memory, are the words of the remonstrance.

The monument to the Earl of Chatham represents the earl in the garb of a Roman senator, surrounded by several figures emblematic of the city of London, Commerce and Justice. The sculptor was J. Bacon, and the monument was erected in 1782. The cenotaph to Pitt has an inscription by Mr. Canning. It was the work of Mr. J. G. Bubb, and was erected at a cost to the city of 4,078*l.* 17*s.* 3*d.*

Guildhall is in length 153 feet, breadth 48, and altitude within 55 feet. It is used by the city for

the session of these several courts of judicature; for feasting our kings, queens, and other potentates, foreign ministers, &c.; and, lastly, for choosing the lord-mayors, sheriffs, members of parliament, &c., it being capacious enough to contain 7000 persons.

Adjoining the hall, are apartments for the superior judges of the Exchequer, Queen's Bench, or Common Pleas, when they sit in London.

It is customary for the sovereigns of England in the first year of their accession, to dine with the lord mayor and corporation of London. This ceremony was dispensed with in the case of his late Majesty William IV., on account of the alarming symptoms of insurrection in London at the time, caused by the recent French revolution and the unpopularity of the Wellington administration. Her present majesty dined with the citizens on the 9th of November, 1837.

Perhaps the most celebrated feast ever given in the Guildhall was that to the Allied Sovereigns, on the 18th of June, 1814. They were entertained on the previous day by the city merchants, at Merchant Taylors' Hall, with great magnificence; but on this occasion, the Prince Regent, to give additional splendour to the invitation, went in the state that monarchs use on the first city festival after their coronation. Eight thousand troops lined the streets of the city, not to keep the people quiet, but as a portion of the splendour of the day. The Prince Regent sat at the head of the table, the Emperor of Russia sitting on his right hand, and the King of

Prussia on his left. On the 9th of July following, an entertainment, almost as magnificent, was given by the corporation to the Duke of Wellington.

The corporation of London have, within the last few years, established a good library in the Guildhall, containing, besides a collection of general and historical literature, a considerable number of works, many of them rare or unique, relating to the antiquities of London and the manners of the citizens. Admission to this library, for the purpose of study, can be procured on the order of any member of the corporation. The present librarian is Mr. Herbert, the author of the "History of the Twelve City Companies."

Continuing our course down Cheapside and the Poultry, we come in sight of the Mansion House, the official residence of the Lord Mayor, and where he daily holds a minor court of justice for the hearing of complaints. The site of this building was formerly a market, called Stocks' Market, from a pair of stocks erected there so early as 1281. It was a market for fish and flesh, and belonged for some time to the keepers of London Bridge, the revenues being appropriated to the support and repair of that structure. "Here," says Pennant, "stood the famous equestrian statue erected in honour of Charles II., by his most loyal subject Sir Robert Viner, lord mayor." Our author adds, that this statue, originally intended to represent John Sobieski, king of Poland, trampling on a Turk, was discovered at Leghorn, by Sir Robert Viner, who

caused some alterations to be made in it, brought it over to England, "and christened the Polish monarch by the name of Charles, and bestowed on the turbaned Turk that of Oliver Cromwell, and thus newly named, it arose on this spot." The statue was removed in 1738, when the present Mansion House was built. It remained concealed for many years in an inn yard, and in 1779 it was bestowed, by the common council, on Mr. Robert Viner, a descendant of the lord mayor who had erected it, and who removed it to his country-seat.

The foundation stone of the Mansion House was laid on the 25th of October, 1739, but the building was not completed till 1752, in consequence of the numerous springs running into the Walbrook that abound on this spot, and caused considerable difficulty in laying the foundation. It was found necessary at last to erect the house upon piles. The whole expense (including the sum of 3,900*l.* paid for purchasing houses to be pulled down) amounted to 42,638*l.* 18*s.* 8*d.* The portico is composed of six lofty fluted pillars, of the Corinthian order, in the front; and the same order is continued in pilasters both under the pediment and on each side. The basement story is very massy, built in rustic. And in the centre of this story is the door that leads to the kitchen and other offices. Upon the ground, on each side, rises a flight of steps of very considerable extent, leading up to the portico, and to the door which leads to the apartments and offices where the lord mayor resides and business is transacted. A

stone balustrade incloses the stairs, and is continued along the front of the portico; and the columns support a large angular pediment, adorned with a very noble piece in bas relief, representing the dignity and opulence of the city of London. In the centre stands a woman, crowned with turrets, to represent the City, and with her left foot upon the figure of Envy: in her right hand she holds a wand, and rests her left arm upon the city arms, in a large shield, all in alto relievo. She seems to step forward; her head and right arm project from the back ground, and her wand extends beyond the cornice of the pediment. Near her, on the right, is a cupid holding the cap of liberty on a short staff, like a mace, over his shoulder; and beyond is a river god, to represent the Thames, reclined and pouring out a stream of water from a large vase; and near him is an anchor fastened to its cable, with shells lying on the shore. On the left hand of London, Plenty is kneeling and holding out her hand in a supplicating posture, beseeching the city to accept of the fruits of her cornucopia; and behind her are two naked boys with bales of goods, to denote Commerce. Beneath this portico are two series of windows, extending along the whole front; and above these is an attic story, with square windows, crowned with a balustrade.

This building is an oblong. The depth is the long side. There is an area in the middle, at the south end of which is an Egyptian Hall, the length of the whole front, very high, and designed for public entertainments.

The site for the new Mansion House was for some time in dispute, opinions varying from Stocks' Market to Leadenhall, as the most appropriate. The following lines on the subject are from the "Gentleman's Magazine," under date of December 18, 1735:—

"At Guildhall fierce debates arose,
'Twixt common council, friends and foes,
About a lord mayor's mansion-house.
Some were for having it erected,
At Stocks' Market, as first projected;
But others, nor their number small,
Voted for market Leadenhall;
One of the places all agreed,
Should for that purpose be decreed.
Whence springs this strife we're i' th' dark yet,
Whether to keep or make a market;
And on th' affair all can be said,
They differ but as stocks and lead."

Pennant, who justly condemns the inelegant appearance of this building, says the disagreeable sight is amply relieved by another building behind it, the church of St. Stephen's, Walbrook, a building of most exquisite beauty and the *chef-d'œuvre* of Sir Christopher Wren. "There is not a beauty," says the "Critical Review," "which the plan would admit of, that is not to be found here in the greatest perfection."

The principal beauties of this justly-admired edifice are in the inside, where the dome, which is spacious and noble, is finely proportioned to the church, and divided into small compartments, decorated with great elegance, and crowned with a lantern, while

the roof, which is also divided into compartments, is supported by very noble Corinthian columns, raised on their pedestals. It has three aisles and a cross aisle. It is 70 feet in length, and 36 in breadth; the height of the middle roof is 34 feet, and of the cupola and lantern, 58 feet. On the sides, under the lower roofs, are only circular windows, but those which enlighten the upper roof are small arched ones; and at the east end are three very noble arched windows.

The earliest account of this church is given in Dugdale's "Monasticon," where it is recorded, that Eude, steward of the household to Henry I., gave the church of St. Stephen-super-Walbrook, to the newly-founded monastery of St. John of Colchester. In 1428, Sir Robert Chichely, lord mayor in 1421, gave to the parish a plot of ground to erect a new church, the old one, then in the presentation of the Duke of Bedford, uncle of Henry VI., having fallen to decay. The new church was finished in 1439. Sir Robert Whitingham purchased the patronage from the Duke of Bedford, and from him it came in 1460 to Sir Richard Lee, lord mayor for that year. It continued in this gentleman's family for forty-two years, when it was given by Mr. Richard Lee to the Grocers' Company. It shared the fate of the other city churches in the fire of 1666, when it was rebuilt by Sir Christopher Wren; and the adjoining parish of St. Benet Sherehog, containing only thirty-two houses, was united to it by act of parliament.

The first stone of St. Stephen's was laid on the 16th of October, 1672, in the presence of the lord mayor (Sir George Waterman), several assistants of the Grocers' Company, and the surveyor-general himself (Dr. Wren), as appears by an old parish vestry-book, in which there is likewise the following entry:—"August 24th, 1679, ordered that a present of twenty guineas be made to the lady of Sir Christopher Wren, as a testimony of the regard the parish has for the great care and skill that Sir Christopher Wren showed in the rebuilding of our church."—See the "Lives of the professors of Gresham College, by John Ward, professor of Rhetoric, 1740."

Sir Christopher appears to have lavished all his taste and skill upon this church, which was that of his own parish. He lived for many years in the house, No. 5, Walbrook.

Lombard Street, so named from the money-dealers who came from Lombardy, and first established the trade of money-lending in England, and who took up their abode in this street, and chiefly inhabited it for more than a century,—is still one of the chief streets in London for bankers. In Lombard Street resided the princely merchant, Sir Thomas Gresham, the founder of the Royal Exchange; and in Lombard Street was born Alexander Pope, our English Horace. Messrs. Martin and Stone, the bankers, are said to inhabit the house of Sir Thomas Gresham, or the house that stands upon the site of it—for the original must have been burnt down in 1666. The same

firm are said to possess the identical grasshopper, which was the sign of Sir Thomas Gresham's shop; and in remembrance of which a grasshopper of gigantic dimensions has long surmounted the Royal Exchange.

The birth-place of Pope is said, in Spence's "Anecdotes of Books and Men," to have been in Lombard Street, "at the house which is now Mr. Morgan's, an apothecary." It has been to the editor of this work a matter of no small difficulty to discover the exact house: the name of Mr. Morgan, the apothecary, has long since been forgotten, and there was no clue by which the house might be discovered. The poet's biographers are not precise upon the subject; some mention merely that he was born in London; others say in Lombard Street; and others again, that he was born in the Strand, where his father kept a linen-draper's shop.

Various Roman antiquities have been found in Lombard Street. In the autumn of 1785, during the excavation of the ground for the formation of a new sewer, there were found a great quantity of coins, fragments of earthenware, tesselated and other pavements, urns, bottles, keys, &c.; a full description of which is to be found in the eighth volume of the "Archæologia." The coins were of various descriptions—gold, silver, and brass. Among them were beautiful gold coins of Galba, a Nero, and an Antoninus Pius, and a silver one of Alexander Severus. The others were brass ones of Claudius, Vespasian,

Diocletian, Gallienus, Antonia, Constantinus, and Tetricus; nearly 300 coins of the two last emperors, of very rude workmanship, were found together on one spot at the end of St. Nicholas Lane. The coins were all found at a depth of from nine to sixteen feet. In the more recent depositions of soils above them, some Nuremberg counters, coins of Elizabeth, and other later monies, were found; but nothing that seemed to belong to the Saxon period, either with these or the Roman remains.

In this street, toward Birchin Lane, as we learn from Stow's "Survey," was the house of William de la Pole, the founder of that great but unfortunate family. He lived in the reign of Edward III., and held the office of king's merchant; the same that was afterwards held by Whittington, and similar to that of queen's factor, held by Sir Thomas Gresham. "This office," says Pennant, "seems to have given the lucrative privilege of supplying the king with various sorts of merchandize, and also with money." Merchants did not lend money to kings without taking great interest, one way or another, either in privileges or in cash, and very often in both, and never without security. Jewels—even the crown itself—were sometimes pawned to the monied men of Lombard Street by our early monarchs. The following, from an abstract out of the "Records of the Tower, &c. by Sir Robert Cotton, knight, London, 1642," will show the straits to which they were sometimes reduced:—

PAWNE UPON JEWELS.

Thus did H. 3, *anno* 26, to the Archbishop of Yorke: and when his owne were at gage, he took *Auruns et Josulia Feretrisancti Edwardi Confessoris*, and pawned them.	Claus. anno 26 H. 3.
Edward the First imployed one *Andover ad jocalia sua impignoranda*.	Claus. anno 29 E. 9.
Edw. 2 pawned his jewels to the Lord Beamont.	Rot. Franc. anno 9 E. 2.
Edw. 3 pawned *Magnans Coronam Angliae* to Sir *John Wesenham* for 8 years.	Cons. Inscript. 30 E. 3.
R. 2 pawned Vascana and *diversa* Jocalia, to Sir *Robert Knolls*.	Pat. anno 7 R. 2.
Hen. 4, *Invadiavit tabellas et tressellas suas Argentens de Hispaniâ.*	Henry 4.
H. the 5 pawned his great Crowne of gold to the Bishop of Winchester. And H. the 6, to the same man, then Cardinall, many parcels of jewels, in the 10th, 12th, and 29th of his reign, and the like to many others.	Pat. anno 5 H 5. Pat. anno 10, 12, and 29 Henry 6th.
And the late queen, to save her people, did the like with her jewels in the Tower, besides the often mortgage of her land.	

All Hallows' Church, Lombard Street, contains nothing remarkable. Opposite to it is White Hart Court, in which there is one of the most celebrated of the Quaker meeting-houses in London, and which acquires additional interest from the fact, that the great Penn, the founder of Pennsylvania, used to frequent it, and there deliver his religious sentiments.

Leaving Lombard Street, together with the Bank, Cornhill, the ruins of the Royal Exchange, and all this district of London to the left, we follow the course of the handsome new approach to the bridge,

called King William Street. King William Street is formed of part of Lombard Street, and cuts through several of the little lanes and narrow alleys of that ancient thoroughfare; among others, Abchurch Lane, St. Swithin's Lane, and Crooked Lane. Abchurch Lane is mentioned by Pope as the residence of a noted quack of his day—John Moore, compounder of the worm-powder, upon whom the poet wrote the following epigram:—

"O learned friend of Abchurch Lane,
Who sets our entrails free;
Vain is thy art, thy powder vain,
Since worms will feed on thee."

From a little pamphlet, entitled "A True Account and Declaration of the Horrid Conspiracy against the late King. 3rd edit., 1686," we extract the following:—"In November, 1683, the Duke of Monmouth, the Lord Gray, the Lord Russel, Sir Thomas Armstrong, and Ferguson, met at Mr. Thomas Shepard's house in Abchurch Lane."

In Swithin's Lane stood Fortington Inn, the house of the prior of Fortington, in Suffolk. It was the house of the Veres, earls of Oxford, in 1598, and was called Oxford Place. "Adjacent to the garden," says Stow, "stood two faire houses,"—the one inhabited formerly by the notorious Empson, the other by the as notorious Dudley, the instruments of the grinding rapacity of Henry VII., and whose trial and execution were among the first acts of Henry VIII. after his accession. These neighbours and comrogues had a door of communication from one garden to the other, where they often met in private conference.

Dudley was tried in the Guildhall of London, and sentenced to be hanged, drawn, and quartered. Empson was tried at Northampton, but afterwards brought to the Tower, where Dudley lay, to await his execution. The sentence was carried into effect on them both, on Tower Hill. About the same time great numbers of common informers, or common questmongers, as they were called, who had been the instruments of Empson and Dudley, were apprehended. "Some were imprisoned, and others," says Stow, "rode about the city with their faces to their horses' tails and papers on their heads, and were set on the pillory on Cornhill, and after brought again to Newgate, where they died for very shame. Baptist Grimald, the most cruel wretch of them all," adds our author, "went to Westminster, and there registered himself a sanctuary man."

Crooked Lane has been almost demolished for the approaches to the new bridge, and Eastcheap—world-renowned Eastcheap—has also been entrenched upon. A correspondent of the "Year Book," who writes under date of June 20th, 1831, gives an account of several Roman coins that were found while the alterations were in progress. "On the site of Crooked Lane," he says, "about ten yards south-east of the spot on which the parsonage-house stood, was found a quantity of Roman pavement of the rudest description; about seven yards south of the east end of St. Michael's church, a large brass coin of Nerva (sestertius), very much corroded; under the east end of the church, two coins in sound

brass, one of Nero, the other of Vespasian, and both in tolerable preservation. On the site of the houses just pulled down on the north side of Eastcheap, were found two large brass coins much corroded. One of these bore the head of Domitian, but the legend was obliterated; the impression of the other was totally destroyed. On the south side of Eastcheap were found a small Roman lamp of earthenware, a copper ring of rude workmanship, and a dish of grey earth. Two small lachrymatories were also dug up on the side of Crooked Lane, with numerous fragments of Roman pottery and glass, especially of the fine Samian ware, but only two or three specimens of the latter were found entire."

The church of St. Michael's, Crooked Lane, was demolished to make room for the new street. On Sunday, the 20th March, 1831, the congregation assembled in the church to hear divine service for the last time, when an alarming scene occurred. A sermon was to have been preached for the benefit of Bridge, Candlewick, and Dowgate ward schools. The church was crowded to excess; and the children to the number of some hundreds were present. At the conclusion of the reading of the second lesson, part of the mortar in the cornice of the ceiling over the altar, where the rector, the Rev. Dr. Dakin was stationed, fell down. The congregation were fearful that the whole edifice was crumbling about their ears, and for several minutes the screams, the shouts, the groans, and the confusion of so many persons thronging to the door, and pressing upon each other

to escape, were appalling. The rector endeavoured to allay the alarm; he assured them that no danger was to be apprehended, and going into the reading-desk, intreated them to remain in their seats, as many might be crushed to death by the pressure at the doors. He then directed them to join in singing the 93rd psalm. This had partly proceeded, and the congregation was gradually re-assembling, when a second and larger fall of mortar from the same spot renewed the panic;—the crowd rushed to the door with screams of terror from the women, and in a few minutes the sacred edifice was empty, happily without the fatal consequences that have often resulted from similar panics. The sermon in aid of the schools was preached on the following Sunday in St. Magnus' Church, when the preacher alluded to the circumstances of the preceding Sunday in affecting terms. He also spoke of the necessity for the demolition of the sacred edifice —a handsome church erected by Sir Christopher Wren—a necessity which had arisen for the accomplishment of a grand and noble design; and added, that it had been acted on with a due regard to the requirements of justice and dignity, towards private as well as public interests—with tender respect for amiable, kind, and christian affections, and with a view, at the same time, to provide for religious obligations as well as temporal purposes.

Of the Boar's Head in Eastcheap, how shall we presume to speak, after the eloquent remarks of those delightful essayists, Goldsmith and Washington

Irving? Visions of Falstaff and Shakspeare, and Dame Quickly and Bardolph, and the "mad prince" and Poins, and other real or imaginary persons, start up before the mental eye, at the mere mention of that famous tavern. The site is now covered with houses of the last century; but in the front of one is still preserved the memory of the sign; the Boar's Head, cut in stone.. In the wall of another house hard by, is a swan cut in stone, probably in old times the sign of another tavern.

But leaving these reminiscences of the past, we go through the crowded thoroughfare to speak of the present; of the new bridge, so great a convenience, and so splendid an ornament to the city of London. Of this bridge our history will be short; it is but a thing of yesterday; but of the old bridge volumes could be, and indeed have been, written. And first of all, of the present structure. The old bridge being in a miserable condition, and an impediment, moreover, to the navigation of the river, a select committee of the House of Commons was appointed to inquire into the subject, so early as the year 1801. The committee recommended the erection of a new bridge; but from the disinclination of the corporation to undertake a work of such magnitude, nothing further was done for many years. The subject was again brought before the notice of the legislature in 1820, in consequence of a petition very numerously signed by persons employed in the navigation of the river, who represented the obstruction caused by the numerous narrow arches of the bridge through which the tide

rushed with fearful rapidity, often causing the destruction of human life, and still oftener of property. Another committee of the House of Commons was appointed, who, having collected a vast body of evidence on the subject, presented their report to the House on the 25th May, 1821, and strongly advised the construction of a new bridge, without delay. The corporation of London, awakened to the urgent necessity of the undertaking, offered about the middle of the following year, premiums of 250*l.*, 150*l.*, and 100*l.*, for the three best designs for the new bridge. About a hundred plans were sent in, and the premiums adjudged; but neither of them being considered suitable, a plan of the late Sir John Rennie was ultimately adopted. The act for the erection of the bridge, and the construction of proper approaches on both sides of the river, received the royal assent on the 4th of July, 1823, and the site of the new bridge was fixed about thirty-four yards westward of the old one, which latter was to remain open until the completion of its successor. The first pile of the coffer-dam, for laying the foundation of the first pier, was driven on the Southwark side, on the 15th of March, 1824; and the first stone was laid with great ceremony on the 15th of June, 1825, by Alderman Garrett, the lord mayor, in the presence of the Duke of York, and a vast assemblage of noble and distinguished persons. The House of Commons voted, in 1823, the sum of 150,000*l.*, and also an extra tax of sixpence per ton on all coals entering the port of London, which, with the reve-

nues of the Bridge House estates, amounting in 1820 to upwards of 25,000*l.*, would, it was thought, be sufficient for the purpose. In about six years the bridge was completed, and was opened in state on the 1st of August, 1831, by King William IV., accompanied by Queen Adelaide, the Princess Victoria (her present majesty), the Duchess of Kent, the Duke and Duchess of Cumberland, the Duke of Sussex, the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester, the Duke of Wellington, and a long array of the wealth, beauty, rank and celebrity of the time. The day was remarkably fine, and all London was alive and stirring to witness the festivities. Every house-top within sight was crowded; boats, barges, and steam-vessels on the river, with their colours flying, and bands of music playing, were thronged with anxious multitudes, and a deafening shout rent the air; and the guns fired, and the bells rang a merry peal, as the fourth William and the queen appeared for the first time on the bridge, which was to displace the old one still standing, that had been erected in the reign of William I. On their arrival, they were met on the bridge by the lord mayor and lady mayoress, the former of whom presented the king with the sword of state, and the latter presented the queen with a flower. His majesty, taking the queen's arm, walked slowly over the bridge, followed by his court, the members of the royal family, the foreign ambassadors, the officers of the corporation of London, and the illustrious visitors; and on reaching the Southwark side, stopped to witness the

ascent of Mr. Green, in his balloon. The procession then returned to a pavilion erected on the bridge, on the city side, where a grand banquet was prepared, such as lord mayors and aldermen love, and such as they only in our degenerate days will give. Various speeches were made, and the lord mayor, in a suitable address, presented the king with a golden cup, on the part of the corporation of his ancient city of London. His majesty made the following reply:—"I cannot but refer on this occasion to the great work which has been accomplished by the city of London. The city of London has ever been renowned for its magnificent improvements, and we are commemorating a most extraordinary instance of their skill and talents. I shall propose as a toast, the source from which this vast improvement sprung, 'the Trade and Commerce of the City of London.'" The toast, of course, was most enthusiastically honoured, and soon afterwards the festivities terminated. The king and queen then entered the state barge, and were rowed up the river to Somerset House, amid the acclamations of the multitude.

This noble bridge, one of the greatest works of a great architect, consists of five semi-elliptical arches. The centre arch is ten feet wider than the two on either side, and twenty feet wider than the two land arches, the respective spans being 150, 140, and 130 feet. The width of the centremost piers is 24 feet, and of the others 22 feet. The abutments at the base are 73 feet. The roadway on both sides of the river is raised on arches, so as to form a level approach.

The following particulars of the discoveries made in laying the foundation of the new bridge, were communicated to Mr. Brayley, by Mr. William Knight, one of the engineers who was employed on that occasion:

"In dredging round the parts where the coffer-dams were required," says Mr. Knight, "a great quantity of miscellaneous matter was brought up, amongst which were numerous coins, consisting of several Roman ones, both of brass and silver, Saxon, and Danish, and various English of different reigns; a considerable number of gold pieces of the seventh and eighth Henrys, several ancient seals, a crucifix, brooches, and gold rings, which were evidently of monastic periods; ancient daggers and swords, a beautiful little statue of a horse of the Roman era, of the most exquisite workmanship, equal in many respects (particularly about the head and neck) to those in the Elgin marbles. These discoveries were chiefly made about the western points of the old sterlings on the city side, where a series of banks has been formed by the strength of the current through the small locks of the old bridge. A great portion was discovered, both round the parts where the last coffer-dam was formed, and near the embankment.

"Upon the spot now occupied by the stairs at the east end of the bridge, amongst the upper surface of the bed of the river (which consisted apparently of burnt ruins), were found between thirty and forty gold sovereigns, half sovereigns, and angels of Henry VII. and VIII. Upon excavating the earth and

other obstructions (which consisted of three separate lines of old embankments, constructed of elm or fir pines), at about thirty feet from the surface, a considerable quantity of Samian ware was found, which was unfortunately broken by the labourers in digging; but from the pieces which were preserved, the ware appears to have been of the most beautiful workmanship. Many ancient keys were also found upon the line of the abutments of the new bridge next the sterlings, old watches and ancient seals, and in that line of the river near the Chapel sterling, was found a large leaden seal, with the inscription of "PP. Urbanus VI.," on the reverse the heads of Peter and Paul. It appears to have been attached to some document, and most probably to the pope's bull. The Roman coins found are those of Alexander, Antoninus Pius (several large ones of brass), Constantine (on the reverse side of several of which is the sun), Faustina, both of the senior and junior empresses, Maximilian, Tetricus, Magnentius, Posthumius, Crispus, Valens, Victorinus, Gallienus, several of Trajan and Vespasian, Gordianus, Tacitus, Adrian, Antonia, Domitian, Nero; also silver ones of the emperors Heliogabalus, Caracalla and Tiberius.

"The Saxon, Danish, and English coins are all of silver, and consist of a Saxon penny of Archbishop Wilfred; Danish pennies of Canute; Saxon pennies of Ethelred II.; a halfpenny and pennies of Henry V., struck at Calais; pennies, half-pennies, and farthings of Edward I.; a twopence of Edward III.; a fourpence of Edward IV.; a halfpenny of Richard

I.; pennies of Henry VIII., some struck by Cardinal Wolsey; half-pennies and a fourpence of Philip and Mary; portcullis halfpennies of Queen Elizabeth; also a halfpenny, three-farthings, penny, twopence, threepence, fourpence, sixpence, and three halfpence of the same queen; a rose penny, twopence, and shillings of James I.; rose pennies and twopences, halfpence, sixpences, shillings, and half-crowns of Charles I.; farthings and sixpences of William and Mary; and also a number of royal tokens and farthings of copper in the reign of Charles I. Several jettons or counters of brass and other base metals, which were used for the purposes of calculation; many tradesmen's tokens, and a small bronze statue of Harpocrates, which has been deposited in the British Museum, were also discovered."

It does not appear that there was any bridge over the Thames at London in the time of the Romans; nor is it exactly known when a bridge was first erected. Mention is made of one as existing at the time of the invasion by Sweyn, the father of Canute, and after this period, notices of a bridge between London and Southwark are continually occurring. There is a legend that the bridge was built by Mary Overy, the daughter of the ferryman who plied at this passage in the East Saxon times; and that she also erected the church of St. Mary Overy, which was named after her. There is mention of this legend by Stow and other writers. There is also a scarce tract of thirty pages, entitled "The True History of the Life and Sudden Death of old John

Overy, the Rich Ferryman of London, showing how he lost his life by his own covetousness; and of his daughter Mary, who caused the church of St. Mary Overy, in Southwark, to be built, and of the building of London Bridge. London: Printed for T. Harris, at the Looking Glass, on London Bridge; and sold by C. Cabet, at Addison's Head, in Fleet Street, 1744.—Price sixpence." Of this pamphlet there is an earlier edition, dated 1637.

At first the bridge was built entirely of wood, and may be supposed to have been but a rude and crazy structure, for foot passengers only. In the year 1091, a violent flood carried it away entirely; and at the same time 600 houses were blown down by a hurricane. Rufus, the then king, undertook some time afterwards to restore it at his own cost, without burdening the citizens, who were suffering severely from other casualties,—a fire having broken out in the year succeeding the floods, which had destroyed 700 houses. Rufus at first endeavoured to raise money from the clergy; but failing in his purpose, he was compelled at last to lay a tax upon the citizens. The bridge thus erected was not much more substantial or handsome than its predecessor. It was nearly destroyed by fire about forty years afterwards; but although repaired at considerable cost, it was found, in 1163, to be in so ruinous a condition as to render its removal necessary. In that year, says Stow, "it was not only repaired, but *new made* of timber as afore, by Peter of Colechurch, priest and chaplain."

In a few years this also was found to be unsafe; and the citizens, wearied out with continually rebuilding or repairing an unsubstantial structure, determined to erect a bridge of stone, strong enough to bid defiance to the elements, and to last for generations. The undertaking was entrusted to Peter of Colechurch, the most celebrated architect of the day; and the foundations were laid about the year 1176, a little to the westward of the old wooden bridge, which appears to have been suffered to remain until the completion of the new one.

The manner of laying the foundation of this stone bridge has also been variously represented. Stow, in his "Survey," gives it as his opinion, that on this occasion the river, in this part, was left entirely dry, by turning the current of the Thames, in a channel cut from Rotherhithe to Battersea. This, however, is mere conjecture, and appears improbable, from the great difficulty and immense expense of such an undertaking.

The king is said to have assisted in this great work, and to have levied a tax upon wool for the purpose, whence arose the popular saying, which was long believed literally, that "London Bridge was built upon woolpacks." Peter of Colechurch spent twenty-nine years of his life in this work, and died at last four years before its completion, and was buried within the centre pier, in the crypt of a chapel dedicated to St. Thomas. Cardinal de Petraleone, the pope's legate, and Richard, archbishop of Canterbury, severally contributed a thousand marks to the work, and other influential persons also aided

it with their purse, and the bridge was completed in 1209.

The city, after the death of Peter of Colechurch, committed the care of the work to Serle Mercer, William Almaine, and Benedict Botewrite, merchants of London, to get it completed; and, it is probable they employed one Isenbert, the builder of the bridges at Xainctes and Rochelle, by the recommendation of King John himself, with a scheme to build houses on London Bridge, to be appropriated to repair, maintain, and uphold the same; which recommendation is recorded in the Tower of London, says Dr. Entick, in his "History of London," vol. i. p. 124, and thus made English:—

"John, by the grace of God, king, &c. greeting.—Considering how the Lord in a short time has wrought in regard to the bridges of Xainctes and Rochelle, by the great care and pains of our faithful, learned, and worthy clerk Isenbert, master of the schools of Xainctes; we therefore, by the advice of our reverend father in Christ, Hubert, archbishop of Canterbury, and that of others, have desired, directed, and enjoined him to use his best endeavours in building your bridge, for your benefit, and that of the public: for we trust in the Lord that this bridge, so necessary for you, and all who shall pass the same, will, through his industry and the Divine blessing, soon be finished. Wherefore, without prejudice to our right, or that of the city of London, we will grant, that the rents and profits of the several houses that the said master of the schools

shall cause to be erected upon the bridge aforesaid, be for ever appropriated to repair, maintain, and uphold the same. And seeing the necessary work of the said bridge cannot be accomplished without your aid, and that of others, we charge and exhort you kindly to receive and honour the above-named Isenbert, and those employed by him, who will perform everything to your advantage and credit, according to his directions, you affording him your joint advice and assistance in the premises. For whatever good office or honour you shall do to him, you ought to esteem the same as done to us. But should any injury be offered to the said Isenbert, or the persons employed by him (which we do not believe there will), see that the same be redressed, as soon as it comes to your knowledge.—Witness myself, &c. 18 April."

It is probable that the city did not honour this recommendation in the manner that the master Isenbert expected, or agreeable to his majesty's desires; for we find no mention of this architect in the city or bridge records: and the king, in the seventh year of his reign (three years before the finishing of the stone bridge), took the custody of London Bridge from the mayor, and granted it to one friar West, and obliged the city to appoint certain void spaces within their walls for buildings to be applied for its support.

Gates appear to have been erected at each end, and a row of wooden houses on each side, besides the chapel of stone in the midst, already mentioned.

The tenants of the houses had scarcely taken possession, however, when a dreadful calamity occurred, which is said to have occasioned the death of three thousand people. We borrow Stow's account of the catastrophe:

"In the yeer 1212, on the 10th of July, at night, the borough of Southwark upon the south side of the river of Thames, as also the church of our Lady of the Canons (St. Mary Overy's) there being on fire, and an exceeding great multitude of people passing the bridge either to extingnish or quench it, or else to gaze and behold it; suddenly the north part by blowing of the south wind was also set on fire, and the people, which were even now passing the bridge, perceiving the same, would have returned, but were stopped by the fire; and it came to pass, that as they stayed or protracted the time, the other end of the bridge also, namely the south end, was fired, so that the people thronging themselves between the two fires did nothing else but expect present death. There came to their aid many ships and vessels, into which the multitude so unadvisedly rushed, that the ships were thereby sunk and they all perished. It was said, that through the fire and shipwreck, there were destroyed about three thousand persons whose bodies were found in part or half burned, besides those that were wholly burnt to ashes and could not be found."

The bridge itself, though substantially built of stone, appears to have suffered greatly from this calamity, and to have been inefficiently repaired.

In 1812, in the letters-patent of Edward I., it is stated, that, unless some speedy remedy be applied, "not only the sudden fall of the bridge, but also the destruction of innumerable people dwelling upon it, may be feared." In the winter of the following year, nothing having been done in the meantime, five of the arches were carried away by the ice, and the bridge was so decayed, that, as Stow says, "people were afraid to pass thereon." Its state was now such, that the citizens were obliged to apply to the king for relief and aid to repair it: and his majesty, by letters-patent, empowered the bridge-keeper to ask and receive the charity of his well-disposed subjects, throughout the kingdom.

These were followed by other letters from his majesty to the clergy of all degrees, recommending their contribution to this work; and commanding them to exhort the people thereto. And finding that this was ineffectual to raise the sums required for so expensive a work, his majesty empowered the city to take a certain toll for three years, to be applied to the repairs of the said bridge, viz., "For every man on foot bringing merchandize, or other things saleable, and passing over the said bridge, and he taking himself to other parts, one farthing: of every horseman passing that bridge, and he taking himself to other parts, as aforesaid, with merchandize, or other saleable things, one penny: of every saleable pack, carried and passing over the bridge, one half-penny."

The matter was now undertaken in earnest, and

the bridge put into such a complete state of repair, that we hear no more of it for nearly one hundred and fifty years. On the 14th of January, 1437, it is recorded by Stow, "that the great stone gate, and tower standing upon it, next to Southwark, fell suddenly down into the river, carrying with it two of the fairest arches of the bridge." This damage was repaired; and the bridge, although various casualties occurred at different times—though the houses upon it were burnt down—and though the arches now and then gave way, lasted until the year 1831, when the new bridge having been completed, the demolition of the old one was completed. It was 915 feet long, 43 feet high, and contained originally twenty unequal arches, afterwards reduced into nineteen by the throwing of two of the smallest of them into one. It was for centuries the only thoroughfare across the Thames, and, prior to the erection of Blackfriars and Westminster Bridges, a scene of much greater bustle and traffic than any of the metropolitan bridges are now. A very aged barber of Bishopsgate, to whom Mr. J. T. Smith was in the habit of going to be shaved, that he might glean information relative to the state of old London Bridge, and who remembered it in 1750, informed him that at that time, "people were sometimes an hour before they could get over the bridge, in consequence of the narrowness of the street, and the carts and coaches being so thick in the middle of the day."

And now, having said so much of the outward and visible structure of the old bridge, let us say a

few words on its more secret and intimate history. "I consider London Bridge," says Mr. Smith, "to have been, from its earliest period, the greatest of all thoroughfares; and, in this opinion, the readers of good old Stow may probably coincide with me, when they recollect the frequent notices his invaluable book affords of the splendid, as well as various processions made over this venerable bridge into the city, and the many high characters who were escorted from the metropolis over it, into the Borough, when on their way to Dover for foreign parts."

The readers of those authors who have more particularly dwelt upon the amusements of Queen Elizabeth and King James I., can easily imagine the tribes of pedestrians who must have passed over that fabric, in order to witness the cruel sports of the bear garden, or enjoy the rational amusement afforded them by Shakspeare at the Globe Theatre. Aye; but we would go further back than this—we would observe it as it was in its earliest ages, with its wooden piers and wooden huts, and its pathway encumbered by itinerant dealers in all kinds of goods, who often blocked up the thoroughfare with their commodities, until the common council and aldermen were obliged to interfere. We would think of it as it was after Peter of Colechurch had erected a wider and more commodious structure, and before houses on each side had narrowed the pathway. On St. George's day, 1390, there was a grand tournament upon it, the combatants being a knight of Scotland and one of England—Lindsay,

earl of Crawford, and John de Wells. Richard II. was present on the bridge to witness the sports, with a splendid retinue of his nobility. In the reign of the same king, so great a crowd assembled on the bridge to hail him and his young bride, Isabel of France, on their triumphal entry from Southwark, that nine persons were crushed to death. After the battle of Agincourt, Henry V. was met by the citizens on Blackheath, and conducted in triumph into London; and on this occasion the bridge was the scene of a splendid pageant. There was a large figure of a giant at the gate, "full grim of might, to teach the penal men curtesye," says Lydgate; at the drawbridge two towers were erected, with figures of antelopes, and lions, and St. George, surrounded by crowds of angels. On the return of the young king, Henry VI., after his coronation at Paris, he was met at Blackheath in a similar manner. When the cavalcade arrived at the middle of the bridge, there was also a giant, "a mighty giant," says Stow, "standing with a sword drawn in his hand, having written certain speeches in metre of great rejoicing and welcoming of the king to the city." On the marriage of the same prince with Margaret of Anjou, in 1445, there were similar displays on the bridge. At the Southwark side, there was "a pageant of peace and plenty," and an imitation of Noah's ark in the middle of the bridge, ballad-singers being stationed at each, to chant certain verses of welcome in Latin and English. On the bridge, in the same reign, was a serious conflict between Jack Cade's men and

the citizens under the command of Matthew Gough, which lasted the whole night from the setting to the rising of the sun, and in which several persons were killed on both sides, including the brave Gough himself, and one of the aldermen named Lutton. In 1468, an attack was made on the bridge by one Sir Geoffrey Gates, who had been driven out of the city for plundering the houses of the foreign merchants in Mark Lane, or, as it was then called, Blanch Appleton, at the head of a gang of ruffians. Gates was repulsed by the citizens, who defended the bridge valiantly against him; and in revenge he pillaged Southwark, Bermondsey, and all the villages on the Thames, to the south and east of London. Some of his gang were afterwards captured, and hanged in Smithfield; but Gates himself escaped. A still more serious attack was made on the bridge, three years afterwards, by Thomas Nevil, better known as the Bastard of Falconbridge. His object was to release Henry VI., then a captive in the Tower; and he marched for that purpose into Southwark, at the head of 17,000 men. The citizens, however, who were devoted to the house of York, made head against him, and fortified the bridge. After a desperate battle, the assailant was repulsed with great loss; and being afterwards apprehended, with nine of his followers, they were all executed, and their heads were stuck upon the bridge upon pikes, where they rotted in the sun till they crumbled to pieces. The same sort of attack was made by

Sir Thomas Wyatt, in the interest of Lady Jane Grey, and with a similar result.

London Bridge, during these unhappy ages, offered a melancholy spectacle. For two centuries the eyes of the passengers were constantly offended by the sight of human heads upon poles, black, and rotting to the weather. The head of the great Scottish hero, Sir William Wallace, was one of the earliest exposed from this fearful place. Lord Saye's; Jack Cade's, and those of about a dozen of his followers; Falconbridge and his men's already noticed; the head of Sir Thomas More; and Fisher, bishop of Rochester, may also be mentioned among the number. Fisher was executed on the morning of the 22nd of June, and, according to his biographer, Hall, his head would have been set up on the traitors' tower that same night, but that it was kept to be first shown to the queen, Anne Bolcyn. The next day, however, continues Hall, "the head, being parboiled, was prickt upon a pole, and set on high upon London Bridge, among the rest of the holy Carthusians' heads that suffered death lately before him. And here I cannot omit to declare unto you the miraculous sight of this head, which, after it had stood up the space of fourteen days upon the bridge, could not be perceived to waste nor consume, neither for the weather, which was then very hot, neither for the parboiling in hot water, but grew daily fresher and fresher, so that in his lifetime he never looked so well; for, his checks being beautified with a comely red, the face

looked as though it had beholden the people passing by, and would have spoken to them.

Wherefore, the people coming daily to see this strange sight, the passage over the bridge was so stopped with their going and coming, that almost neither cart nor horse could pass; and, therefore, at the end of fourteen days, the executioner was commanded to throw down the head in the night-time into the river of Thames, and in place thereof was set the head of the most blessed and constant martyr, Sir Thomas More, his companion and fellow in all his troubles, who suffered his passion the 6th of July next following."

Sir Thomas More's head remained on the bridge for several months, and was about to be removed and thrown into the Thames, to make room for the head of a new victim, when it was purchased by his pious daughter, Margaret Roper, and buried in the family vault of her husband. The body of the philosopher and statesman was buried in Chelsea church.

Hentzen, the German who travelled in England in the reign of Elizabeth, counted no less than thirty of these hideous skulls upon it at one time. The top of the drum on which they were exposed on the Southwark side, is represented as having been like a butcher's shambles. There was a cooking apparatus on it, in which heads and quarters of unhappy wretches were boiled in pitch, that they might be the longer preserved for the delectation of a barbarous government and a brutalized people. The reader who

wishes for further information, may find it in Thomson's "Chronicles of London Bridge,"—a work so complete in its kind, as to render any attempt to supersede it quite hopeless.

Among the romantic stories related in connexion with the bridge, the true love story of Edward Osborn must not be omitted. Osborn, who lived in the reign of Elizabeth, was apprentice to Sir William Hewett, a rich cloth-worker, and afterwards Lord Mayor of London, who resided on the bridge. Sir William had an only daughter, an infant, and as Osborn was at his work, he saw the child fall from the arms of a servant, who was standing at the window, into the Thames. He instantly sprang out of the window, and brought the child safely to the shore. As she grew up to womanhood she bestowed her love upon the apprentice, and afterwards married him, although the Earl of Shrewsbury was a suitor for her hand. Osborn himself became Lord Mayor of London, and was the founder of the present ducal family of Leeds.

Among other noted residents upon the bridge was Hans Holbein. "The father of the Lord Treasurer Oxford," Walpole relates, "passing over London Bridge, was caught in a shower; and, stepping into a goldsmith's shop for shelter, he found there a picture of Holbein—who had lived in that house—and his family. He offered the goldsmith 100*l.* for it, who consented to let him have it, but desired first to show it to some persons. Immediately after happened the fire of London, and the picture was destroyed."

Peter Monary, another painter, but of less eminence, is related by Walpole to have received the first rudiments of his education and taste for his art, from a sign-painter on London Bridge. Dominic Serres, a marine-painter, is also said to have kept a shop on the bridge. The booksellers were for many years the chief denizens of the structure. Many of the old tracts and ballads of the sixteenth, seventeenth, and eighteenth centuries, are printed for traders on the bridge: several of them are mentioned in Thomson's "Chronicles;" and the names of other tradesmen will be found among the list of tokens in the appendix of this work.

To the right of the new bridge is the magnificent new hall of the Fishmongers' Company. This building occupies one of the finest situations in the city, standing at the south-west angle of the north approach to the new London Bridge, towards which it presents an elevation upwards of 160 feet in length.

Owing to the great height of the bridge roadway above Thames Street, a sub-structure of more than 30 feet was necessary, which is cased with Haytor granite, and harmonizes with the architecture of the bridge. An arcade supporting a spacious terrace, being formed towards the river, conceals the principal entrance to the fire-proof warehouses, which extend under the whole of the building, and yield a considerable rental.

On this granite platform is raised an edifice of the Grecian Ionic order—simple in its character, and

adapted to the peculiarities of the situation, amongst which it may be remarked that the water-steps and the gigantic piers at the commencement of the bridge, so far interfere with the eastern front of the building, as to have rendered impracticable a central entrance approachable for carriages; this difficulty, however, has been met without any perceptible sacrifice of uniformity, although the entrance is unavoidably placed out of the centre of the building. The south front, above the terrace, presents an attached hexastyle supporting a pediment. The east front is enriched with pilasters and columns in the centre, having an attic above, in the front of which are placed the arms of the company; and two emblematical bassi relievi of sea-horses are introduced on each side. The north front has simply a continuation of the same entablature, which is carried round the other front of the building, supported by pilasters.

The principal entrance is from Adelaide Place, through a spacious hall (in connexion with which are the business offices of the company) communicating with a corridor of considerable extent, separated from the great staircase, by a screen of columns of polished Aberdeen granite, the peculiar beauty and appropriateness of which are very striking. A mirror of large dimensions, set in a marble architrave, is so placed as to reflect three columns and the central flight of stairs, at the head of which stands a finely-executed statue of a celebrated member of the company, Sir William Walworth, represented in the act

of striking with his dagger the rebel Wat Tyler, which is commemorated by the following lines placed on the pedestal:—

"Brave Walworth, Knight, Lord Maior yt slew
Rebellious Tyler in his alarmes,
The King therefore did give in liew
The dagger to the Citye's arms.
In the 4th year of Richard II., anno domini 1381."

The upper part of the staircase is enriched with Sienna scagliola columns and pilasters, and lighted by stained glass windows. From the centre of the spacious landing, is the principal entrance to the great banquetting-hall, and at each extremity a door leads to other of the principal apartments. That to the right opens into an ante-room with a highly enriched domical ceiling; thence the court dining-room is entered, which faces the river, and is a finely proportioned room, forty-five feet long, thirty feet broad, and twenty feet high.

The ceiling is of a bold and simple character, surrounded by a cove springing from behind a range of antifixæ, with which the cornice is surmounted. The walls are framed into panels with enriched mouldings; in those over the door, bassi relievi are introduced. Above the chimney-piece, at each end of the room, is placed a mirror of large dimensions, reflecting almost interminably a splendid silver chandelier, suspended in the centre of the room.

The adjoining apartment is the court dining-room, which has a highly-decorated ceiling, with a Corinthian entablature supported on each side of the fire-

place by scagliola pilasters, with mirrors between them. The furniture of this room is of green damask silk and rosewood, with richly carved and gilt cornices to the curtains, and frames for the mirrors. We must notice the remarkably fine view from the windows of this room, embracing the river for a considerable extent, with the bridge and the distant hills of Kent and Surrey.

The principal apartment remains yet to be described: this is the great banquetting-hall, which occupies the centre of the east front of the building, and is seventy-three feet in length, thirty-eight feet in width, and thirty-three feet in height. The ceiling is an elliptic cone with sunk panels springing from a highly enriched entablature, supported by Sienna scagliola pilasters of the Corinthian order, forming compartments round the room, in the upper part of which are suspended the armorial bearings of the benefactors, and past prime wardens of the company; whilst at one end of the hall is introduced, in stained glass, the royal arms, and those of the company at the opposite end. The arms of the city and of the twelve principal companies are emblazoned on the front of the music gallery. The introduction of heraldic insignia into a Grecian hall is novel; but by the arrangement adopted, its material interference with the architecture is avoided, and a striking effect produced, especially when lighted up by eight chandeliers of remarkably chaste design, so contrived, that the introduction of the light is instantaneous.

The livery drawing-room communicates with the great hall, and completes the suit of apartments devoted to festive purposes.

The architect of this handsome building is Mr. Henry Roberts.

The old hall of the Fishmongers stood about 150 yards west of the old bridge, facing the Thames. It was a capacious edifice of brick and stone, and had two handsome fronts. The grand or fore-front entrance was from Thames Street, by a handsome passage, leading into a large square court paved with flat stones, and encompassed by the great hall, the court-room for the assistants, and other grand apartments, with galleries. These were of handsome construction, and supported by Ionic columns, with an arcade. The back-front, or that next the Thames, had a grand double flight of stone-steps, leading to the first apartments from the wharf. The door was adorned with Ionic columns, and these supported an open pediment, in which was a shield, with the arms of the company. The windows were ornamented with stone cases, and the quoins of the building were wrought with a handsome rustic. Within was the statue of Sir William Walworth, knight, fishmonger. There is also a screen, with a golden busto under the pediment. The chandelier in the hall was accounted the most elegant piece of furniture of its kind.

The Fishmongers' Company is the fourth upon the list of the city corporations, and have, at all times that there is mention of guilds of fraternities in Lon-

don, been remarkable for their hospitality and magnificence. They were orignally two bodies, viz., stock-fishmongers and salt-fishmongers; and both of them had no less than six halls: two in Thames Street, two in New Fish Street, and two in Old Fish Street; and were in such reputation for valuable members, that six lord mayors were chosen out of them in twenty-four years. But they were detected in such frauds in their dealings, that the parliament, in 1382, enacted, that no fishmonger should for the future be admitted mayor of the city. However, this prohibition was taken off in the next year. But, in 1384, these, as well as all others concerned in furnishing the city with provisions, were put under the immediate direction of the lord mayor and aldermen, by another act of parliament.

The salt-fishmongers were incorporated, A. D. 1343;—the stock-fishmongers not till 1509. But this separation proving prejudicial to both, they united, and obtained a charter from King Henry VIII., in 1536, by which they were incorporated by the name of "the wardens and commonalty of the mystery of Fishmongers of the city of London." At present it is a livery company, and very rich. They have had near fifty of them lord mayors; and are governed by a prime and five other wardens, and a court of assistants.

Descending by the steps of the bridge, we pass under one of the dry arches that crosses Thames Street, and proceed to the ancient highway which was the approach to the old structure. St. Magnus

Church is the first object that claims attention. It was rebuilt after the fire, by Sir Christopher Wren. It was formerly in the patronage of the abbots and convents of Westminster and Bermondsey, who alternately presented to the living; but at the dissolution was transferred to the Bishop of London and his successors, who still continue to hold it. The present edifice was begun in 1676, but the steeple was not completed till 1705.

Proceeding northwards, we come to the Monument, one of the most remarkable of the public buildings of London—remarkable in itself, and still more remarkable for the melancholy event it was erected to commemorate. It was begun by Sir Christopher Wren in1671, and finished in 1677. It is a handsome pillar of the Doric order, 202 feet in height from the pavement. The diameter of the shaft or body of the column is 15 feet; the ground plinth, or lowest part of the pedestal, is 28 feet square; and the pedestal in height is 40 feet. Over the capital is an iron balcony, encompassing a cone 32 feet high, supporting a blazing urn of gilt brass. Within is a large staircase of black marble, containing 345 steps, each ten inches and a half broad, and 6 inches thick. The west side of the pedestal is adorned with a curious emblem in alt relief, denoting the destruction and restoration of the city. The first female figure represents the city of London, sitting in ruins in a languishing posture, with her head dejected, hair dishevelled, and her hand carelessly lying on her sword. Behind is Time, gradually raising her up;

at her side a woman gently touching her with one hand, whilst a winged sceptre in the other directs her to regard the goddesses in the clouds, one with a cornucopia denoting Plenty, the other with a palm-branch, the emblem of Peace. At her feet is a bee-hive, showing that by industry and application the greatest misfortunes are to be overcome. Behind Time, are citizens exulting at his endeavours to restore her; and beneath, in the midst of the ruins, is a dragon, who, as supporter of the city arms, with his paw endeavours to preserve the same. Opposite the City, on an elevated pavement, stands Charles II. in a Roman habit, with a laurel on his head and a truncheon in his hand; and, approaching her, commands three of his attendants to descend to her relief. The first represents the Sciences, with a winged head and circle of naked boys dancing thereon, and holding Nature in her hand, with her numerous breasts, ready to give assistance to all; the second is Architecture, with a plan in one hand, and a square and pair of compasses in the other; and the third is Liberty, waving a hat in the air, showing her joy at the pleasing prospect of the City's speedy recovery. Behind the king, stands his brother the Duke of York, with a garland in one hand to crown the rising city, and a sword in the other for her defence. And the two figures behind, are Justice and Fortitude; the former with a coronet, and the latter with a reined lion; and under the royal pavement, in a vault, lieth Envy, gnawing a heart, and incessantly emitting pestiferous fumes

from her envenomed mouth. And in the upper part of the plinth, the reconstruction of the city is represented by builders and labourers at work upon houses.

On the north side of the pedestal is a Latin inscription, thus rendered:—

"In the year of Christ 1666, September 2, eastward from hence, at the distance of 202 feet (the height of this column), a terrible fire broke out about midnight; which driven on by a high wind, not only wasted the adjacent parts, but also very remote places, with incredible crackling and fury. It consumed 89 churches, the city gates, Guildhall, many public structures, hospitals, schools, libraries, a vast number of stately edifices, 13,000 dwelling-houses, and 400 streets. Of the 26 wards it utterly destroyed 15, and left eight others shattered and half burnt. The ruins of the city were 436 acres, from the Tower by the Thames' side to the Temple Church; and from the north-east along the wall to Holborn Bridge. To the estates and fortunes of the city it was merciless, but to their lives very favourable, that it might in all things resemble the last conflagration of the world. The destruction was sudden; for in a small space of time the city was seen most flourishing, and reduced to nothing. Three days after, when this fatal fire had baffled all human counsels and endeavours, in the opinion of all, it stopped, as it were by a command from Heaven, and was on every side extinguished."

The inscription on the south side is translated thus:—

"Charles the Second, son of Charles the martyr, King of Great Britain, France, and Ireland, defender of the faith, a most glorious prince, commiserating the deplorable state of things, whilst the ruins were yet smoking, provided for the comfort of his citizens, and ornament of his city, remitted their taxes, and referred the petition of the magistrates and inhabitants to parliament; who immediately passed an act, that public works should be restored to greater beauty with public money, to be raised by an impost on coals; that churches, and the cathedral of St. Paul's, should be rebuilt from their foundations with all magnificence; the bridges,

gates, and prisons, should be new made, the sewers cleansed, the streets made straight and regular; such as were steep, levelled, and those too narrow, to be made wider. Markets and shambles removed to separate places. They also enacted, that every house should be built with party walls, and all in front raised of equal height, and those walls all of square stone or brick; and that no man should delay building beyond the space of seven years. Moreover, care was taken by law, to prevent all suits about their bounds. Also anniversary prayers were enjoined; and to perpetuate the memory hereof to posterity, they caused this column to be erected. The work was carried on with diligence, and London is restored, but whether with greater speed or beauty, may be made a question. At three years, time the world saw that finished, which was supposed to be the business of an age."

The inscription on the east side is in English thus:—

"This pillar was begun,
Sir Richard Ford, knight, being Lord Mayor of London,
in the year 1671.
Carried on in the mayoralties of
Sir George Waterman, knt.
Sir Robert Hanson, knt.
Sir William Hooker, knt.
Sir Robert Viner, knt.
Sir Joseph Sheldon, knt.
} Lord Mayors.
And finished,
Sir Thomas Davies being Lord Mayor, in the year 1677."

Round the monument, inscription since removed:—

"This pillar was set up in perpetual remembrance of the most dreadful burning of this protestant city, begun and carried on by the treachery and malice of the popish faction, in the beginning of September, in the year of our Lord 1666, in order to the carrying on their horrid plot for extirpating the protestant religion, and old English liberty, and introducing popery and slavery."

The false assertion that the fire was the work of papists—long believed, but now finally exploded—gave occasion to the well-known lines of Pope:

"Where London's column pointing at the skies,
Like a tall bully, lifts its head and *lies**."

The extent of damage on that fearful occasion is correctly stated on the Monument; but the dry detail conveys no true idea of the horrors of the scene. The testimony of eye-witnesses, while it is the most valuable, is at the same time the most interesting; and no apology to the reader will be necessary for extracting largely from the Diaries of Evelyn and Pepys, who both saw with their own eyes the horrors they describe, and who made immediate record of them, ere the incidents faded from, or were weakened in, their memories. The fire broke out in the house of a man named Farryner, a baker, in Pudding Lane, close to the spot where the Monument now stands; and the adjoining houses, being chiefly of laths and plaster, and London being full of narrow thoroughfares, in which the houses were principally constructed of the same materials, the flames spread with the most extraordinary rapidity. There was no supply of water: the weather had for months previously been remarkably dry, and a strong easterly wind was blowing; so that every circumstance combined to render the calamity as extensive as it

* In the public papers of the early part of the year 1841, was the account of the death of a *Mrs. Balaam*, relict of the late *John Balaam, of Monument Yard*. All who remember the verses of the poet, following the quotation above given,—

"There dwelt a citizen of honest fame,
A plain good man, and Balaam was his name."

will think the coincidence of name and residence somewhat remarkable.

was dreadful, and impressed the people with the belief that the fire was no accidental visitation, but the visible manifestation of the wrath of an offended Deity. The fire began after twelve o'clock on the night of the 2nd of September, 1666. Under date of the following day, is this entry in Evelyn's Diary:

"September 3. I had public prayers at home. The fire continuing after dinner, I took coach with my wife and son, and went to the bankside in Southwark, where we beheld that dismal spectacle, the whole city in dreadful flames near the water side—all the houses from the bridge, all Thames Street, and upwards towards Cheapside, down to the Three Cranes, were now consumed, and so returned exceedingly astonished;—what would become of the rest? The fire having continued all the night (if I may call that night which was as light as day for ten miles round about, after a dreadful manner) when conspiring with a fierce eastern wind in a very dry season. I went on foot to the same place, and saw the whole south part of this great city, burning from Cheapside to the Thames, and all along Cornhill (for it likewise kindled back against the wind, as well as forward); Tower Street, Fenchurch Street, Gracechurch Street, and so along to Baynard's Castle, and was now taking hold of St. Paul's Church, to which the scaffolds contributed exceedingly*. The conflagration was so universal, and the people so astonished, that

* The church was in process of repair at the time—the repair which the courtly poets of the day sang of as immortalizing the name of Charles II.

from the beginning, I know not by what despondency or fate, they hardly stirred to quench it, so that there was nothing heard or seen but crying out and lamentation, running about like distracted creatures, without at all attempting even to save their goods,—such a strange consternation there was upon them; so as it burned both in breadth and length, the churches, public halls, exchange, hospitals, monuments and ornaments; leaping after a fearful manner from house to house, and street to street, at great distances from one to the other; for the heat, with a long set of fair and warm weather, had even ignited the air, and prepared the materials to receive the fire, which devoured, after an incredible manner, houses, furniture, and everything. Here we saw the Thames covered with goods floating; all the barges and boats laden with what some had time and courage to save; as on other the carts, &c., carrying out to the fields, which for many miles were strewed with moveables of all sorts, and tents erecting to shelter both the people and what goods they could get away. Oh, the miserable and calamitous spectacle! such, as haply the world had not seen the like since the foundation of it, nor be outdone till the universal conflagration of it. All the sky was of a fiery aspect, like the top of a burning oven, and the light was seen above forty miles round for many nights. God grant mine eyes may never behold the like, which now saw above 10,000 houses all in one flame. The noise, and cracking, and thunder of the impetuous flames; the shrieking

of women and children; the hurrying of people; the fall of towers, houses, and churches, was like an hideous storm; and the air all about, so hot and inflamed, that at last one was not able to approach it, so that the people were forced to stand still, and let the flames burn on, which they did for near two miles in length and one in breadth. The clouds, also, of smoke were dismal, and reached, upon computation, near fifty miles in length. Thus I left it this afternoon burning, a resemblance of Sodom or the last day. It forcibly called to my mind that passage, *non enim hic habemus stabilem civitatem;* the ruins resembling the picture of Troy. London *was*, but *is* no more! Thus I returned.

"September 4. The burning still rages, and it was now gotten as far as the Inner Temple—all Fleet Street, the Old Bailey, Ludgate Hill, Warwick Lane, Newgate, Paul's Chain, Watling Street, now flaming, and most of it reduced to ashes. The stones of Paul's flew like granados, the melting lead running down the streets in a stream, and the very pavements glowing with a fiery redness, so as no horse nor man was able to tread on them; and the demolition had stopped all the passages, so that no help could be applied. The eastern wind still more impetuously driving the flames forward, nothing but the Almighty power of God was able to stop them, for vain was the help of man.

"September 5. I crossed towards Whitehall, but oh! the confusion there was then at that court! It pleased his majesty to command me, among the rest,

to look after the quenching of Fetter Lane, and to preserve, if possible, that part of Holborn, while the rest of the gentlemen took their several posts—some at one part, some at another, (for now they began to stir themselves, and not till now, who hitherto had stood as men intoxicated with their hands across,) and began to consider that nothing was likely to put a stop, but the blowing-up of so many houses as might make a wider gap than any that had yet been made by the ordinary method of pulling them down with engines. This some stout seamen proposed, early enough to have saved nearly the whole city, but this some tenacious and avaricious men, aldermen, &c., would not permit, because their houses must have been of the first. It was therefore now commanded to be practised, and my concern being particularly for the hospital of St. Bartholomew, near Smithfield, where I had many wounded and sick men, made me more diligent to promote it; nor was my care for the Savoy less. It now pleased God, by abating the wind and by the industry of the people when almost all was lost, by infusing a new spirit into them, that the fury of it began sensibly to abate about noon, so that it came no further than the Temple westward, nor than the entrance of Smithfield north, but continued all this day and night so impetuous towards Cripplegate and the Tower as made us all despair; it also broke out again in the Temple, but the courage of the multitude persisting, and many houses being blown up, such gaps and desolation were soon made, as with

the former three days, consumption the back fire did not so vehemently urge upon the rest as formerly. There was yet no standing near the burning and glowing ruins by near a furlong's space.

The poor inhabitants were dispersed about St. George's fields and Moorfields, as far as Highgate and several miles in circle; some under tents, some under miserable huts and hovels; many without a rag or any necessary utensils, bed or board, who, from delicateness, riches, and easy accommodations in stately and well-furnished houses, were now reduced to extremest misery and poverty. In this calamitous condition I returned with a sad heart to my house, blessing and adoring the distinguishing mercy of God to me and mine, who in the midst of all this ruin, was like Lot, in my little Zoar, safe and sound.

"September 7. I went this morning on foot from Whitehall as far as London Bridge, through the late Fleet Street, Ludgate Hill, by St. Paul's, Cheapside, Exchange, Bishopsgate, Aldersgate, and out to Moorfields; thence through Cornhill, &c., with extraordinary difficulty clambering over heaps of yet smouldering rubbish, and frequently mistaking where I was. The ground under my feet was so hot, that it even burnt the soles of my shoes. In the meantime his majesty got to the Tower by water, to demolish the houses about the Guaff, which being built entirely about it, had they taken fire and attacked the White Tower, where the magazine of London lay, would undoubtedly not only have beaten down and destroyed all the bridge, but sunk and torn

the vessels in the river, and rendered the demolition beyond all expression, for several miles about the country.

"On my return I was infinitely concerned to find that goodly church, St. Paul's, now a sad ruin, and that beautiful portico (for structure comparable to any in Europe, as not long before repaired by the late king) now rent in pieces; flakes of vast stone split asunder, and nothing remaining entire but the inscription in the architrave, showing by whom it was built, which had not one letter of it defaced. It was astonishing to see what immense stones the heat had, in a manner, calcined; so that all the ornaments, columns, freizes, capitals, and projectures of massive Portland stone, flew off, even to the very roof, where a sheet of lead, covering a great space (no less than six acres by measure), was totally melted. The ruins of the vaulted roof falling, broke into St. Faith's, which being filled with the magazine of books belonging to the Stationers, and carried thither for safety, they were all consumed, burning for a week following! It is also observable, that the lead over the altar at the east end was untouched; and among the divers monuments, the body of one bishop remained entire. Thus lay in ashes that most venerable church, one of the most ancient pieces of early piety in the Christian world, besides nearly one hundred more. The lead, iron work, bells, plate, &c., melted; the exquisitely wrought Mercers' Chapel; the sumptuous Exchange; the august fabric of Christ's Church; all the rest of the Companies' halls; splendid buildings, arches, entries,

all in dust. The fountains dried up and ruined, whilst the very water remained boiling, the voragos of subterranean cellars, wells, and dungeons, formerly warehouses, still burning in stench, and dark clouds of smoke, so that in five or six miles traversing about, I did not see one load of timber unconsumed, nor many stones but what were calcined white as snow. The people who now walked about the ruins appeared like men in some dismal desert, or rather in some great city laid waste by a cruel enemy, to which was added the stench that came from some poor creatures' bodies, beds, and other combustible goods. Sir Thomas Gresham's statue, though fallen from its niche in the Royal Exchange, remained entire, when all those of the kings since the conquest were broken to pieces; also the Standard in Cornhill, and Queen Elizabeth's effigies, with some arms in Ludgate, continued with but little detriment; whilst the vast iron chains of the city streets, hinges, bars, and gates of prisons, were many of them melted, and reduced to cinders by the vehement heat. Nor was I yet able to pass through any of the narrower streets, but kept the wider. The ground and air smoked; and fiery vapours continued so intense, that my hair was almost singed, and my feet insufferably surbated. The by-lanes and narrower streets were quite filled up with rubbish; nor could one have possibly known where he was but by the ruins of some church or hall, that had some remarkable tower or pinnacle remaining. I then went towards Islington and Highgate, where one might have seen 200,000 people

of all ranks and degrees, dispersed and lying along by their heaps of what they could save from the fire, deploring their loss; and though ready to perish for hunger and destitution, yet not asking one penny for relief, which to me appeared a stranger sight than any I had yet beheld. His majesty and council, indeed, took all imaginable care for their relief, by proclamation for the country to come in and refresh them with provisions. In the midst of all this calamity and confusion, there was, I know not how, an alarm begun, that the French and Dutch, with whom we were now in hostility, were not only landed, but even entering the city. There was, in truth, some days before, great suspicion of those two nations joining, and now, that they had been the occasion of firing the town. This report did so terrify the people, that on a sudden there was such an uproar and tumult, that they ran from their goods, and taking what weapons they could come at, they could not be stopped from falling on some of those natives whom they casually met, without sense or reason. The peril and clamour grew so excessive, that it made the whole court amazed, and they did, with infinite pains and great difficulty, reduce and appease the people, sending troops of soldiers and guards to cause them to retire into the fields again, where they were watched all this night. I left them pretty quiet, and came home sufficiently weary and broken. Their spirits thus a little calmed, and the affright abated, they began to repair into the suburbs about the city, where such as had friends or

opportunity got shelter for the present, to which his majesty's proclamation also invited them."

Pepys, in his "Diary," has entered as many minute and interesting particulars of the calamity as his brother diarist, Evelyn. He resided in Seething Lane, Crutched Friars; and thus writes, under date of September 2:—

"Lord's Day. Some of our maids sitting up late last night, to get ready for our feast to-day, Jane called us up at three in the morning, to tell us of a great fire they saw in the city. So I rose and slipped on my nightgown, and went to her window, and thought it to be on the back side of Mark Lane; but being unused to such fires as followed, I thought it far enough off, and so went to bed again, and to sleep. About seven I rose again to dress myself, and then looked out of the window and saw the fire, not so much as it was, and further off. By and by, Jane comes and tells me that she hears that above 300 houses have been burnt down to-night by the fire we saw, and that it was now burning down all Fish Street, by London Bridge. So I made myself ready presently, and walked to the Tower, and there got up upon one of the high places, and saw the houses at that end of the bridge all on fire, and an infinite great fire on this and the other side of the end of the bridge, which, among other people, did trouble me for poor little Michell and our Sarah, on the bridge. So down, with my heart full of trouble, to the lieutenant of the Tower, who tells me that it begun this morning in the king's baker's house in

Pudding Lane, and that it has burnt down St. Magnus Church and most part of Fish Street already. So I down to the water-side, and there got a boat and through bridge, and there saw a lamentable fire. Poor Michell's house, as far as the Old Swan, already burnt that way, and the fire running further, that in a very little time it got as far as the Steel Yard, while I was there. Everybody endeavoured to remove their goods, flinging them into the river, or bringing them into lighters that lay off; poor people staying in their houses as long as till the very fire touched them, and then running into boats or clambering from one pair of stairs by the water-side to another. And among other things I perceived the poor pigeons were loth to leave their houses, but hovered about the windows and balconies, till they burned their wings and fell down. Having stayed and in an hour's time seen the fire raging in every way, and nobody in my sight endeavouring to quench it, but to remove their goods, and having seen it get as far as the Steel Yard, and the wind mighty high and driving it into the city, and everything after so long a drought proving combustible, even the very stones of churches, and among other things, the poor steeple (St. Lawrence, Poultry,) by which pretty Mrs. —— lives, and whereof my schoolfellow Ellborough is parson, taking fire in the very top, and there burned till it fell down. I went in my boat to Whitehall, and there up to the king's closet in the chapel, where people came about me, and I did give them an account dismayed them all; and word was

carried in to the king and the Duke of York of what I saw, and that, unless his majesty did command houses to be pulled down, nothing would stop the fire. They seemed much troubled; and the king commanded me to go to my lord mayor from him, and commanded him to spare no houses, but to pull down before the fire every way. The Duke of York bade me tell him if he would have any more soldiers he should, and so did my Lord Arlington afterwards, as a great secret. Here meeting with Captain Cooke, I, in his coach which he lent me, went to Paul's, and there walked along Watling Street as well as I could—every creature coming away laden with goods to save, and here and there sick people carried away in beds. At last met my lord mayor in Cannon Street, like a man spent, with a handkerchief about his head. To the king's message he cried, like a fainting woman, 'Lord, what can I do? I am spent. The people will not obey me. I have been pulling down houses, but the fire overtakes us faster than we can do it; that he needed no more soldiers; and that he must go and refresh himself, having been up all night.' So he left me, and I him, and walked home, seeing people almost distracted, and no manner of means used to quench the fire. The houses, too, so very thick thereabouts, and full of matter for burning, as pitch and tar in Thames Street, and warehouses of oil, and wines, and brandy, and other things; and to see the churches all filling with goods by people who themselves should have been quietly there at this time.

By this time it was about twelve o'clock, and so I went home, and there found my guests, who were Mr. Wood and his wife, Barbary Sheldon, and also Mr. Moore. But Mr. Moore's design and mine, which was to look over my closet, and please him with the sight thereof, which he had long desired, was wholly disappointed, for we were in great trouble and disturbance at this fire, not knowing what to think of it. However, we had an extraordinary good dinner, and were as merry as at this time we could be. Soon as dined, I and Moore away, and walked through the city,—the streets full of nothing but people, and horses, and carts laden with goods, ready to run over one another, and removing goods from one burned house to another. They now removing out of Cannon Street (which received goods in the morning) into Lombard Street, and further; and among others, I now saw my little goldsmith, Stokes, receiving some friend's goods, whose house itself was burned the day after. We parted at Paul's—he home, and I to Paul's Wharf, where I had appointed a boat to attend me, and took in Mr. Carcasse and his brother, whom I met in the street, and carried them below and above bridge too. And again to see the fire, which was now got further both below and above, and no likelihood of stopping it. Met with the king and Duke of York in their barge, and with them to Queenhithe, and there called Sir Richard Browne to them. Their order was only to 'pull down houses apace;' and so below bridge, at the water-side, but little was

or could be done, the fire coming upon them so fast. Good hopes there were of stopping it at the Three Cranes, above, and at Botolph's, below bridge, if care were used; but the wind carried it into the city, so as we know not by the water-side what it do there. River full of lighters and boats taking in goods, and goods swimming in the water; and I observed that hardly one lighter or boat in three that had the goods of a house in, but there was a pair of virginalls in it. Having seen as much as I could now, I, to Whitehall by appointment, and there walked to St. James' Park, and there met my wife and Creed, and Wood and his wife, and walked to my boat, and then upon the water again, and to the fire up and down, it still increasing and the wind great. So near the fire as we could for smoke, and all over the Thames with one's face in the wind, you were almost burned with a shower of fire-drops. This is very true; so as houses were burned by these drops and flakes of fire, three or four, nay, five or six, from one another. When we could endure no more upon the water, we went to a little alehouse on the bankside, over against the Three Cranes, and there staid till it was almost dark, and saw the fire grow; and as it grew darker, appeared more and more, and in corners, and upon steeples, and between churches and houses, as far as we could see up the hill of the city, in a most horrid, malicious, bloody flame, not like the fine flame of an ordinary fire. We staid till, it being darkish, we saw the fire as only one entire arch of fire from this to the other

side of the bridge, and in a bow up the hill for an arch of above a mile long—it made me weep to see it. The churches, houses, and all on fire and flaming at once, and a horrid noise the flames made, and the crackling of houses at their ruin. So home with a sad heart, and there find everybody discoursing and lamenting the fire; and poor Tom Hater come with some few of his goods saved out of his house, which was burned upon Fish Street Hill. I invited him to lie at my house, and did receive his goods, but was deceived in his lying there, the news coming of the growth of the fire; so as we were forced to begin and pack up our own goods, and prepare for their removal; and did by moonshine (it being brave dry, and moonshine, and warm weather) carry much of my goods into the garden; and Mr. Hater and I did remove my money and iron chests into my cellar, as thinking that the safest place, and got my bags of gold into my office ready to carry away, and my chief papers of accounts also there, and my tallies in a box by themselves.

"September 3. About four o'clock in the morning my Lady Batten sent me a cart to carry away all my money and plate and best things to Sir W. Rider's, at Bethnall Green, which I did, riding myself in my night gown in the cart, and lord! to see how the streets and highways are crowded with people, running and riding and getting of carts at any rate, to fetch away things. * * * The Duke of York came this day by the office and spoke to us, and did ride with his guard up and down the city to keep all

quiet, he being now general and having the care of all. At night I lay down a little upon a quilt of W. Hewer's in the office, all my own things being packed up or gone, and after me my poor wife did the like, we having fed upon the remains of yesterday's dinner, having no fire, no dishes, nor any means of dressing anything.

"September 4. Up by day-break to get away the remainder of my things, which I did by a lighter at the Iron Gate This night Mrs. Turner (who, poor woman, was removing her goods all this day into the garden) and her husband supped with me and my wife at night in the office, upon a shoulder of mutton, from the cook's, without any napkin or anything, in a sad manner, but were merry. Only now and then walking into the garden, saw how horribly the sky looks, all on a fire in the night, and was enough to put us out of our wits: and indeed, it was extremely dreadful, for it looked just as if it was at us and the whole heaven on fire. After supper I walked down to Tower Street and there saw it all on fire, at the Trinity House on that side, and the Dolphin Tavern on this side, which was very near us, and the fire raging with extraordinary vehemence. Now begins the practice of blowing up houses in Tower Street, those next the Tower, which at first did frighten the people more than anything; but it stopped the fire when it was done.

"September 5. I lay down in the office again upon W. Hewer's quilt, being mighty weary and sore in

my feet with going till I was hardly able to stand. About two in the morning, my wife calls me up, and tells me of new cries of fire, it being come to Barking Church, which is the bottom of our lane. I up, and finding it so, resolved presently to take her away, and did, and took my gold, which was about 2,350*l.* W. Hewer and Jane down by Proudy's boat to Woolwich, but Lord! what a sad sight it was to see it by moonlight plain at Woolwich, as if you were by it. There when I come, I find the gates shut, but no guard at all, which troubled me, because of discourses now begun that there is a plot in it, and that the French had done it. I got the gates open, and to Mr. Sheldon's, where I locked up my gold, and charged my wife and W. Hewer never to leave the room without one of them in it, night nor day. So back again home, and whereas I expected to have seen our house on fire, it being now about seven o'clock, it was not. But to the fire, and there find greater hopes than I expected; for my confidence of finding our office on fire was such, that I durst not ask any body how it was with us, till I came and saw it was not burned. But going to the fire, I found by the blowing up of houses and the great help given by the workmen out of the king's yard sent up by Sir William Penn, (from Deptford), there is a good stop given to it, as well at Mark Lane end as ours, it having only burned the dial of Barking Church and part of the porch, and there was quenched. I up to the top of Barking steeple and there saw the saddest sight of

desolation that I ever saw; every where great fires oil cellars, brimstone, and other things burning. I became afraid to stay there long, and therefore down again as fast as I could, the fire being spread as far as I could see it; and to Sir W. Penn's, and there ate a piece of cold meat. Here I met with Mr. Young and Whistler, and having removed all my things, and received good hopes that the fire at our end is stopped, they and I walked into the town and found Fenchurch Street, Gracechurch Street, and Lombard Street all in dust. The Exchange a sad sight, nothing standing there of all the statues or pillars, but Sir Thomas Gresham's in the corner. Into Moorfields (our feet ready to burn walking through the town among the hot coals), and find that full of people, and poor wretches carrying their goods there, and every body keeping his goods together by themselves (and a great blessing it is to them, that it is fine weather for them to keep abroad night and day). Drank there, and paid two pence for a plain penny loaf. Thence homeward, having passed through Cheapside and Newgate market, all burned, and seen Anthony Joyce's house on fire, and took up (which I keep by me) a piece of glass of Mercers' Chapel in the streets, where much more was so melted and puckled with the heat of the fire like parchment.

"September 6. Up about five o'clock, and met Mr. Gauden at the gate of the office It was pretty to see how hard the women did work in

the kennels sweeping of water; but then they would scold for drink and be as drunk as devils. I saw good butts of sugar broke open in the streets, and people give and take handsfull out of it, and put it into beer and drink it. And now all being pretty well, I took boat and over to Southwark, and took boat on the other side of the bridge and so to Westminster, thinking to shift myself, being all in dirt from top to bottom; but could not then find any place to buy a shirt or a pair of gloves, Westminster Hall being all full of people's goods, and the Exchequer money put into vessels to carry to Nonsuch. Went to the Swan and there was trimmed, and then to Whitehall, but saw nobody, and so home. A sad night to see how the river looks; no houses, no church near it to the Temple, where it stopped.

"September 7. Up by five o'clock, and blessed be God! find all well, and by water to Paul's Wharf. Walked thereon and saw all the town burned, and a miserable sight of Paul's Church with all the roofs fallen, and the body of the choir fallen into St. Faith's. Paul's School also, Ludgate and Fleet Streets, my father's house and the church, and a good part of the Temple the like. So to Creed's lodgings near the New Exchange, and there find him laid down upon a bed, the house being all unfurnished, there being fears of the fire coming to them. Borrowed a shirt of him and washed. Then to Sir William Coventry's at St. James's. He hopes we shall have no public distractions upon this fire,

which is what every body fears; because of the talk of the French having a hand in it.

This day our merchants first met at Gresham College, which by proclamation is to be their exchange. Much dispute as to where the Custom-House shall be, thereby the growth of the city again to be foreseen. People do all the world over, cry out of the simplicity of my lord mayor in general; and more particularly of this business of the fire, laying it all upon him. A proclamation is come out, for the markets to be kept at Leadenhall and Mile-End Green and several other places about the town, and Tower Hill, and all churches to be set open to relieve poor people."

Both Evelyn and Pepys refer to the utter helplessness of the people in this calamity. Another eye-witness, in a letter preserved among the Harleian MS. in the British Museum, and printed in the "Archæologia," also observes, that they made little or no effort to arrest the progress of the fire. The writer accompanied the Duke of York, day by day, through the district included between Fleet Street, Ludgate Hill, and the Thames, and complains that their exertions to check the increase of the flames were impeded at every step by the superstition of the people. They believed in a prophecy of Mother Shipton, which said that London should be destroyed by fire, and therefore took no means to stay a calamity which they considered inevitable.

In the popular editions of "Mother Shipton," printed after the event, the prophecy runs thus:—

> "When fate to England shall restore,
> A king to reign as heretofore;
> Great death in England shall be though,
> And many houses be laid low."

Here, then, events are predicted—after they had occurred—viz., the restoration of Charles II., and the great plague and great fire of London. A son of Sir Kenelm Digby, who was a pretender to the gift of prophecy, persuaded the people that it was written in the great book of fate, that London must be destroyed; and hundreds who might have rendered valuable assistance and saved whole parishes from devastation, folded their arms and looked on. In the "*Vrayes Cent'unes et Propheties de Maistre Michel Nostradamus,*" published at Amsterdam in 1668 (two years after the fire), there is a prophecy of the same event; and the frontispiece of the volume represents a large city in flames, which is ascertained to be London, by the bridge, St. Paul's Cathedral, St. Saviour's, Southwark, and other buildings.

After all danger was over, the two first things done by the government were to think of some plan for the rebuilding of the city, and to institute an inquiry into the origin of the fire. Sir Christopher Wren and Sir John Evelyn were both ready with plans within a few days. Both of them have been published by the Society of Antiquaries, and it may be considered a loss, even to the present day, that Wren's was not adopted. Besides several large and

wide streets which he would have laid out on the site of numerous narrow courts and alleys, his plan comprehended a line of quays or public walks on the banks of the Thames—a vast improvement to so populous a city as London, and the necessity for which is just now beginning to be felt. There wants but this to make London the finest city in the world.

Wren was appointed surveyor-general and architect for repairing the whole city. "He took to assist him," says the "Parentalia," "Mr. Robert Hook, professor of geometry in Gresham College, to whom he assigned the business of measuring, adjusting, and setting out the ground of the private street houses to the several proprietors, reserving all the public works to his own peculiar care and direction. * * * Immediately after the fire, he took an exact survey of the whole area and confines of the burning, having traced over, with great trouble and hazard, the great plain of ashes and ruins, and designed a plan or model of a new city, in which the deformity and inconveniences of the old town were remedied: enlarging the streets and lanes, and carrying them as near parallel to one another as might be, avoiding, if compatible with greater conveniences, all acute angles, by seating all the parochial churches conspicuous and insular; by forming the most public places into large piazzas, the centre of six or eight ways; by uniting the halls of the twelve chief companies into one regular square annexed to Guildhall; by making a quay on the whole bank of the river, from Black-

friars to the Tower The practicability of the scheme, without loss to any man, or infringement of any property, was at that time demonstrated, and all material objections fully weighed and answered. The only, and as it happened, insurmountable difficulty remaining, was the "obstinate averseness of great part of the citizens to alter their old properties, and to recede from building their houses again on the old ground and foundations, as also the distrust in many, and unwillingness to give up their properties, though for a time only, into the hands of public trustees or commissioners, till they might be dispensed to them again with more advantage to themselves than was otherwise possible to be effected." Neither Wren nor Evelyn's plan was, therefore, carried into effect, "and the opportunity was lost," says the "Parentalia," "of making the new city the most magnificent as well as commodious for health and trade of any upon earth." Nevertheless, although a great advantage was thrown away, the new city that arose was far superior to the old—streets were widened, brick houses erected instead of wooden ones, and, greatest benefit of all, London freed from the plague. Good thus resulted from evil; and London, which up to that time had been the very nest of pestilence, was burnt into wholesomeness, and has since had no return of the fearful scourge that used so frequently to visit it. "Whilst the city was rebuilding," says Mr. Brayley, 'Londiniana,' vol. i. p. 187, "various temporary offices were raised for the public accommodation, both with

respect to divine worship and to general business. Gresham College, which had escaped the flames, was converted into an Exchange and Guildhall, and the Royal Society removed its sittings to Arundel House. The affairs of the Custom-House were transacted in Mark Lane; the business of the Excise Office was carried on in Southampton Fields, near Bedford House (the present Southampton Row, Russell Square); the General Post Office was removed to Bridges Street, Covent Garden; the offices of Doctors' Commons were held at Exeter House, in the Strand; and the King's Wardrobe was consigned from Puddle Wharf to York Buildings."

An act was passed for constituting a court of judicature to settle all differences that might arise between landlords and tenants, in respect of premises destroyed, the court consisting of the judges of the King's Bench, Common Pleas and Exchequer; and another act for regulating the building and expediting the works. By the latter it was enacted, that there should be four kind of houses, raised of dimensions corresponding with a table which was annexed; that all the new buildings should be of stone or brick, with party walls, and erected within three years; that the prices of materials and labour should be regulated by the judges of the King's Bench in case of attempted imposition; that all workmen employed should be free of the city for seven years, and, provided they wrought in the rebuilding during that entire period, should afterwards have the freedom for life; that the corporation

should have full power to widen streets, passages, and other thoroughfares, and to make new ones; that an anniversary fast should be kept in perpetual memory of the conflagration, which should also be commemorated by a column of brass or stone; that a spacious wharf, forty feet in breadth, should extend by the river side from Tower Wharf to the Temple Stairs; and that to enable the city to accomplish the work mentioned in the act, one shilling duty should be paid on every chaldron of coals brought into the port of London. We have already seen that one of the provisions of the act, and one of its most important to the health and beauty of the city, was never carried into effect. From the public feeling that is now excited upon the subject, we may hope that so great an improvement is not yet altogether hopeless*.

The inquiry into the origin of the fire proceeded rapidly. Nothing could eradicate the belief from the popular mind that it was the work of French and Papist incendiaries; and various circumstances were elicited during the inquiry which tended to confirm that opinion. Farryner, the baker, in whose house it began, stated on his examination, that it was utterly impossible that the fire in his house could have been the result of accident; that he had, as was his usual custom, gone through every part of his house after twelve o'clock that night, and found no

* See a very excellent plan by Sir Frederick Trench, M.P., and also the plan of Mr. John Martin, the eminent painter.

fire but in one chimney, where the room was paved with bricks, and which fire he diligently raked up in embers. The committee of the House of Commons who examined Farryner and other witnesses, made their report to the House on the 22nd of January after the fire, in which several curious circumstances are stated. A letter from Alanson (Alençon), written on the 23rd of August, ten days before the fire, from one Duval to Monsieur Herault in London, says, "They acquaint me with the truth of certain news which is common in this country, that a fire from heaven is fallen upon a city called Belke, situated on the side of the river of Thames, where a world of people have been killed and burned, and houses also consumed." The word Belke was thought to be a "word of cabal," by which those who were in the secret knew that London was meant. One Elizabeth Styles, who seems to have turned a cold ear to the love speeches of a Frenchman in the service of Sir Vere Fane, reported to the committee that this Frenchmen had said to her in the April before the fire, "You English maids will like the Frenchmen better when there is not a house left between Temple Bar and London Bridge;" to which she replied, "I hope your eyes will never see that." He rejoined, "this will come to pass between June and October." The committee reported other conversations of a similar kind; but the chief evidence was the confession of Robert Hubert, a watchmaker of Rouen, in Normandy, who acknowledged that he set fire to the house of Mr. Farryner, by putting

a fire-ball at the end of a pole, and lighting it with a piece of match, which he put in at the window. He did this he said at the instigation of one Stephen Piedloe, who came out of France with him, and had three and twenty accomplices, of whom Piedloe was the chief. They were all instigated, he said, by some persons at Paris, whom he did not know, and the only reward he ever received was one pistole, and the promise of two more. Several people swore that they saw men throwing fire-balls into the houses. Daniel Weymanset Ery, "saw a man apprehended near the Temple with his pockets stuffed with some combustible matter." Dr. John Parker "saw some conbustible matter thrown into a shop in the Old Bailey, whereupon he saw a great smoke and felt a smell of brimstone. Three witnesses agreed that they saw a man fling something into a house near St. Antholin's Church, where there was a fire before, and that immediately the house was in flames. Mr. Richard Harwood being near the Feathers Tavern, by St. Paul's, on the 4th of September, saw something through a grate in a cellar, which by the sparkling and spitting of it, he could judge to be no other than wild-fire, whereupon he gave notice to some soldiers who were near him, who caused it to be quenched." All these circumstances were held to be conclusive of the guilt of some persons, and every one thought they could be no other than papists. The "fire-balls" and "wild-fire" admit of easy explanation. Pepys, in the passage of his Diary we have already quoted, remarks, that the fire-flakes

or embers from the burning houses, were carried by the high wind to different and distant parts of the city, and there set fire in quarters which had hitherto escaped. The wild-fire seen by Mr. Harwood, appears to have been of this description. So inconclusive did the evidence appear, that the committee confined themselves to a mere report of what had been elicited from the witnesses, and offered no opinion of their own. "As for Hubert's confession, the whole examination," says Lord Clarendon, "was so senseless, and he said many such unreasonable things, that nobody present credited anything he said. However, they durst not slight the evidence, but put him to a particular, in which he so fully confirmed all that he had said before, that they were all surprised with wonder, and knew not afterwards what to say or think. They asked him if he knew the place where he first put fire? He answered that he knew it very well, and would show it to any body. Upon this the chief justice and many aldermen who sat with him, sent a guard of substantial citizens with the prisoner, that he might show them the house, and they first led him to a place at some distance from it, and asked him if that were it, to which he answered presently, 'No, it was lower, nearer to the Thames.' The house and all which were near it were so covered and buried in ruins, that the owners themselves, without some infallible mark, could very hardly have said where their own houses had stood; but this man led them directly to the place, described how it stood, the

shape of the little yard, the fashion of the door and windows, and where he first put the fire, and all this with such exactness; that they who had dwelt long near it could not so perfectly have described all particulars." Notwithstanding this, Lord Clarendon was of opinion that the man was a maniac, weary of his life, and had nothing whatever to do with the fire, and adds, "that there was never any probable evidence, this poor creature's only excepted, that there was any other cause of that woeful fire than the displeasure of God Almighty." The whole case is involved in mystery—a mystery which is however lessened, and Lord Clarendon's opinions confirmed, if any reliance can be placed upon the assertion of the captain of the ship which brought Hubert to England, who swore positively, that he did not land until two days after the fire. What the papists expected to gain by such wickedness, has never been explained; and in the very height of the conflagration, when it might be supposed, that if they had any designs upon the government, or upon revolutionizing the country, they would have made their attempt; it does not appear that they made the slightest effort to create disturbance. Hubert, however, paid the penalty, and was hanged upon his own confession, there not being the slightest evidence of any other person to implicate him in the transaction.

Several extraordinary suicides have been committed from the top of the Monument. The first occurrence of this kind was on the 25th of June, 1750, when a

weaver either fell or threw himself from the top of the Monument. He struck the pedestal, pitched on a post in the Monument Yard, and was dashed to pieces.

The second instance occurred in 1788, when one Thomas Craddock, a baker, of Shoreditch, threw himself from the top. He was killed on the spot, though he cleared the pedestal and the iron rails.

The third instance occurred in January, 1810, when a Mr. Lyon Levi, a jeweller by profession, and about fifty years of age, chose to precipitate himself from the top, in which, striking against the pedestal, he was in a manner dashed in pieces; his ribs were forced through his waistcoat, and he was otherwise much disfigured. In the fall he is said to have turned over and over twice or thrice.

Two other more recent cases have occurred, one shortly after the other, in the summer of 1839.

After these events, it was in contemplation to close the Monument altogether from public inspection; but the motion to this effect was strenuously resisted in the Court of Common Council. It was also proposed that a sort of net-work should be made at the top, to prevent persons who felt disposed for suicide from availing themselves of this mode; and this plan was shortly afterwards adopted. Well will the view from the lofty summit repay the adventurous climber of the 365 steps that lead to it.

"Heavens! what a goodly prospect lies around!"

a wilderness of houses—a forest of spires—and the

blue river, spanned with its magnificent bridges, stealing through and beautifying the whole—the one work of God, amid the congregation of the small works of man. It is a grand sight—the queen of the nations is at our feet—the eternal city lies beneath us—the city before whose triumphs and whose glories those of old Rome and Babylon sink into insignificance. That immense, dark-coloured, smoke-enveloped mass of bricks and stone is the mistress of civilization—the heart of humanity—the arbitress of the fate of the world. Commerce, and her offspring of art, science, literature, and refinement, here sit enthroned, and from here despatch their emissaries over the whole earth, aiding civilization where it has already taken root, and spreading it abroad to remotest isles and wildest nooks of the world, where it had never before penetrated. Many an hour in our young days have we passed upon this airy summit, at sunrise or sunset, or at noon; and often have we attempted, but in vain, to bribe with scanty shillings the fidelity of the guardian of the pillar, to allow us to ascend when the city was asleep, and see the moonlight from that spot. The thing was not to be accomplished; but in the day we were free, and hour after hour we lingered, the wind blowing sometimes with a freshness that made us hold to the iron railings for support, lest we should have been lifted off our feet, and whirled to the awful pavement beneath.

Retracing our footsteps towards the river, we proceed through Thames Street to Billingsgate, the

Custom-House, and the Tower. This part of Thames Street was, in the reign of Henry II., as we learn from Fitzstephen's "Account of London," the chief place in the city for eating-houses. "Here, according to the season," says that old author, in the faithful translation of Dr. Pegge, "might be found victuals of all kinds, roasted, baked, fried or boiled. Fish, large and small, with coarser viands, for the poorer sort, and more delicate ones for the rich, such as venison, fowls, and small birds. In case a friend arrived at a citizen's house, much wearied after a long journey, and chooses not to wait, hungered as he is, for the buying and cooking of meat, recourse is immediately had to the Thames bank above mentioned, where everything desirable is instantly procured. No number so great of knights and strangers can either enter the city at any hour of the day or night, or leave it, but may be all supplied with provisions; so that those have no occasion to fast too long, nor those to depart the city without their dinner. To this place, if they are so disposed, they resort, and there they regale themselves according to their abilities."

As regards some of the dainty things mentioned in the old monk's enumeration, this part of London still maintains its high character; for here is the greatest fish-market of London—the renowned Billingsgate, where "no number of knights and strangers can enter the city at any hour of the day or night without being supplied" with any species of fish that is in season, and of the choicest quality. The language of

this spot is not so choice as its fish: all the world knows the peculiar pith and energy of the phraseology that is fashionable here: even the distant Americans sometimes condemn their too quarrelsome and abusive neighbours for using too much "Billingsgate" in their arguments. Billingsgate is an ancient place. The ward in which it is situated, and to which it gives name, is one of the oldest in the city. The chroniclers Grafton, Fabian, and others, maintain it to have been built by, and named after, a British king, called Belyn, who reigned more than 300 years before the Christian era. According to tradition, there was a pinnacle over the gate, surmounted by a globular vessel of shining brass, in which were inclosed the ashes of that potent monarch—scarcely less potent and renowned in his day, than the celebrated Lud, who is supposed by some to have given name to London itself. The place appears to have been known as a fish-market so early as the reign of Ethelred, in 1016, who promulgated some laws for the regulation of the price of fish.

Billingsgate is also a harbour for vessels which arrive with salt, oranges, lemons, onions, and other commodities; and in summer the influx of cherries from Kent, &c., is astonishing. Here, too, the Gravesend passage boats, and Margate hoys, before the introduction of steam, used to ply for passengers: the first of these were obliged to depart, under a penalty, upon the ringing of a bell at high-water. The church of St. Botolph, which stood opposite

Botolph Lane, in Thames Street, according to Stow, had existed ever since the time of Edward the Confessor. After it was burnt, Sir Josiah Child rented the ground where the chancel stood. In 1693 he formed out of it the passage to Botolph's Wharf.

In Stow's time this neighbourhood was mostly inhabited by Netherlanders, who paid very high rents. "The nearer," said he, "they dwell to the water-side, the more they give for houses;" a circumstance which Stow notes as remarkable, though if he had known anything of the canals of Holland, and the long lines of streets upon their banks, he would not have wondered at it.

Adjoining Billingsgate is the Custom-House—a long handsome building, with a terrace-walk in the front. The first custom-house erected in London was built in 1385, by John Churchman, one of the sheriffs of London, who is said, in consequence of the general complaints of the merchants, to have erected a convenient building on the water-side. Before this time there appears to have been an office for the purpose in the city. Chaucer, the father of English poetry, who was for many years "comptroller of the customs for the port of London," had resigned the office before the time that John Churchman undertook his building, and transacted his business sometimes at one place and sometimes at another; for the merchant vessels discharged their cargos almost wherever they pleased, to the great inconvenience of the offices of the customs, and the loss of the revenue. In the year after Chaucer's

appointment, great peculation was discovered in some branches of the customs; and many of the offenders were discovered and prosecuted; but not a word was ever breathed by his bitterest foe, against the integrity of Geoffrey Chaucer. The articles chiefly under the supervision of the poet, were wool and hides, and there was a proviso in his deed of appointment, that he should personally execute the office, and keep the account of it with his own hands.

In the year 1559, in consequence of the merchant vessels discharging their cargos at various places down the river, an act was passed which compelled them to proceed with their goods to the new custom-house. This edifice was destroyed in the great fire, and another was erected shortly afterwards, at an expense of 10,000*l.* This building met the same fate as its predecessor, having been burned down in January 1714, along with 120 adjoining houses in Thames Street. It was again rebuilt at the expense of government, and lasted just a century, when it was for the third time destroyed by a fire, which broke out on the 12th of February, 1814. Property to an immense amount was consumed; ten houses opposite were burned down, and three persons, unfortunately, lost their lives. A large and more commodious edifice was completed in 1817. The site was partly taken from the bed of the river, and great expense was incurred in making a sure foundation. The builder contracted for 176,000*l.*, and 12,000*l.* additional for the piles; but when com-

pleted, the charge amounted to 346,000*l.*, and 24,000*l.* for the piles. Notwithstanding the expense incurred, the foundation was not secure; and in January 1825, the long room gave way and considerable damage was done.

And now, proceeding down by the river bank, we arrive at the Tower, the most remarkable and the most ancient of all the edifices of London. According to tradition, the Tower was built by Julius Cæsar. Hence the oft-quoted lines of Gray,—

> "The towers of Julius, London's lasting shame,
> By many a foul and midnight murder fed."

It seems probable that Cæsar erected a fort on this place; but the White Tower, the most ancient part of the present building, is generally allowed to have been built by William the Conqueror. Gundulph, bishop of Rochester, was the architect he employed on this occasion; and his first foundation was that which is now called the White Tower. It is situated in the centre of this fortress, and is a large square irregular building, with four watch-towers, one of which is used as an observatory.

The Tower was first inclosed by William Longchamp, bishop of Ely, the chancellor and governor of England during the first months after the absence of Richard I. on his crusading expedition. This prelate surrounded the Tower with embattled walls, and made on the outside a vast ditch, into which, in after times, the water from the Thames was introduced. Different princes added other works. The

present contents, within the walls, are twelve acres and five rods; the circuit, on the outside of the ditch, one thousand and fifty-two feet.

It was again inclosed with a mud wall by Henry III. This was placed at a distance from the ditch, and occasioned the taking down part of the city wall, which was resented by the citizens, who, pulling down this precinct of mud, were punished by the king with a fine of a thousand marks. Edward IV. built the Lions' Tower. It was originally called the Bulwark; but received the former name from its use.

In 1663, by order of Charles II., the ditch was completely cleansed, the wharfing rebuilt with brick and stone, and the sluices erected for admitting and retaining the water of the Thames. The grand storehouse was begun by James II. and finished by King William, who built the whole of the small armoury.

But it is not the mere history of the stones and mortar of such and such parts of this venerable building that attracts the attention of every reader. This edifice was and is the state prison of England; and a peculiar interest attaches to the names of its hapless captives,—including so many who have left a never-dying fame. We propose to go through the list of them from the earliest times; and if we dwell upon events that are known to every reader of English history, we shall at the same time unfold circumstances in connexion with this sombre edifice, which are less known, but not less remarkable.

In the reign of Henry III., when the Tower first began to assume importance, the outer walls fell down—it is supposed by an earthquake; "for the which chance," say the old historians, "the citizens of London were nothing sorry." Griffin, the son of Llewellyn, prince of Wales, imprisoned in the fortress by order of this monarch, made an unfortunate attempt to escape. He formed a rope of his bed-clothes and body-linen, and having eluded the vigilance of his guards, let himself down from a high tower on the northern side. Being a very heavy man, the rope gave way, and he fell and was dashed to pieces. Roger Mortimer of Wigmore was more successful in the reign of Edward II. The monarchs of England, with all their court, resided at that time in the Tower,—a circumstance which increased the difficulties of escape if the prisoner were unpopular, but which was likely to render it the easier in the contrary case. Mortimer, who enjoyed a certain degree of liberty within the walls of the fortress, gave a grand entertainment to Sir Stephen Segrave, the constable, and other inferior officers, at which he took an opportunity of drugging their wine. As soon as they were all drunk and asleep, he penetrated into the royal kitchen, to the top of which he proceeded by the chimney, and then over sundry roofs and wards, until he reached the outer wall, where his friends were awaiting him with a ladder of ropes. He succeeded in reaching the Thames, where he took ship and sailed to France.

Sir John Mortimer, a descendant of this Roger

Mortimer; was also imprisoned in the Tower, and endeavoured to make his escape. He was not so fortunate as his predecessor, but was taken on the Tower Wharf, brought to trial for high treason, condemned, and executed at Tyburn.

Perhaps the most noble, and to every Scotsman doubtless, the most noble prisoner ever immured within the Tower, was the brave Sir William Wallace. After a short confinement he was beheaded on Tower Hill, and his head, as we have already mentioned, affixed to a pike on London Bridge. For this deed, Edward I. stands accursed by every true son of North Britain.

The rebels under Wat Tyler made brutal sport in the Tower. When the king was parleying with one party of them at Mile End, the other entered the Tower. They made their first havoc in the king's apartments—disporting themselves on the royal bed—drinking out of the royal cup—and defiling the royal chair; and playing every sort of wild and unmannerly prank. Desperate with rage and drink, they laid hands upon Simon Sudbury, the archbishop of Canterbury, whom they found in the oratory upon his knees, and having dragged him to Tower Hill, cut off his head in the most cruel manner. The first blow being ineffectual, the archbishop who had not been pinioned, suddenly put his hand to his neck, and another blow at that instant falling, cut off his fingers. It required eight blows in all, from the drunken and unskilful executioner, to finish his bloody work. His

grey head was then affixed on London Bridge, with those of Sir Robert Hales, the treasurer of England, and Apledore, the king's confessor.

Cade, who in a succeeding age, not only imitated but surpassed the deeds of Tyler, also allowed his followers to wreak their vengeance upon the Tower. To conciliate this strong insurgent, the weak government had committed Lord Saye to prison, but Cade was no sooner master of London, than he made a sacrifice of the obnoxious nobleman. Lord Saye was taken from the Tower—underwent a mock trial at Guildhall, and was then beheaded in Cheapside. His naked and headless body was afterwards tied to a horse's tail, and dragged through the mire all the way to Southwark. His head was carried with the body that Cade might see it, and it was then affixed on London Bridge.

The next great event in connexion with the Tower, was the assault made upon it in the year 1460 by the citizens, to drive out Lord Scales, who held that fortress for the Lancastrians. The Yorkists closely beleaguered the place, and cut off the supplies both by land and water. Lord Scales defended himself courageously, casting wild-fire into the city, and shooting many small guns, and thereby slaying many men, women, and children in the streets. The Earl of Salisbury, chief of the Yorkist army in London, in the absence of the Earl of March, seeing this, directed the citizens to construct a battery on the other side of the river, and soon forced Lord Scales to slacken his fire upon the city.

Things remained in this state until intelligence arrived of the total defeat of Henry VI.'s army at Northampton, when Lord Scales surrendered the fortress. Fearful, however, that he might fall a prey to the revenge of the Londoners, he attempted to escape in disguise, and was entering a boat at the Tower stairs, when a waterman recognized him, and smote him dead upon the spot.

The most illustrious prisoner of the Tower in the succeeding reign, was a man who had himself worn the kingly crown, and wielded, nominally, the sceptre of dominion. Henry VI., after remaining concealed for a year after his escape from the victorious army of his rival, was detected and thrown into prison, by enemies who had at that time too much contempt for him to take away his life.

> "Then Harry! Harry! 'twas no land of thine;
> Thy place was filled, thy sceptre wrung from thee,
> Thy balm washed off, wherewith thou wast anointed,
> No bending knee did call thee Cesar then;
> No humble suitors pressed to speak for right;
> No, not a man came for redress to thee;
> For how could'st thou keep them, and not thyself?"

After a doleful captivity of nine years,—shut out from all society, except that of his keepers, who thought him too insignificant to be treated either with much kindness or great severity, except one who used to amuse himself by poking him in the side with a sword, he was destined once more to wield the sceptre. He was taken from the Tower by the Earl of Warwick and the Duke of Clarence, and

replaced upon the throne: a mere puppet in the hands of more powerful and designing men. But evil days were yet in store for him: the sun of prosperity had never smiled upon him, and was not to smile upon him then. His rival, though cast down, was not subdued, and in a few short months Edward IV. was again King of England, and Henry VI. again a prisoner in that tower from whence his living body was never more to issue. His high-minded and unconquerable queen was also confined for a time in another dungeon of the same fortress, until she was ransomed by the intercession of the French king. The partisans of the house of York were of opinion, that their former lenity in sparing the life of this poor, weak, amiable, and most hapless prince, had been productive of evil, and to this thought he fell a sacrifice. The circumstances of his death have never been correctly ascertained; but popular belief at the time, and long afterwards, laid the guilt of his murder upon the Duke of Gloucester. Shakspeare adopted this version, and has sent him down to the latest posterity as the assassin. Should the future discovery of any records tend to throw any doubt upon that which is still obscure, the undying verse of the bard, enshrined in the memory of nations, will render it no easy task to wipe that foul blot from the character of King Richard.

The next victim was the Duke of Clarence, whose sad story is also enshrined in the im ortal pages of Shakspeare. Obnoxious to two bad brothers, of

whom one was king, and the other aspired to be king, means were easily made to bring him to destruction. He was accused of various offences; found guilty, and thrown into the Tower; where he was shortly afterwards murdered,—in what manner is uncertain. The old historians say that he was drowned in a butt of malmsey. And some of them add, that the choice of the mode of death being left to him, he chose this as the most pleasant. Shakspeare represents him as having been first stabbed by two assassins hired by the Duke of Gloucester, and afterwards thrown into the malmsey-butt.

During the protectorate of the duke, murders were rife in the Tower. First, there was the popular Lord Hastings, accused, imprisoned, and executed within an hour; and then Edward V., the young semblance of a king, and his baby brother the Duke of York. Had the Tower

> "Rough cradle for such pretty little ones,
> Rude rugged nurse, old sullen play-fellow
> For tender princes,"

no other memories to make it remarkable than those which attach to their murder, it would be one of the most memorable spots in England.

Brakenbury, the constable of the Tower, refused to obey the tyrant's command in this matter; but as a murderer can always find a knife, so a tyrant can always find an instrument, and Sir James Tyrrel took upon himself, for one night, the office of constable, and swore if not to do, at least to permit, the deed. Three assassins were chosen for the work,

Slater, Deighton, and Forest, though Shakspeare only mentions two, while Tyrrel kept watch at the door of the apartment where the princes slept,

> "—— engirdling one another
> Within their alabaster innocent arms."

They were smothered with the bolster and pillows, and, by the order of Tyrrel, their naked bodies were buried deep in the ground, under a heap of stones at the foot of the stairs. Henry VII. afterwards ordered a search to be made for their remains, that they might be buried in consecrated ground, and with the honours due to their rank; but the search was not carefully made, or instituted in a wrong place, and the bodies were not found. They were accidentally discovered nearly two centuries afterwards, in the reign of Charles II., by whom they were interred under a marble monument with befitting ceremonies.

During the remainder of the reign of Richard, or the period between the murder of his nephews and his own death at Bosworth, the Tower had but few prisoners, and witnessed no executions of any illustrious personages. Buckingham, the chief victim, met his fate at Salisbury. There was, however, one prisoner in the Tower who was brought to the block for a rhyme. William Collingbourne, formerly high sheriff of Wilts, was found guilty of writing the libellous distich,—

> "The rat, the cat, and Lovel, that dog,
> Rule all England under a hog,"

and was executed on Tower Hill in a manner peculiarly barbarous.

When Perkin Warbeck had thrown the realm into so much alarm by his pretensions, and Henry VII. was jealous of many of his nobles, he removed himself and court into the Tower, not for security—for the danger was not sufficiently great—but, as Stow says, "from policy, that when any noblemen were accused to him they might be invited to the Tower without raising suspicion of any evil, and then imprisoned." The first victim thus entrapped was Sir William Stanley, who was accused by Clifford, a spy deep in the confidence of the conspirators, of having afforded aid and countenance to the impostor. He was seized in the king's presence, and confined in the square tower until his trial. He was found guilty, although the only offence really proved against him was, that he had said "he would never bear arms against Perkin Warbeck, if he were sure that he was really the son of King Edward IV." He was executed on Tower Hill, and his death struck great terror among the adherents of Perkin; for he was a man to whom the king had been under great obligations, wealthy and influential, and allied to the first families in the kingdom.

Three citizens of London named Scot, Hethe, and Kenington were the next victims. They were dragged from the sanctuary of St. Martin-le-Grand, cast into the Tower, tried for being concerned in the conspiracy of Perkin, and executed the next day.

Perkin himself came next. After his defeat at

Exeter, he took refuge in the sanctuary of Beaulieu, from whence he was persuaded to emerge, on a promise of pardon from the king. He was led in mock triumph through the streets of London and then committed to prison. He escaped after a short detention, but being recaptured, was set in the pillory, and finally committed to the Tower. Still restless, he endeavoured to corrupt the four keepers set over him by the lieutenant of the Tower, and drew the unfortunate Earl of Warwick, his fellow prisoner, into an attempt to escape. Their plan was discovered, and Perkin was executed at Tyburn, along with one John à Waters, the mayor of Cork. He died patiently and humbly, entreating the king's forgiveness for the long imposition of which he had been guilty.

The fate of the poor Earl of Warwick excited more sympathy. He was the son of the unfortunate Duke of Clarence, drowned in the Tower by King Richard, and had been immured a close prisoner in that gloomy fortress for fifteen years. He was, at the time of his luckless implication with Perkin's plot to escape, only in his twenty-fourth year, and was still, in mind and manners, as much a child as when first imprisoned. He was the last male of the royal line of Plantagenet, and the greatest inhumanity had been exercised towards him, to shorten his life by a gradual blight of all his faculties, both mental and bodily, that at no future time he might become dangerous to the occupier of the throne of England. Shut out from the company of his fellows,

and the sight of nature, the hapless prince scarcely knew that there was a kind heart in existence, or a green tree upon the earth. Henry VII. was bent upon his destruction: the pity the people had expressed for this last unhappy branch of a princely stock, was a drop of bitterness in his cup. It was first resolved to bring him to trial for attempting to escape from the Tower; but Henry VII. was afraid that the world would cry shame upon him, unless he found some more plausible reason for his death. A short time previously, one Wilford, the son of a shoemaker in Bishopsgate Street, incited by the easy credulity of the people in believing Perkin Warbeck to be the Duke of York, pretended that he was the Earl of Warwick, the last of the Plantagenets, and that he had escaped from captivity, to make good the claim of the house of York to the crown of England. He was soon seized and hanged for his ambition. This incident was made the pretext for the execution of the unhappy earl. He was accused of forming a design against the government, and of being privy to the imposture of the shoemaker. The poor youth, imbecile from harshness and total seclusion from kindly faces and the light of heaven, confessed all that was laid to his charge, and was executed on Tower Hill.

This was a reign of blood, and it was not long before the Tower sent forth another batch of victims. Edmund de la Pole, earl of Suffolk, related to the royal family of Plantagenet, rendered himself suspected of the king, and fled into Flanders. Upon

information secretly obtained, many persons were arrested in various parts of England, on the charge of being concerned with him in an attempt to disturb the government. Ten or twelve of them were imprisoned in the Tower, till the king's death, and two executed in London. The one was Sir James Windham, and the other Sir James Tyrrel. The fate of the latter excited no sympathy. He was the guilty instrument of bloody King Richard, in the murder of the two young princes, and the world rejoiced that vengeance had come upon him at last.

Henry, though he afterwards obtained possession of the person of the Earl of Suffolk, did not dare to bring him to trial, and he remained in the Tower a close prisoner till the death of the tyrant. These were hard times, not only for the high in rank, but for the rich in the world's wealth. The aldermen and wealthy citizens of London found the reputation of men of substance exceedingly inconvenient, and were often forced to pay large sums to the rapacious king, or rot in the dungeons of the Tower. Empson and Dudley, his still more rapacious instruments, delighted in fleecing an alderman. Sir William Capel was fined 2000*l.* for some slight dereliction of duty when he was Lord Mayor of London eleven years previously, and because he murmured at the sentence, was committed to the Tower. Alderman Harris was also singled out as a victim, and died of a broken heart in consequence. Sir Lawrence Aylmer, and the two gentlemen who had served the office of sheriff during his mayoralty, were fined in large sums for some im-

aginary stretch of authority many years before, and kept in close confinement in the Tower for their refusal to pay it. Most of them ultimately paid the fine, but Sir William Capel and Sir Lawrence Aylmer were resolute, and preferred the dungeons to submission to such injustice. They remained in prison till the death of Henry.

But the catalogue of blood and sorrow swells upon us as we write. The victims of the Tower rise up in long review before us—so many and so innocent as to make us sick at heart in wading through the chronicles for the records of their fate. The next reign surpassed even that of Henry VII. in the number of victims inclosed within the gloomy portals of this building.

The first prisoners committed to the Tower in the reign of Henry VIII. were two men odious in the sight of the people. The instruments of a tyrant are always more hated than the tyrant himself; and upon the devoted heads of Empson and Dudley was accumulated all the ill-will that men were afraid of venting upon the memory of their employer. Henry VIII. saw how much popularity he might gain by sacrificing these men, and he sacrificed them; for it cannot be supposed that with his notions and his temper, he could have felt much indignation against them for a crime of no greater magnitude than oppressing a people for the profit of a king. While common informers of less note were set in the pillory or beaten to death in the streets, these two, after a short imprisonment in the Tower, were

beheaded on Tower Hill, with all the pomp and pageantry of judicial manslaughter.

For the next twelve years the dungeons of the Tower were all but tenantless. Henry had not shed the blood of his own enemies; Empson and Dudley had not interfered with his plans, thwarted his passions, or conspired against his authority, and in consigning them to the scaffold he did not know the sweetness of revenge. His appetite for blood was not whetted by their fate, and it took a long interval to instil thoroughly into him a few of those Algerine notions of prompt decapitation and plurality of wives, for which he was afterwards so much distinguished. The first of a long line of illustrious victims to his fears, his passions, and his prejudices, was Edward Bohun, duke of Buckingham, thrown into the Tower and beheaded in 1521. This nobleman was descended, through a female, from King Edward III., and had given too much encouragement to a designing astrologer, who had prophesied that he would be king of England, should Henry die *without* issue. The Lords Abergavenny and Montague were imprisoned at the same time, but escaped the axe of the executioner. No doubt there was treason in the duke's offence; but he seems to have acted more from thoughtlessness than wickedness. He conducted himself bravely during his trial. The Duke of Norfolk, whose son had married Buckingham's daughter, was created lord steward, to preside at the inquisition, and upon him devolved the duty of passing sentence. He wept

piteously as he uttered the awful words—"Sir Edward Bohun, duke of Buckingham, you have been found guilty by your peers. You shall be led to the king's prison, and there laid on a hurdle, and so drawn to the place of execution. There you shall be hanged, cut down alive, your members cut off and cast into the fire, your bowels burnt before you, your head smitten off, your body quartered and divided at the king's will; and may God have mercy on your soul. Amen!" Buckingham replied that such words were proper to be said to a traitor; but he was never one. He forgave them all his death, and desired their prayers, but said he would never sue to the king for his life. He was led into a barge at Westminster, and landed at the Temple Stairs, and so on through the streets of London to the Tower, where on the following day he was beheaded.

Again there was a long interval of fourteen years, during which time the Tower received no illustrious prisoners. Henry was not yet an accomplished taker-off of heads. He served a long apprenticeship, and did not give the world all at once a warning how dangerous and expert a practitioner he would become. But when he next thirsted for blood, his victims were great, and innocent, and distinguished. John Fisher, the bishop of Rochester, was thrown into the Tower, in his extreme old age, for refusing an oath which it went against his conscience to take, and for concealing the treasonable fooleries of Elizabeth Barton, the Holy Maid of Kent. He remained in his dungeon for more than a twelvemonth, without

a covering to keep him from the cold on the winter nights, and scarcely a rag to cover his nakedness. He was a man eminent for his learning, his piety, and his many amiable qualities. Cromwell, the secretary, relieved his necessities in secret, at the risk of his own head; but still the aged prelate remained in a woful state, until the knife of the executioner sent him to a better world.

Twelve days afterwards (July 4th, 1535,) Sir Thomas More, as good a man, and a more celebrated, was brought to the scaffold for the very same offence. His original sentence was perpetual imprisonment, but his death was needful to his tyrant, as a warning to men of lesser note. He was brought to trial, and condemned at last for an unguarded speech to a man who had been sent as a spy upon him. He died as he had lived—serene and cheerful.

Hitherto the captives of the Tower had been men: some of them old, some of them young, and some of them children; but as yet, no woman had suffered a long imprisonment within its walls, with the exception of Margaret, queen of Henry VI., ransomed by the King of France. Poor Anne Boleyn, with beauty for her dower and for her curse, was the first illustrious lady consigned to its dark dungeons—only to be brought forth to die the death of the felon. Her unhappy charms ceased to be agreeable in the sight of her lord; and therefore she was committed to prison upon charges the most foul, but supported upon evidence so slight, that all the world thought shame. Her cheerfulness, her youthful buoyancy of

spirits, her pretty playfulness, were all tortured into crimes; her sisterly affection for her brother, Lord Rochford, turned by her enemies into an offence the most horrible. Her letter, dated "from my doleful prison in the Tower, this sixth of May," would have melted the heart of any man but her husband. "Let not your grace," said she, "ever imagine that your poor wife will ever be brought to acknowledge a fault, where not so much as a thought thereof proceeded. And, to speak a truth, never prince had wife more loyal in all duty and in all true affection than you have ever found in Anne Boleyn; with which name and place I could willingly have contented myself, if God and your grace's pleasure had been so pleased * * * * You have chosen me from a low estate to be your queen and companion, far beyond my desert or desire. If then you found me worthy of such honour, good your grace, let not any light fancy or bad counsel of mine enemies withdraw your princely favour from me; neither let that stain, that unworthy stain of a disloyal heart towards your good grace, ever cast so foul a blot on your most dutiful wife, and the infant princess your daughter. Try me, good king, but let me have a lawful trial, and let not my sworn enemies sit as my accusers and judges: yea, let me receive an open trial, for my truth shall fear no open shame. * * * * But if you have already determined of me, and that not only my death, but an infamous slander, must bring you the enjoying of your desired happiness, then I desire of God that he will pardon

your great sin therein, and likewise mine enemies, the instruments thereof; and that he will not call you to a strict account for your unprincely and cruel usage of me at his general judgment-seat, where both you and myself must shortly appear." Poor Anne! she may have convinced the reason, but she could not touch the heart, of the tyrant; and she judged well that he had already determined of her. The axe with which her head was severed from her body is still shown among the curiosities of the Tower. Her unfortunate brother, Lord Rochford, victim to the arts of his wife, was beheaded two days previously, along with Norris, Brereton, Weston, and Smeton, gentlemen of the privy chamber.

The next prisoners of importance that the Tower received were two lovers, Lord Thomas Howard and the Lady Margaret Douglas, the king's niece, and daughter of the Queen of Scots. The lady was beautiful and kind, and the lord was of a tender heart; and he plucked up courage, and demanded her in marriage of the king. Henry was so indignant, that he sent them both to the Tower. Lord Thomas paid a dear penalty for his love and ambition. He was shut out for life from the light of day, and died a prisoner two years afterwards. The Lady Margaret was released after her lover's death, when it was thought she had suffered sufficient punishment.

While these were still mourning their hard fate, the Tower received a great accession of occupants. The popular discontent, excited by the priests after

the suppression of the monasteries, broke out in several parts of England. The rebels were defeated in Lincolnshire, Westmorland, and Yorkshire, and their leaders put to death by martial law, or thrown into prison. Thirteen of the most influential were consigned to the dungeons of the Tower, including the Lord Darcy, Robert Aske, Sir Robert Constable, Sir John and Lady Bulmer, Sir Thomas Percy, Sir Stephen Hamilton, Sir Francis Bigod, Nicholas Tempest, and William Lumley, besides two ecclesiastics. They were not allowed to remain long in prison. Lord Darcy was beheaded on Tower Hill, Robert Aske was hanged at York, Sir Robert Constable hanged in chains at Beverley Gate, Hull, Lady Bulmer burned as a witch in Smithfield, and the remainder hanged at Tyburn.

In the following year the unfortunate Marquis of Exeter, with Lord Montague and Sir Edward Nevil, were accused by Sir Geoffrey Pole, the brother of the cardinal and of Lord Montague, with treasonable practices. They were sent to the Tower with their accuser and accomplice and three other persons, Holland, a sailor, and Crofts and Collins, ecclesiastics. After a short imprisonment, they were brought to trial, and on the evidence of Pole, found guilty of conspiracy, with the cardinal, against the throne and peace of England. Sir Geoffrey was pardoned; the noble traitors were beheaded on Tower Hill, and the plebeians hanged at Tyburn.

At the same time there was in the Tower another prisoner for high treason, Sir Nicholas Carew, of

Beddington, master of the king's horse. He was arraigned and found guilty, but suffered to remain for eight months in the prison, before his sentence was carried into execution. He was beheaded in March 1537, "making," says Grafton's Chronicle, "a goodly confession, and thanking God that ever he came into the prison of the Tower, where he first savoured the life and sweetness of God's most holy word, meaning the Bible in English, which there he read by the means of one Thomas Philips, the keeper of that prison." The parliament which met in April 1538, impeached several persons of high treason, and sent them to the Tower. Among them was Margaret, the hapless countess of Salisbury, to whose family the Tower had been fatal indeed. Her father was the Duke of Clarence, put to death by orders of Richard III.; her brother was the unfortunate Earl of Warwick, shut up in its dungeons from his infancy, and then beheaded by Henry VII.; and she was mother of the Lord Montague, executed on the testimony of his own brother, a year previously. This unhappy lady was kept a prisoner for three years, when she shared the fate of so many of her nearest and dearest relatives upon the block. Her son, the Cardinal Pole, was impeached at the same time, but was safe from the king's vengeance beyond the seas. The other persons implicated, were Gertrude, marchioness of Exeter, wife of the nobleman who suffered with Lord Montague, Sir Adrian Foskew and one Thomas Dingley. The two latter were beheaded on Tower Hill. The Marchioness of

Exeter remained for some time in the Tower, but what her fate was, the old historians have neglected to mention.

Next there came a solitary victim, Cromwell, earl of Essex, the faithful and attached servant of Wolsey, and the zealous servitor of Henry VIII., so zealous indeed, as to have forgotten the dying words of his great master, and served his king better than his God. This able man, sprung from the ranks of the people, and raised by his own merits to the highest dignities of the state, fell more suddenly than he arose. Already hated by the nobles for the honours which he, a plebeian, had carried away from their order; disliked by the people for his severity towards the monasteries; and hanging on by merely the king's capricious favour; he was at no time secure of his dignities or his life, for a single week. By the intrigues of the Duke of Norfolk, uncle of the new beauty, on whom the king, disgusted with the heavy and obese charms of Anne of Cleves, had fixed his amorous eyes, Cromwell was arrested as he sat at the council table, and committed to the Tower, on a charge of high treason and heresy. "He was," says Hume, "a man of prudence, industry, and abilities, worthy of a better master and a better fate." His trial was immediately proceeded with; and although there was no evidence against him worthy of the name, he was condemned to death. It is said that the letter he wrote to Henry drew tears from the eyes of that monarch. "I am," said he, "a most woful prisoner, ready to submit to death when it shall please God

and your majesty; and yet the frail flesh incites me to call to your grace for mercy and pardon of mine offences. Written at the Tower, with the heavy heart and trembling hand of your highness's most miserable prisoner and poor slave, Thomas Cromwell." But the sorrows of King Henry dwelt in his head, near his eyes, and never moved his heart. He wept at Cromwell's letter, thought of Catherine Howard, whom he longed to wed, and whom he could not wed if Cromwell were pardoned; then dried his eyes, and left his friend for execution. Cromwell conducted himself with great fortitude on the fatal scaffold, patiently suffered the strokes of the axe, inflicted, as Grafton informs us, by a ragged and butcherly fellow, who very unskilfully performed his office. With him suffered Lord Hungerford of Heytesbury, also found guilty of high treason.

Two days afterwards the portals of the Tower were thrown open to let forth another batch of victims. Dr. Barnes, with five other persons, named Jerome, Gerrard, Powell, Featherstone and Abel, were without trial condemned as heretics, and drawn on hurdles to Smithfield and there burned. Dr. Barnes discussed theology with the sheriff who presided at his execution; and some difference of opinion arose between them relative to the invocation of the saints. Barnes doubted whether the saints could pray for living men; but if they could, he said that in half an hour he would be praying for the sheriff and all his enemies. The three first mentioned were burned, and the three latter hanged.

The next victim was the Countess of Salisbury, whose fate has been already mentioned. A few days after her execution, Lord Leonard Gray, after an imprisonment of several months in the Tower, on a charge of treason in Ireland, was beheaded, and died, says the Chronicle, very quietly and goodly.

Among many prisoners at that time in the Tower, many of whom lingered unknown and died unlamented within its walls, there was one more illustrious, who, by a chance, exceedingly rare in those times, recovered his liberty, and died at peace in his own bed. Sir Thomas Wyatt, the sweet poet and friend of Cromwell, was for a time overwhelmed in the ruin that fell upon that minister. In consequence of the representations of Bishop Bonner, that he had held treasonable correspondence with Cardinal Pole, and that he had treated the king with disrespect whilst ambassador to the emperor, he was arrested and sent to the Tower. He had previously been imprisoned in 1536 for some offence, the nature of which has never been correctly ascertained, and once narrowly escaped being implicated in the trial of poor Anne Boleyn, for whom it was supposed he had conceived a guilty attachment. Upon the strength of the following lines addressed to his friend Sir Francis Bryan, it has been supposed that he was treated with great rigour during his confinement:—

"Sighs are my food—my drink is bitter tears;
Clinking of fetters would such music crave;
Stink and close air, away my life it wears;
Poor innocence is all the hope I have.

Rain, wind, or weather, judge I by my ears;
Malice assaults, that righteousness should have.
Sure am I, Bryan, this wound shall heal again,
But yet, alas! the scar shall still remain."

Wyatt, on his trial, made an able defence, and was triumphantly acquitted. The king, to show his conviction of his innocence, made him high steward of the manor of Maidstone, and conferred other honours upon him. But Wyatt had had enough of courts, and he withdrew to the retirement of the country. He could not, as he says in his satire to Poins,—

"——— frame his tongue to feign
To cloak the truth, for praise without desert
Of them that list all vice for to retain
I cannot honour them that set their part
With Venus and with Bacchus their life-long;
Nor hold my peace of them, although I smart.
I cannot crouch nor kneel to such a wrong;
To worship them like God on earth alone,
That are as wolves the silly lambs among.
I cannot with my words complain and moan,
And suffer naught; nor smart without complaint,
Nor turn the word that from my mouth is gone.
I cannot speak and look like as a saint;
Use wiles for wit, and make deceit a pleasure;
Call craft counsell—for lucre still to pant,
I cannot wrest the law to fill the treasure.
* * * * * *
This maketh me at home to hunt and hawk,
And in foul weather at my book to sit;
In frost and snow then with my bow to stalk,
No man doth mark whereso I ride or go;
In lusty leas at liberty I walk,
And of these news I feel not weal nor woe."

The next prisoners of any consequence that the Tower received, were the guilty Queen Catharine Howard, and her slanderous friend, Lady Rochford, who had lied away the life of one queen, Anne Boleyn, and who was now to die on the scaffold with another. Culpeper and Diram, the queen's paramours, were hanged at Tyburn on the tenth of December, and on the thirteenth of February following, the queen and Lady Rochford were beheaded on the Green within the Tower, dying repentant and confessing their crimes. The Duchess of Norfolk, the queen's grandmother, her uncle lord William Howard and his lady, the Countess of Bridgewater her aunt, and nine other persons, were at the same time committed to the Tower for misprision of treason, in being aware of the dissolute life of the queen before her marriage and afterwards, and not revealing it. They were all sentenced to perpetual imprisonment and confiscation of their property; but those of the family of Norfolk, after some months' confinement, were pardoned and set at liberty. Many of the inferior prisoners died in the Tower.

Fifteen days after the queen's execution, Sir Arthur Plantagenet, illegitimate son of King Edward IV., died in the dungeons of the Tower. He had been committed for treason two years previously, but was never brought to trial. The Tower, it was expected at one time, would have received another queen for its prisoner, but Catharine Parr cleverly escaped the danger, and survived her hus-

band. Articles of impeachment against her for heresy were drawn up, and the warrant of her committal to the Tower already signed. By some means she obtained a sight of the fearful document before it was rendered legal by the royal signature, and knowing that she had often presumed to differ from the king on theological subjects, she was fully sensible of her danger. She immediately sought an interview with her husband, and entered into conversation with him as if nothing had happened. She easily brought him to his favourite topic, and with great art, and no apparent flattery, praised his learning in all matters of divinity, and said, how proud she was, and how happy, to receive instruction from his mouth. "No! no! Kate," replied Henry, beginning to fear that she was wheedling him, "you pretend to be a doctor yourself now, and are better fitted to give than to receive instruction." A less clever woman would have been disconcerted, but Catharine Parr had presence of mind, and thoroughly understood the character of the man she had to deal with. She replied, therefore, that in all her conversations with his majesty, her sole desire was to afford him amusement, and gain instruction for herself. Conversation, as he knew, was apt to languish when it was not revived by some opposition, and she had sometimes ventured to feign a contrariety of sentiments, in order to give him the pleasure of refuting her, and that she had also proposed, by this innocent artifice, to lead the conversation to topics, from which she had observed, by frequent experience, that she

reaped great profit and instruction. "And is it so, sweetheart," exclaimed Henry delighted, and giving her an embrace, "then we are perfect friends again!" Next day, as the king and queen were sitting very lovingly in the garden, the chancellor, who knew nothing of their reconciliation, appeared with forty pursuivants to execute the warrant and lodge her in the Tower. The chancellor received a volley of abuse for his pains, was called a knave, a fool, and a beast, banished from the king's presence, and never afterwards regained his favour.

The family of Norfolk, that had played such conspicuous parts during this reign, lost all their power after the discovery of the guilt of Queen Catharine Howard. The Duke of Norfolk, and his son, the Earl of Surrey, the brave soldier, the mirror of chivalry and the elegant poet, were sent to the Tower on various charges of high treason. Surrey had been before this imprisoned at Windsor, but his imprisonment this time was of more serious consequence, and only ended with his life. One of the charges against him and his father was, that they had assumed the arms of King Edward the Confessor; and although the heralds allowed that they were entitled to do so, and that their ancestors had quartered the very same arms without any complaint, the parliament found them guilty by that act of aspiring to the regal dignity, and designing to dethrone the king. The other charges were equally frivolous, and Henry VIII., then on his death-bed, signed the warrant for the execution of the Earl of Surrey. He was beheaded

on Tower Hill, to the great regret of the people, who admired his bravery, his learning, and his many noble qualities.

The trial of the Duke of Norfolk by the peers was not quite so expeditious as that of Surrey, a commoner, before an ordinary jury. The king was evidently dying before the proceedings concluded, and he sent a message to the Lords, urging them to make haste. When found guilty, the royal assent was given by commission to the warrant for his execution, on the 29th of January, 1547. The lieutenant of the Tower prepared to obey, but news arriving on the previous night that the king had just expired, the lieutenant wisely deferred the execution till he received further orders from the new government. The duke was retained in prison during all the reign of Edward VI., but was released by Queen Mary, and restored to all his honours.

And thus ends the long list of the prisoners in the Tower during the remarkable reign of Henry VIII. If that of his successor had fewer victims, we may infer from the shortness of it that that alone was the reason. The first important captive sent within its walls was Lord Seymour of Sudely, brother of the Protector Somerset, and the king's uncle. The Tower and the block were the usual rewards of too ambitious or too powerful men in that age. They became Lord Seymour's, and very shortly afterwards his more powerful brother's. The next prisoner to be noticed was Gardiner, bishop of Winchester. He had been previously committed to the Fleet, and declin-

Wyatt. The latter, on the scaffold, made a long address to the people, in which he acknowledged the justice of his sentence, and forbore to accuse any person of being accessory to his crime. He especially exonerated from all knowledge of his offences, the Lady, afterwards Queen, Elizabeth, then a prisoner in the Tower, on suspicion of treason, and the Lord Courtney, released by Mary only a few weeks previously and in a few days afterwards apprehended again and committed to close prison. He then shook hands with all around him, undid his doublet, said his last prayer, laid his head on the block, and died.

Early in the following week, Sir Nicholas Throckmorton was led from the Tower to the Guildhall of London, and there tried for being concerned in the same treason. He made an able and eloquent defence; the jury (rare circumstance in those days) were independent and conscientious men, and he was triumphantly acquitted. The queen was so angry, and so scandalized, that jurymen should have consciences, that she fined eight of them in sums varying from five hundred to two thousand pounds, to teach them how inconvenient a virtue independence was apt to prove to them. Thomas Whetstone, a haberdasher, the foreman, and Emanuel Lucas, a tailor, were sent to the Tower, and six to the Fleet prison, until the fines were paid, the other four acknowledged their offence and were graciously pardoned. Good old times! quotha! The bran-new times are far preferable.

These in their way were victims for conscience' sake, but the Tower, during this reign, received more illustrious martyrs in the same cause. Cranmer, Ridley, and Latimer, those patriarchs of the protestant faith, with many of less note, were long confined within its gloomy walls, preparatory to their removal to Oxford, where the stake was blazing for them. How much patience and gentleness, how much magnanimity and virtue, has that grey and guilty dungeon inclosed in its embrace! and how few, in comparison to the number of the innocent, are the really criminal to whom it has been a place of penance and of misery! During Mary's time it was actually gorged with captives; some few guilty, and deserving of no mercy, some guilty in a minor degree, and worthy of all pity and pardon; but by far the greater number guiltless of everything, unless royal blood and high station in some, and a conscience that would not bend to belie itself in others, could be tortured into proofs of criminality.

In the long reign of the popular Elizabeth, the Tower was crammed with captives—some, it is true, most guilty, but very many most innocent and most unfortunate. The constant conspiracies of those who plotted against her crown, with the view of restoring the Catholic religion, forced her to severity; and were these the only victims she made, state policy and the interests of the nation would have been ample justification. But what can be said of the cruelty shown towards the luckless Lady Catherine Grey, and her husband Lord Hertford. Theirs

and thither, in imitation of the rest, repaired Lady Jane Grey in regal state, dreading perchance, what soon happened, that the Tower would change from a palace to a prison, and the collar of gold upon her neck to the sharp edge of the axe.

After a few days of trouble and sorrow, her rival was victorious, and Lady Jane and her slender court escaped from the Tower. The Duke of Northumberland was immediately arrested, and with him his four sons, the Earl of Warwick, and lords Henry, Robert, and Ambrose Dudley; Sir Andrew Dudley, his brother; the Marquis of Northampton; the Earl of Huntingdon; Sir Thomas Palmer; and Sir John Gates. The Duke of Northumberland, with Gates and Palmer, were the first who suffered. The two former made short speeches to the people; but Palmer, who was last executed, made an eloquent address. "In one little dark corner in yonder tower," said he, "I have learned more than ever I learned in my life before. There I saw myself thoroughly, and what I am—nothing but a lump of sin, earth, dust, and of all vileness most vile. I have seen there, and learned, what the world is; how vain, deceitful, transitory, and short it is; how wicked and loathsome the works thereof are in the sight of God's majesty; how He neither regardeth the menaces of the proud and mighty ones, neither despiseth the humbleness of the poor and lowly, which are in the same world. Finally, I have seen there what death is; how near hanging over every man's head, and yet how uncertain the time, and how unknown to all

men, and how little it is to be feared. And why should I fear death, or be sad therefore? Have I not seen two die before mine eyes? yea, and within the hearing of mine ears? No; neither the sprinkling of the blood or the shedding thereof, nor the bloody axe itself, shall make me afraid. I entreat you all to pray for me." He then turned to the executioner: "Come on, my god fellow," he said, "art thou he that shall do the deed? I forgive thee with all my heart." He then knelt down, laid his head upon the block, and the executioner struck it from his body at one blow.

These executions took place on the 22nd of August. On the 2nd of September, Queen Mary coming to the Tower, caused many prisoners to be released. Among others, the Duke of Norfolk, and Cout ney, son of the Marquis of Exeter, who had been imprisoned during the whole of the last reign, with Gardiner, Tonstal, Bonner, and other prelates; altogether, about fifteen persons were set at liberty. But the Tower was none the less crowded with captives—as soon as one was released, another supplied his place. Lady Jane Grey, and her husband, Lord Guildford Dudley and others were confined, brought to trial, and condemned to die; but as Mary was anxious, at the beginning of her reign, not to shed more blood than she could avoid, they were re-consigned to prison, with no immediate intention of taking their lives.

In the meantime broke out the rebellion of Sir Thomas Wyatt, which filled the dungeons of the

people from the suburbs and the villages. At eight o'clock, (the 22nd of January, 1552,) the duke was brought forth, and addressed a solemn speech to the people. It was at that time the custom upon all executions of prisoners from the Tower, that the inhabitants of Hoxton, Newington, Shoreditch, and other precincts, were bound to give their attendance with arms upon the lieutenant. These men arriving somewhat late, saw the duke already upon the scaffold, and the foremost of them began to run, crying to their fellows to come on. The people seeing them running, with arms in their hands, thought that a rescue was attempted, and that they should all be cut to pieces. They were seized with a sudden terror and fled in all directions; many were drowned in the Tower ditch, and many others trampled under foot. Those who were nearest the scaffold knew not what was the matter: some of them imagined that there was an earthquake, and that they should all be swallowed up, and fell on their knees, and cried out, "Jesus, save us! Lord Jesus, save us!" The duke, upon the scaffold, overlooking the crowd, saw at once the reason of the uproar, and several times waved his cap in his hand, as a sign to the people that they should keep themselves quiet. When silence was obtained, he again addressed them for some minutes, and shaking the sheriff, the lieutenant of the Tower, and some others, kindly by the hand, untied his shirt collar, and hiding his face in his handkerchief laid his head upon the block. It was severed from his body at one blow.

Many of the people rushed forward immediately, and dipped their handkerchiefs in his blood, to preserve them as sacred relics.

His duchess was imprisoned in the Tower at the same time as her lord, but, there being no charge against her, she was soon set at liberty. Five weeks after the execution of the duke, Sir Miles Partridge, Sir Ralph Vane, Sir Michael Stanhope, and Sir Thomas Arundel, were brought from the Tower and beheaded for their alleged participation in Somerset's treason.

But the victims of the Tower stretch out like Banquo's progeny. Crowned and mitred and coroneted spectres start up before our mental eye in long array—making us, as we reflect upon their numbers and their fate, thank God that the "good old times" (so miscalled) are gone for ever, and that we live in an age when law reigns paramount, and the axe is idle, except for the hewing of wood and the breaking of granite.

The guilty ambition of Dudley, duke of Northumberland, son of the Dudley executed by Henry VIII. at the commencement of his reign, was the means of sending to the Tower, almost immediately on the death of Edward VI., an array of victims whose numbers it is now all but impossible to ascertain. Among them stands pre-eminent, one who is represented by all historians as beautiful, learned, gentle, wise, and worthy of a better fate. It was customary, at that age, for the sovereigns of England to spend the first few days after their accession in the Tower,

ing to give full satisfaction on the then knotty point, whether the king's council, during a minority, was to be considered supreme head of the church, he was sent to the Tower. He recovered his liberty, but was again imprisoned for neglecting to inculcate from the pulpit, at the command of the government, the duty of obedience to a king, although that king were an infant. He remained in the Tower for more than a twelvemonth, until he heard of the fall of the Protector Somerset, and learned that he was a fellow-prisoner with him in the same fortress. He then imagined that with the change in state affairs he should regain his freedom; and, in daily expectation of his liberation, bought himself new clothes, and made various other arrangements. But no notice was taken of him, and having waited very patiently for a month, he petitioned the lords of the council for his release. "I have," said he, "continued in this miserable prison for one year, one quarter, and one month, this same day that I write these letters, with want of air to relieve my body, want of books to relieve my mind, want of good company, the only solace of this world, and, finally, want of a just cause why I should have come hither at all." The lords of the council greatly admired the style of this letter, and one of them said, the writer had a very "pleasant head," but they took no notice of his petition. He waited for six weeks more, and then he wrote again a very sensible and eloquent letter, urging the injustice of detaining him, a lord of parliament, in prison without cause assigned, or bringing

him to trial. This, however, received no more attention than the first. He remained in the Tower for nearly a year longer, when a commission was ordered to examine him. He was required to confess the justice of his confinement, and his former misbehaviour, and to sign several articles of belief relating to church discipline and the Book of Common Prayer. He expressed his willingness to sign all the conditions except that which required him to confess the justice of his long imprisonment. The council were not sorry at his refusal, for they wanted a pretext to deprive him of his bishopric. After various examinations, he was deprived accordingly, and recommitted to the Tower to a still harder captivity, in which he remained, till set at liberty two years afterwards by order of Queen Mary. Bishops Bonner and Tonstal were prisoners at the same time, and were likewise released by Mary.

But the greatest prisoner of this reign was the Protector Somerset. The events of his career are too well known, to need repetition. Hume has preserved but a short account of his execution; but Stow and Grafton, who were eye-witnesses, mention an extraordinary panic that arose among the people. It was feared that the crowd would be so great, that to prevent disturbance, the protector being very popular, orders were issued to every householder in the city, neither to stir abroad before ten in the morning, nor permit any of his family to do so. Notwithstanding, at seven o'clock, the Tower Hill was covered with an immense multitude of

specimen of his handwriting, to verify whether certain treasonable papers found upon him were written by him or not. The paper added, that the catholics who had been put to the torture during her majesty's reign were never examined in their torture, "as to points of faith or doctrine merely, but only as to persons at home and abroad, and touching what practices they had dealt in, about attempts against her majesty's estate or person, or to alter the laws of the realm for matters of religion, by treason or force;" as also respecting the pope's pretended power to depose kings and princes, and especially for the assassination of her majesty, and discharging her subjects of their allegiance."

Among the most memorable offenders of this class may be mentioned, besides Campion and Bryant, the names of John Somerville, of Elstow; Edward Arden; Francis Throckmorton; the Earls of Arundel and Northumberland; Dr. William Parry; and Anthony Babington, in whose conspiracy fourteen persons were implicated, and suffered execution; and Lopez, who undertook to kill the queen, by poisoning the pummel of her saddle.

Mr. Secretary Davison was another prisoner, whose fate, if we were writing a history of the Tower, would warrant us in dwelling upon it at greater length; but his story is well known. He was the luckless scapegoat of his royal mistress, and became the victim, that she might appear unblemished before the world. But history has done them both justice.

Sir John Perrot's was a still harder case. Valiant,

chivalrous, generous, but hot-tempered, he should have lived two hundred years after his time, and then his fate would have been a happier one; his enemies would not have so far prevailed against him, as to have brought him to the shame of a public trial for disrespectful words of his sovereign, spoken in the heat of passion, and without treasonable meaning. He was condemned to be beheaded, drawn, and quartered. It was thought that the queen intended to pardon him, but the trial broke his spirits; the act of grace was too long in coming, and he died suddenly in the Tower, after six months' imprisonment, of apoplexy, brought on by excess of grief and anxiety.

Of the unhappy Earl of Essex, the most noted prisoner the Tower received at this period, we have already spoken in our account of his house in the Strand; and have also mentioned the names of those who were implicated with him.

In the reign of James, the Tower was not suffered to remain tenantless. One of his first acts was to release the Earl of Southampton (Shakspeare's friend); but the vacancy thus created was soon supplied, and prisoners came pouring in with unhappy rapidity. The Lady Arabella Stuart, who, like Lady Catharine Grey, was in unfortunate proximity to the throne, became the innocent means of the imprisonment of many illustrious individuals. The true history of this lady is shrouded in mystery. Mr. D'Israeli, in his interesting "Curiosities of Literature," has devoted a chapter to her fate, in which

in the Tower in 1567, having been long ill, in the sixth year of her imprisonment, within a stone's throw of the chamber of her lord, to whom it would have been the summit of human felicity to have pressed her in his arms, ere her gentle soul departed. Her death was not sufficient for Elizabeth, and the earl was suffered to remain in prison for three years longer, making nine altogether.

Among the other prisoners whom love or ambition, or both combined, led to the Tower in the reign of Elizabeth, we have already mentioned the sad story of Thomas Howard, fourth duke of Norfolk, and son of the celebrated Earl of Surrey. Various persons, implicated in his project of espousing Mary, queen of Scots, were sent with him to the Tower, amongst whom were the Scottish ambassador, Lesley, bishop of Ross, the Earls of Arundel and Southampton, Lord Lumley, Lord Cobham, Sir Thomas Stanley, Sir Thomas Gerrard, and three or four others. The Bishop of Ross claimed his privileges as an ambassador. Mary, he urged, was at least the lawful sovereign of Scotland; and he was fully justified, if he pleased, in bringing about a marriage between her and any nobleman upon whom she looked with favour. These pleas were urged in vain as a privilege from imprisonment, but they so far weighed with Elizabeth, that she durst not bring him to trial as if he had been one of her own subjects. After an imprisonment of two years, he was released from the Tower, and banished the realm of England.

The list would be too long, were we to enumerate the names and fate of all the jesuits and seminary priests who were committed to the Tower, for conspiracies to take away the queen's life. About the year 1580, the country swarmed with these murderous missionaries, whose zeal for their faith was such, that they thought they would be doing God a service in taking away the life of the heretical monarch of England. So numerous were the prisoners, and so sinister were the rumours spread abroad of the horrible tortures they underwent in the Tower, that a paper was drawn up by the government (it is supposed under the direction of Lord Burleigh), to allay the public alarm, and justify whatever severity had been used. This paper was entitled "A Declaration of the favourable dealing of her Majesty's Commissioners appointed for the examination of certain traitors, and of tortures unjustly reported to be done upon them for matters of religion." This paper, which did not deny that many persons had been put to the rack, maintained, that only the usual forms adopted with all criminals were employed in the cases of these men. But Campion, the principal offender in custody, "was never so racked but that he was presently able to walk and to write, and that he did write and subscribe all his confessions;" and that Bryant, another prisoner, who in his hunger and thirst, had eaten the clay out of the walls of his prison, and licked the damp dews that trickled from the roof, was only reduced to such extremity, by his own obstinacy in refusing to give a

is a true love story, and like other true love stories, it is most unhappy. The jealous, haughty, revengeful spirit of her father too often showed itself in Queen Elizabeth; and for her fame there was too much of the Tudor, and too little of the Boleyn blood in her veins; and thus her treatment of these illustrious captives, though it surprises us in the woman, becomes intelligible in the child of the 8th Henry. The Lady Catherine was the sister of Lady Jane Grey, and had been contracted in marriage when quite a child, to the Lord Herbert, son of the Earl of Pembroke. This marriage was never consummated, and was dissolved in the reign of Mary, by means of the Earl of Pembroke. In 1560, she yielded to the solicitation of the Earl of Hertford, as ardent and true a lover as woman ever had, and was privately married to him. Her pregnancy at length betrayed her secret. While a maiden she gave Elizabeth no fears relative to any claims she might make to the throne; but there was no saying what an ambitious husband might not cause her to attempt. Elizabeth had her closely questioned; and the ingenuous lady at once confessed that she had loved and married the Earl of Hertford. The earl, who was then in France, was forthwith summoned home to answer for his conduct in marrying a maiden of the royal blood, without the queen's consent. In the meantime the Lady Catherine was committed to the Tower. The earl on his arrival was thrown into the same prison, but in a separate part of the building, and denied all access to his

wife; and inquiries were set on foot to ascertain how many persons about the court had been privy to the marriage. Sir Edward Warner, the lieutenant of the Tower, felt for the misfortunes of these young and interesting captives, who had, strictly speaking, committed no crime; and when the lady was delivered of a child in prison, the sympathies of the man outweighed the orders of the gaoler, and he allowed the husband and wife to see each other, and fondle their child together. Having once transgressed the orders of the queen, he felt less compunction in doing so again, and he permitted the earl and his lady to meet several times. In the course of a few months the result was again apparent—the Lady Catharine became a second time pregnant. Sir Edward Warner was sent for and questioned. He confessed his kindness, and was forthwith dismissed from his post, and a harder gaoler appointed in his stead. The earl was summoned before the Star-Chamber, and sentenced to imprisonment during the queen's pleasure, and to pay a fine of 5000*l.* for each of the following offences: 1st, for having corrupted a virgin of the royal blood in the queen's palace; 2nd, for having broken prison; and 3rdly, for having renewed his intercourse. The fines would have been as nothing to Hertford, if he could but have been allowed that dearest of treasures—a faithful wife; but Elizabeth was so incensed, that she determined they should never meet again—never correspond—never hear the sound of each other's voices. This cruel resolve was kept. The Lady Catherine died

Tower to overflowing, and hastened the last melancholy scene in the short life of Lady Jane. After an obstinate skirmish near Charing Cross, Wyatt and his confederates were overpowered, within sight of a great number of persons assembled on the leads of the White Tower to see the battle, which they could very easily do, Charing Cross at that time standing almost alone amid the green fields around it. Sir Thomas Wyatt, with Cobham, Knevet, Mantel, Bret, and others were, after their capture, brought to the Tower by water. When they arrived at the Traitors' Gate, Sir Thomas Bridges, the lieutenant, took in Mantel first through the wicket, and held him by the arm, exclaiming, "Ah, thou traitor! what woe hast thou and thy company not wrought?" Mantel made no reply. Next entered Knevet, and then Alexander Bret, Cobham, and last of all, Sir Thomas Wyatt. The lieutenant took him by the collar and said, "Oh thou villain and unhappy traitor! were it not that the law must pass upon thee, I would stick thee through with my dagger." Wyatt folded his arms, and with a grim and melancholy look replied, "I cannot strive for mastery with thee, now," and passed on to his dungeon. The next day twelve more prisoners were brought in; and the lieutenant of the Tower, who seems to have been a very violent man, took the opportunity of using insulting and opprobrious language to them all. One of them, named Vaughan, in reply to his abuse said meekly, "I care not for death, and when I die, I shall pray to God to endow you with more

charity." The lieutenant replied, "Oh you villain, hanging is too good for you!" On the next day (the 10th of February, 1554), the Duke of Suffolk and Lord John Grey were brought in, under an escort of three hundred horsemen from Coventry, where they had been kept in the custody of an alderman. On the 11th, Sir Henry Foley; Rampton, secretary to the Duke of Suffolk; and two other persons, were also lodged in the Tower, for participation in the same rebellion. On the 12th, Lord Guildford Dudley, and his wife the Lady Jane, were led forth to die. Lord Guildford suffered first, on the Tower Hill: but the government, dreading that the spectacle of so young and loving a couple dying together in sight of all the people, might perhaps work upon the feelings of the multitude, and goad them to insurrection, gave orders that Lady Jane should suffer on the green inside the Tower, on the same spot where Anne Boleyn, Queen Catharine Howard, and other prisoners of the most exalted rank, had yielded up their lives. Her firmness on that awful occasion is well known. She was all meekness and resignation; and almost her last words were a prayer that God and posterity would do her cause justice.

Every day prisoners were huddled into the Tower, and not only into that, but into all the prisons of London. On the 14th and 15th no less than fifty were hanged in different parts of the city; twenty pairs of gallows being required for the purpose. On the 23rd, the Duke of Suffolk was beheaded on Tower Hill, and on the 11th of April, Sir Thomas

has cleared up some points that were previously doubtful; but the subject is one which yet remains for elucidation by some careful explorer of state papers. The Lady Arabella was young at the time of her imprisonment, and appears to have been beautiful, though this is denied by some; of her sorrows, however, there can be no doubt.

"Where London's towers their turrets show
So stately by the Thames's side,
Faire Arabella, childe of woe,
For many a day had sat and sighed.
And as shee heard the waves arise,
And as shee heard the bleake winds roare,
As faste did heave her heartfelt sighs,
And still so faste her tears did poure."

It was not, however, until nearly eight years after the accession of James, that she herself was committed to the Tower; but the imprisonment of Cobham, Grey, Raleigh, and others, who were charged with plotting to place her on the throne, occurred in the very first year of the reign of that monarch. We have already spoken of Sir Walter Raleigh in various parts of our perambulations, and dwelt upon the closing scene of his life, in our account of St. Margaret's, Westminster, and Old Palace Yard. The persons implicated with him in the charge of an attempt to re-establish popery, and raise Arabella Stuart to the throne, were Lord Cobham and George Brook, his brother; Thomas, lord Grey of Wilton; Sir Griffin Markham; Anthony Copley; and two Roman catholic priests, named Watson and Clarke. These, with Raleigh, were committed to the Tower in July,

1603; and thence, in the November following, were conveyed to Winchester for trial, the term being kept in that city, in consequence of the plague that then ravaged the capital. The whole of them were found guilty; the two priests were hanged, drawn, and quartered, and Lord Cobham's brother, George Brook, was beheaded. The remainder were reprieved after they had been led forth to execution, and led back to the Tower, there to remain during the king's pleasure. The gallant Lord Grey remained in captivity for twelve years, "pining away a life," as Mr. Bayley says in his "History of the Tower," "that might have done honour and service to his country." Cobham and Raleigh were also imprisoned for more than twelve years, when they were released—Cobham to lead a life of poverty and wretchedness, and Raleigh to be employed in the service of the state, and then to be thrown back to his dungeon, and ultimately executed on his original sentence.

Soon after they had been re-committed to prison, the Lady Arabella was also sent to the Tower. "It is probable," says Mr. D'Israeli, "that the king, from some political motive, had decided that the lady Arabella should lead a single life; but such wise purposes frequently meet with cross ones, and it happened that no woman was ever more solicited to the conjugal state, or seems to have been so little averse to it. Every noble youth who sighed for distinction, ambitioned the notice of the Lady Arabella;" but her favourite was William Seymour, the

second son of Lord Beauchamp, and grandson of the Earl of Hertford, whom she had known and loved since childhood. A treaty of marriage between them was discovered in 1609; and as in the case of the Lady Margaret Douglas, and the Lady Catharine Grey, who had offended in a similar manner, the parties were summoned before the sovereign and his privy council, to answer for their misconduct. They appeared; Seymour excused his conduct, and having vowed that he never intended to marry the lady without the king's permission, he was dismissed with a warning. "But love," as Mr. D'Israeli says, "laughs at privy councils; the parties were secretly married, which was discovered about July in the following year. They were immediately ordered to confinement; Mr. Seymour to the Tower, for contempt in marrying a lady of the royal family, without the king's leave;" and the Lady Arabella to the house of Sir Thomas Parry, at Lambeth. They managed, however, to correspond with each other, upon which the lady was sent to Durham, for more rigorous confinement, but was allowed to stop for a month at Highgate, on account of indisposition. This grace was extended afterwards to another month; and in this interval, means were found by the wedded lovers to renew the correspondence, and to concert a plan of escape from England and the jealous eyes of James Stuart. "On the day preceding her final departure, she persuaded a female attendant," says Mr. D'Israeli, "to consent that she would suffer her to pay a last visit to her husband, and to wait for

her return at an appointed hour. More solicitous for the happiness of lovers than for the repose of kings, this attendant, in utter simplicity or with generous sympathy, assisted the Lady Arabella to disguise herself. She drew a pair of large French fashioned hose or trousers over her petticoats, put on a man's doublet or coat, a peruke such as men wore, whose long locks covered her own ringlets, a black hat, a black coat, russet boots with red tops, and a rapier by her side. Thus accoutred, the Lady Arabella stole out with a gentleman about 3 o'clock in the afternoon. She had only proceeded a mile and a half, when they stopped at a poor inn, where one of her confederates was waiting with horses, yet she was so sick and faint, that the ostler who held her stirrups, observed, that 'the gentlemen could hardly hold out to London.' She recruited her spirits by riding, the blood mantled in her face, and at 6 o'clock she reached Blackwall, where a boat and servants were waiting. The watermen were at first ordered to Woolwich, then they were ordered to push on to Gravesend, then to Tilbury, where, complaining of fatigue, they landed to refresh, but, tempted by their freight, they reached Lee. At the break of morn, they discovered a fresh vessel riding to receive the lady, but as Seymour had not yet arrived, Arabella was desirous to lie at anchor for her lord, considering that he would not fail to his appointment. But her attendant, conscious of the danger of being overtaken by a king's ship, overruled her wishes, and hoisted sail, which occasioned

so fatal a termination to this romantic adventure. Seymour, indeed, had escaped from the Tower; he had left his servant watching at the door to warn all visitors not to disturb his master, who lay ill of a raging tooth-ache, while he in disguise stole away alone, following a cart which had brought wood to his apartment. He passed the warders, he reached the wharf, and found his confidential man waiting with a boat, and he arrived at Lee. The time pressed, the waves were rising, Arabella was not there; but in the distance he descried a vessel. Hiring a fisherman to take him on board, to his grief on hailing it, he discovered that it was not the French vessel, charged with his Arabella. In despair and confusion he found another ship from Newcastle, which for a good sum, altered its course and landed him in Flanders."

When the escape of the Lady Arabella was discovered, the greatest alarm was excited at court, and orders were sent to the lieutenant of the Tower, to be doubly vigilant over Seymour. When his escape also was discovered, the consternation at court was great, "particularly," says Mr. D'Israeli, "with the Scotch party, who in their terror paralleled it with the gunpowder treason." The Lady Arabella was overtaken by a ship in the king's service in the Calais roads, brought back to London, and committed to close imprisonment in the Tower, where she died of a broken heart, four years afterwards. "Seymour," says Mr. D'Israeli, "retained his romantic passion for the lady of his first affections,

for he called the daughter he had by his second lady, by the ever-beloved name of Arabella Stuart." He returned to England after the death of James, was an active soldier during the civil wars, was created Marquis of Hertford by Charles I., and raised by Charles II. to his ancestral dukedom of Somerset, which, however, he only lived a month to enjoy. His second wife was the Lady Frances Devereux, eldest daughter of the unfortunate Earl of Essex.

We have infringed the chronological order of events to give a continuous sketch of the sad story of the Lady Arabella. Soon after the committal of Raleigh and his companions, the Tower received an accession of inmates, in the persons of the conspirators in the famous Gunpowder Plot. We need not dwell upon events so well known: it will be sufficient to give a list of the names of the prisoners: Thomas Winter, of Hoodington, in the county of Warwick, gentleman; Guy Fawkes and Robert Keys, of London, gentlemen; and Thomas Bates, of London, yeoman. Robert Winter, esq.; John Grant, late of Northbrook, in the county of Warwick, esquire; Ambrose Rookwood, late of Haningfield, in the county of Sussex, esquire; and Sir Everard Digby, late of Gothurst, in the county of Buckingham, knight, were after apprehension kept in close confinement in the dungeons of the Tower until the day of trial. On the Thursday after their trial, Digby, Robert Winter, Grant and Bates, were drawn on hurdles to the space at the west end of

St. Paul's Cathedral, where they were hanged, drawn, and quartered. On the Friday, Thomas Winter, Rookwood, Keys, and Guy Fawkes, were drawn in the same manner to the old Palace Yard, Westminster, and suffered the same fate. They were all cut down before they were dead; their bowels taken out and burnt before their eyes; they were then beheaded and quartered; their heads placed on the awful gate of London Bridge, at Southwark, and their quarters boiled in pitch, and exposed from the other gates of the city.

The Earl of Northumberland, for being concerned in or privy to the conspiracy, was fined 30,000*l.*, and sentenced to perpetual imprisonment in the Tower, or during the king's pleasure. Lord Mordaunt and Lord Stourton were condemned to the same imprisonment, with a fine, the first of 10,000*l.*, and the second of 5,000 marks. Besides these, were three celebrated fathers of the jesuits, and a whole host of inferior prisoners. The jesuits Garnet, Oldcorn, and Gerrard, were several times put to the utmost extremity of torture, before they were condemned to death. Gerrard escaped from the Tower and died peaceably at Rome; but Garnet and Oldcorn underwent the terrible and disgusting punishment of the other conspirators; the former at St. Paul's, and the latter at Worcester.

The murder of Sir Thomas Overbury, confined in the Tower because he would not accept of an embassy when the king requested it, is a remarkable incident in the annals of the Tower in this reign.

The cause of all his misfortunes was the Countess of Essex, who first procured his imprisonment, and afterwards his death. What will not woman, when she loves? Overbury had dared to persuade his patron, the infamous Carr, vicount Rochester and earl of Somerset, against marrying a woman of loose life, as she was; and she forthwith resolved to be revenged upon him. By her means an embassy was offered him, which it was known he would refuse, and he was thrown into the Tower. When here, he was subjected to a course of systematic murder, in which a great number of persons were implicated, including Sir Gervase Elwes, the lieutenant of the Tower, the earl of Northampton, Sir Thomas Monson, and the inferior agents, Dr. Simon Forman the conjurer, and a woman who was skilled in poisoning and fortune-telling, named Turner. Everything the unhappy man ate or drank for months was poisoned, — the slow process being adopted, to prevent suspicion, and that he might appear to be dying of a gradual malady. Arsenic was mixed with the salt he ate, and cantharides with the pepper, lunar caustic was rubbed over his meat, and laudanum put in his ale or wine. Franklin, an apothecary, who was concerned in the murder, confessed on the trial, that he had prepared, with Dr. Forman, seven different sorts of poison for Sir Thomas Overbury, and that at various times they had administered to him as much as would have killed twenty men, if taken in large doses. The patience of Lady Essex became at length exhausted; Overbury was

too long in dying for her hate, and orders were given to finish the business. A powerful dose of corrosive sublimate was then administered to him, in October 1613, after he had been six months in their hands, which did the work effectually. Sir Anthony Weldon, in his "Court and Character of James I.," says that Franklin and another man named Weston, fearing that the last dose might not be powerful enough, and that nature might get the better, stifled him with the bedclothes, when he was reduced to a state of complete prostration by the poison.

This tragedy is one of the greatest blots in the character of James I. When he first heard of the death of Overbury, he fell on his knees, and prayed that if he forgave any one concerned, the curse of God might light upon him and his posterity for ever. But when he discovered that his favourite, Carr, and his countess, were implicated, his zeal relaxed, some dreadful secret that there was between them and him, troubled his mind and made him afraid to do justice. The trial of the earl and countess is full of mystery, and James's dreadful fears are only to be explained by a supposition that blasts his character for ever. The inferior agents of the tragedy were found guilty of the murder, and upon them the law was allowed to take its course. The earl and countess were also condemned to death, but the threats conveyed by Rochester, that he could "tell a tale," made James afraid to sign his death-warrant. The lives of both weres pared; but though James banished them from court, he restored their forfeited estates, and they lived

together for many years, hating each other as much as they had formerly loved, and often passing months under the same roof, without exchanging a word.

The other principal prisoners in the Tower during the reign of James, were Lord Clifton, Sir Thomas and Lady Lake, the Earl and Countess of Suffolk, Sir Francis Mitchell, Lord Arundel, Lord Bacon, and Sir Edward Coke. Lord Clifton was imprisoned for threatening the life of the lord keeper, and after having been more than a year in the Tower, he put a period to his own existence. Sir Thomas and Lady Lake, with their daughter, Lady Roos, were sent to the Tower for having falsely accused the Countess of Exeter of witchcraft, and of incest with her brother, Lord Roos. The Earl of Suffolk, head treasurer of the household, was imprisoned for bribery and corruption in his office, in which his lady was concerned. Their imprisonment was but short, and they were afterwards restored to their former favour at court. Sir Francis Mitchell was imprisoned for extortion upon the public innkeepers and vendors of beer and ale, deprived of his honours, fined a thousand pounds, and kept for some years in the Tower. Lord Arundel was committed for a quarrel with Lord Spencer in the House of Lords. The two nobles had been disputing on some events in which both their ancestors had been concerned, when Lord Arundel, nettled at some remark, said, "My Lord, when these things you speak of were doing, your ancestors were keeping sheep." "When my ancestors, as you say, my lord, were keeping sheep," replied Lord Spen-

cer, "yours were plotting treason." The dispute now became so fierce and unparliamentary, that the house interfered; Lord Arundel was commanded to apologize to Lord Spencer, which he refused to do, and was thereupon committed to the Tower.

The imprisonment of the great Bacon, and the causes that led to it, are but too well known. Coke's, equally well known, reflects more credit upon his character; but it is unnecessary to dwell upon either.

During the reign of Charles I. the Tower was again the prison of the Earl of Arundel, on account of his son's marriage with the sister of the Duke of Lennox; but the lords, who had before kept him in durance, interfered this time for his release, on the ground that his imprisonment was an infringement of the privileges of the peerage and the constitution of the realm. Charles was much irritated at their interference, but after some time, thought it the wisest policy to order his liberation. Felton, the assassin of the Duke of Buckingham, was a prisoner in the Tower in 1628; and in the same year, Hollis, Selden, Hobart, Elliot, Valentine, and other members of the House of Commons, were committed for their violent conduct on the debate on the question of tonnage and poundage. The infamous Lord Audley was also confined here in 1631, previous to his execution for his crimes.

Besides the illustrious prisoners Strafford and Laud, whose sad story is so prominent among the events of that unhappy reign, the Tower numbered among its inmates, Loudon, lord chancellor of Scot-

land, the Earl of Pembroke, Lord Mowbray, and the twelve bishops committed in 1641 by the House of Commons. Several members of their own body were also committed for various real or merely alleged offences, of which the list would be too long for our pages. These, however, underwent but short periods of imprisonment; but the royalists committed by the same body were released by death only. Among the latter were Sir John Hotham, and his son, Captain Hotham, imprisoned and executed for a design to deliver up the town of Hull to the king; and Sir Alexander Carew, governor of the fort of St. Nicholas, near Plymouth, condemned for a similar offence. About the same time, Colonel Goring, Sir Hugh Cholmley, and Colonel Monk, afterwards the famous Duke of Albemarle, were prisoners. It will be sufficient to the reader of history, merely to mention the names of the Duke of Hamilton, Lord Capel, Sir John Owen, the Marquis of Worcester, and the Scotch Earls of Crawford, Lauderdale, Kelly, and Rothes, as among the prisoners in the time of Cromwell. In 1654 the Tower was crowded with prisoners concerned or supposed to be concerned in a plot against the life of the protector; and every year until his death, it received fresh inmates from the same cause. The short period between that event and the restoration was also a busy one for the gaolers; but the mere list of the prisoners would be uninteresting. From the year 1660 upwards, the original warrants of commitment are preserved in the Tower in nearly an unbroken series, so that it is

a matter of comparative facility to ascertain when and wherefore each was committed, and when released. The regicides were the most remarkable of those who were sent thither, preparatory to execution, in the reign of Charles II.; and if to these we add the unfortunate Duke of Monmouth, Lord Stafford, Lord William Russell, and his fellow-patriot, Algernon Sidney, we have the names of the most illustrious victims of this unfortunate reign. Among the first prisoners in the following still more unfortunate reign, were the seven prelates,—the Archbishop of Canterbury, and the Bishops of St. Asaph, Ely, Chichester, Bath and Wells, Peterborough, and Bristol. Among all the stirring scenes that have taken place on the bosom of the Thames, one of the most remarkable was the conveyance of these prelates to the Tower. As they proceeded down the river, the shores and the Bridge, and every place that commanded a view, were lined with people, who rent the air with their shouts of approval of their conduct, and admiration of their courage. The bishops were allowed to attend the evening service in the Tower chapel, after their arrival; and it was thought a singular circumstance, says Mr. Bayley, in his "History of the Tower," "and a consolatory one in their situation, that by the course of the church, the lesson was from the 2nd Corinthians, chapter 6, verses 3 and 4: 'Giving no offence in any thing, that the ministry be not blamed, but in all things approving ourselves as the ministers of God, in much patience, in afflictions, in distresses, in strifes, in imprisonments,

&c.'" Six months afterwards, December 12th, 1688, the infamous Judge Jeffreys was sent here, and here ended his days. In the reign of William and Mary, the Tower was pretty full, but the prisoners were not particularly remarkable. Among the principal were Richard, viscount Preston, committed in 1691, for treason in imagining and compassing the death of the king and queen; and John Ashton, and Captain Edmund Elliott, on the like charges. Ashton was executed. In 1692, the Earl of Marlborough was committed by the council, for high treason, in aiding and abetting their majesties' enemies. Lord Mahon was sent here about the same time, charged with the death of Mountford the player, the circumstances of which we referred to in our account of Mrs. Bracegirdle's lodgings, near the Strand. In the reign of Queen Anne, the most noted prisoner was Robert Walpole, esq.; and Harley, earl of Oxford, shortly afterwards followed to the same place of durance. The rebellion of 1715, in favour of the Pretender, filled the Tower with victims, of whom the Earls of Derwentwater, Nithsdale, Wintoun, Carnwath, and Lords Kennion, Widrington, and Nairn, were the chief. Two of these, the Earls of Nithsdale and Wintoun, escaped the Tower and the executioner at the same time. The circumstances of the escape of the first, managed by his beautiful and affectionate wife, form perhaps the most affecting incident of the many connected with this edifice.

The most noted prisoners from 1715 to 1745 were

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Atterbury, bishop of Rochester, Charles, earl of Orrery, and William, lord North and Grey, for high treason; and Thomas, earl of Macclesfield, for high crimes and misdemeanours. The names of the luckless victims of the second Scottish rebellion are well known, and though not the last captives of the Tower, they are the last who suffered decapitation upon Tower Hill. On the 27th of May, 1746, were committed William, earl of Kilmarnock, George, earl of Cromartie, and Lord Balmerino, for high treason; on the 17th of June, the Marquis of Tullibardine, Lord Mc Leod, and William Murray, esq.; on the 13th of August, Sir John Douglas; the 11th of November, Doctor Barry; and on December 18th, Simon Fraser, Lord Lovat, and Charles Ratcliffe, the younger brother of the then late Earl of Derwentwater, all adherents of the Stuarts. Four of these, viz., Kilmarnock, Balmerino, Lovat, and Ratcliffe, were executed on Tower Hill.

As we draw near to the nineteenth century, the number of prisoners in the Tower diminishes yearly. After the extinction of the rebellion of 1745, captives became gradually fewer and fewer; and we find no entries in the Tower records, until 1760, when Earl Ferrers, claiming his privilege, was committed for the murder of Mr. Johnson, his steward. In 1762, John Wilkes was committed for a libel on the king, in the notorious No. 45 of "The North Briton;" in 1771, Alderman Crosbie, and Alderman Oliver, of London, for resisting the king's warrant; in 1775, Stephen Jayne, esq., for treasonable prac-

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tices; in 1780, Lord George Gordon, for inciting the people to the disgraceful No-Popery riots of that year, and the Earl of Pomfret, for sending a challenge to the Duke of Grafton; in 1781, Francis Henry De la Motte, for high treason; in 1794, John Horne Tooke, John Thelwall, Thomas Hardy, the Rev. Jeremiah Joyce, Augustus Bonny, John Richter, and John Lovett, for high treason; in 1795, Robert Thomas Crosfield, charged with a design to assassinate the king, but acquitted; in 1798, Arthur O'Connor, John Alley, John Binns, and James Fivey alias O'Coigly, for high treason, in maintaining a traitorous correspondence with the French Directory, of which O'Coigly was found guilty, and executed on Penenden Heath; Lord Thanet, for striking a blow in court, at the time of the assizes in Maidstone, for which he was sentenced to a year's imprisonment in the Tower, and to pay a fine of £1000; in 1799, the Baron de Jagerhorn Spurila, for treasonable practices; in 1810, Sir Francis Burdett, by order of the House of Commons; and in 1820, the last prisoners this fortress has received, Arthur Thistlewood, James Ings, John Harrison, William Davidson, James Wilson, John T. Brunt, Richard Tidd, and John Warrant, for high treason. Thus ends the long list of prisoners in the Tower; and from the number of its inmates at different times, we may in a manner guage the freedom of the age. We have lingered long over this national edifice, in every respect the most remarkable in London, for its antiquity, for its character, and the events associated with its name.